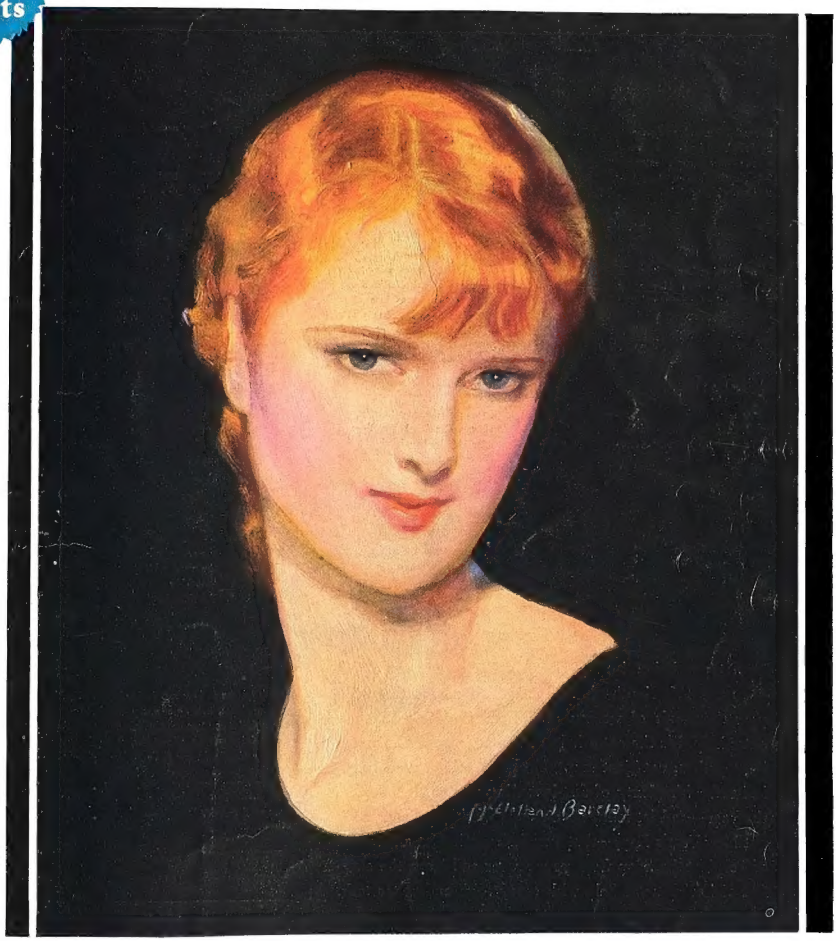
UNIVE
JUN 3 193
LIBRARY

10 cents

PICTORIAL REVIEW



JANUARY
1930

The Winner of Pictorial Review's
$5000 ACHIEVEMENT AWARD
By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

10 CENTS
per Copy

Google

We predict for 1930

January

Several thousand women will be delighted by the summery sweet-smelling freshness Fels-Naptha gives even to clothes that are winter-dried.

February

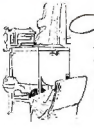
Many a once-grouchy husband will smilingly admit that, aided by Fels-Naptha, his wife has practically a dry-cleaner's knack for removing spots.

March

A great many hands will have come through the worst of the winter with their softness and smoothness intact—because Fels-Naptha suds are gentle.

April

Housecleaning housewives will exclaim over the way Fels-Naptha freshens painted woodwork and makes window-panes glitter.



May

A lot of women are going to be even more enthusiastic about their washing machines after they've tried them with Fels-Naptha.

June

Wedding linens will be much admired—and the best housekeeper she knows will tell the bride to wash them with Fels-Naptha.

July

There will be quite a little front porch talk of Fels-Naptha's ability to keep summer dresses looking their best.

August

In many bathrooms, fixtures and tiling will shine brighter—and stay shining!—thanks to the discovery of this added use for Fels-Naptha.

September

School clothes will once more swell the hamper—but that won't worry the mothers who use Fels-Naptha.

October

More women who believe in boiling clothes will thankfully discover that Fels-Naptha gives the same *extra* help in the wash boiler that it gives in water of any temperature.

November

In every town, certain lucky babies will grow contentedly in clothes that Fels-Naptha has gotten clean clear through with less work on their mothers' part.

December

Women who have used it during the year will agree in saying, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

THIS prediction isn't guesswork. Each year more and more Fels-Naptha is sold . . . which means that each year thousands of women are discovering Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. It's the *extra* help of two active cleaners working together; not "just soap" but good golden soap hand-in-hand with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Let this be the year—and let today be the day (provided of course it's not New Year's Day)—that *you* discover it. Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer and learn the comfort of having *extra* help with every soap and water task.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Thousands of women have regularly chipped Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, using just an ordinary kitchen knife. Some now find it easier to use the Fels-Naptha Chipper to get fresh golden chips containing plenty of naptha, made just as you need them. The Chipper—a simple, handy little device—will be sent you postpaid on request. Just mail the coupon!

© 1930, Fels & Co.

P. N.—1-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy little gift offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

. . . extra help for millions of women

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

PICTORIAL REVIEW

Registered in the U. S. Patent Office

ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt

President and Publisher

VOL. XXXI. No. 4 — JANUARY, 1930

A Marvelously Dramatic Story

THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

By E. BARRINGTON

(Author of "Glorious Apollo," "The Laughing Queen," etc.)

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

This story of the bitter rivalry between Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth Queen of England is beyond all doubt the most colorful historical serial Mrs. Barrington has ever written.

The whole pageant of that period of pomp, magnificence, and glitter passes before our eyes in a series of unforgetable pictures.

Every chapter of this enchanting tale brings to life the great figures of that day: Mary, Elizabeth, Darnley, Knox, Rizzio, King Francis, Ronsard, James Stuart, Throckmorton, Dudley, and other historical celebrities.

The story of this dynastic conflict is illuminated with flashes of romance, glimpses of adventure, gossip of the court, and secret peeps into the realm of political intrigue.

From the moment you are introduced to the young Scottish Queen until that last grim tragedy at the block you will be carried along in a glow of excited interest.

ELIZABETH QUEEN OF ENGLAND

"THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS" BEGINS IN PICTORIAL REVIEW FOR FEBRUARY

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on page 82

Copyright, 1929, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Published monthly at 184-10 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.

Pictorial Review is printed in the United States of America. Executive and Editorial Offices of The Pictorial Review Company, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y., and 3, 5, 7, 9 Seldon Street, Regent Street, London, W. 1, England, and 24 Rue Drouot (IX), Paris, France.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post-office at Jamaica, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Pictorial Review is 10 cents a copy; $1.00 a year by subscription, postage paid in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

Photo by Doris Ulmann

THE ONLY WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN ADMITTED TO OUR NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

DR. SABIN, SCIENTIST

Winner of Pictorial Review's Achievement Award . . .

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

THROUGH its annual achievement award of $5,000, given to the American woman who, by the decision of its distinguished achievement award committee, has made the most distinctive contribution to American life, Pictorial Review now adds a scientist to the growing roster of its Woman's Hall of Fame.

Dr. Florence Sabin, formerly professor of histology at Johns Hopkins University, and now member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and one of the greatest living scientists, was chosen for the year 1928 because of her many discoveries in that living world which dwells unseen except by those few gifted and untiring men and women who give their lives to delving into the mysteries that lie beyond the microscope in the hope that they may bring to light newer and better methods of easing old pains.

Dr. Sabin's many noteworthy contributions may sound technical to minds unlearned in scientific vocabulary. I can not, myself, aspire to interpreting them. But viewed in the light of the best scientific minds, she has made a real contribution to the kind of understanding of the disease tuberculosis that must precede our getting the means for its control.

Her work began close to thirty years ago, when, as an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins, she made a model of the brain-stem, which is to-day in use in medical colleges the world over. She was the first scientist to make a complete study of the development of the lymphatic system, that network of tiny vessels which carry fluid back into the blood-stream. By arduous and continuous research she established the centers from which they start to grow.

Next she made a study of the origin of the blood-vessels and the blood-cells. Applying new methods to the study of living cells, she established the relation of the monocyte, which is one of the white blood-cells, to the cell which forms the tubercle. The tubercle is the lesion so characteristic of tuberculosis as to have given the disease its name. For this discovery she was chosen leader of the biological group in a new joint endeavor to study tuberculosis.

The tubercle bacilli having been split by chemists into proteins, sugars, and fats, Dr. Sabin's group has found that the tubercle is produced by the fats, and specifically by a new fatty acid. The purpose of such studies is to find out how the body builds up resistance to tuberculosis, so that we need not be dependent on the long rest-cures.

Now, as I have said, only those who have gone deeply into the nature of these things can understand the magnitude of Dr. Sabin's achievement. It is enough to know that she is acclaimed throughout the world of medical thought as one of the great living scientists. Of her Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, says, "I suppose that Dr. Sabin is the most eminent of living women scientists. The knowledge she has derived from her studies has led to better understanding of the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the body in health and in disease, and has been not only of theoretical but of practical value.

"It is of the nature of conspicuous social service to have added to the knowledge of our bodies, well and ill, and thus to have helped make them better instruments for the fulfilment of the purposes of society as a whole."

Dr. William Charles White, of Washington, D. C., adds his praise: "A study of Dr. Sabin's work shows the greatness of her achievement and the character of her mind. She has dealt with the primary and fundamental problem of the cell—the unit of plant and animal life. All through her investigations she has followed the cell, seeking the secret of differentiations by newer and finer methods, both physical and chemical. Always through her work runs the great strong, continuous cord of cell differentiations. This is one of the great concepts of man, for all life begins as a single cell.

"I have known and followed Dr. Sabin's work since her student days, and have lately been more closely associated with her in her tuberculosis studies. She is all in mind and spirit and ideals that man or woman ever accomplishes. She belongs to the great students of both sexes, for when these have the brains and the will to work I see little difference."

But what, from the woman's point of view, is important, because of the dreams she dreams, and of the vision she has of what the future may hold for her, is the fact that Dr. Florence Rena Sabin is the first and, up to the present time, the only woman ever to be admitted to the sacrosanct halls of our National Academy of Sciences. For what one can do another may aspire to without too much fear of failure.

And it is this great woman's gift, her early and determined zeal to make it serve her purpose, which was the purpose of making it serve the world; her fortitude in going the long way a woman must go when she pioneers a trail, breaking down barriers, scaling heights of prejudice and

Continued on Page 70

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

VICTOR·RADIO

MICRO - SYNCHRONOUS

...gives you these assurances of superiority

"The new Victor-Radio with Electrola is the most marvelous of all sound reproducers I have ever heard. I never thought such perfection should be attained . . . After hearing some of our records on this instrument I am simply amazed!"

George Olsen
Popular dance-orchestra leader

* * *

THOSE who waited for practical radio—and all those who have replaced last year's sets with radio's supreme triumph ... have given Victor-Radio the most magnificent testimonial ever awarded a musical instrument! Voluntarily, in a few months, more than 45,000 of the first Victor-Radio owners have written to express their enthusiasm! "We chose Victor-Radio . . . because of its UNRIVALLED TONE QUALITY," they say. And they add: "*Sensitivity* is unmatched . . . *selectivity* unapproached . . . *dependability* beyond question."

In this amazing vote of approval the American public displays rare discernment; for they agree with the unqualified, freely-given endorsement of Victor-Radio by the greatest musicians of our time. Here at last is the radio that is really a musical instrument!

George Olsen with the new Victor Radio-Electrola

The only micro-synchronous radio

Victor *micro-synchronous* Radio is, by its very nature, *sensitive, sure* and *precise—always realistic.* Victor *micro-synchronous* tuning eliminates guesswork. Victor-Radio is the only radio that has this revolutionary advantage.

For the first time Victor-Radio reproduces the entire range of the musical scale—*without loss of fidelity.* Play at a whisper or with the power of a full orchestra—you hear what the microphone hears. Make every possible test . . . Turn Victor-Radio on *full volume* . . . listen . . . and compare!

The greatest of all musical instruments

You can have Victor-Radio separately . . . or with the amazing new Electrola . . . bringing you a thrilling new standard of realism from both air and records—every iota of the drama of music—contagious rhythm, laughter and tears—all that music can give. The music you want when you want it . . . at the mere turn of a knob!

You are going to live with your radio a long time. Be sure you buy one you will want to live with. Only Victor can give you Victor performance—and Victor craftsmanship and dependability are famous in almost every American home. Only unlimited Victor resources could make possible prices so sensationally low—within the reach of every family! A model for every decorative scheme. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor-Radio de luxe R-32. *Wall cabinet of classical design in finest walnut veneers. Radio equipment identical with that of famous R-32. Inlaid door medallions of matched burr walnut. Blended finish. A luxurious cabinet housing a marvelous radio set. List price $215. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor-Radio *with Electrola*

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

WILL THE MACHINE AGE ENSLAVE WOMEN?

By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

THE machine age is upon us!—our latest and newest superstition.

As one by one the old superstitions are laid aside, exploded, laughed out of court, we create new bogies to take their place. Just now it is the machine age. It will enslave us, we hear; it will be the final death-blow to our civilization; it will mechanize us—deprive us of souls. In the end we shall all be a race of machine-tenders—slaves. Quite serious and important writers believe this. People like Count Keyserling declare we are already a race of chauffeurs because most of us drive cars.

Now, the truth is there has always been a machine age—ever since man became inventive. The wheel, the loom, the printing-press, the steam-engine, the dynamo—the machine, in short, has always been of the most tremendous help to us, or we would not have gone on inventing it. And its recent, almost fabulous, development is of supreme interest to all of us, and especially to women. To women because steadily it is freeing them, and will free them yet more completely, from the last vestiges of their age-long subjection to drudgery.

It seems quite simple. Let us, what the movies call, flash back a moment.

Imagine the wife of the man who first invented the wheel looking in delighted fear and amazement at the contraption of wooden slabs and disks her lord and master had put together.

She had always believed he was the cleverest dog among all the husbands in the tribe, and now she knew it.

By his own unaided effort and skill, taking time that he could have spent in sleep or in hunting, or in abusing her, he had laboriously chipped off with his flint adz two disks from a round tree-trunk, had cut holes in their centers, and put a beam through. Then, mounting on that beam the rude sledge by means of which he occasionally hauled stones, wood, and the carcasses of slain animals, behold, he now had a cart he could pull with vastly greater ease all over the landscape.

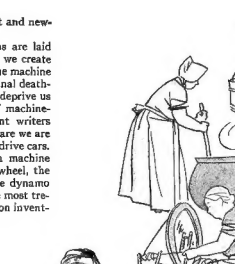
It was marvelous, magical. It was sinister, too—and there were plenty to tell him so. No good could come of it. The medicine-man saw in it a direct challenge and defiance to the gods. Had the chief god desired man to have wheels he would have put them on his legs. The spirits in the rocks and trees could hardly tolerate the outrage. How could such temerity possibly go unpunished? But as nothing except a great convenience resulted, nothing could stop others from following suit, and carts went creaking all over the place. Everybody was doing it.

But there was the rub. Cassandras shook their heads and groaned in solemn warning of the curse that was coming on the race. Life would never be the same any more. The good old days were gone, never to return. Men would move about restlessly, abandon the caves their ancestors had wrenched from the wild beasts at such terrific cost, and would be always seeking new horizons. Those round disks would be a death-blow to the stability of life—by which was meant the inertia.

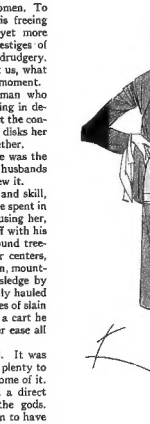
And they certainly proved to be at least one of the many blows still needed to kill inertia.

I need not press this little parable. Hasn't it always been so, through all the ages of invention? Quite recently an old farmer's wife informed me that had the Lord desired a canal at Panama He would have put it there in the first place.

Just now the medicine-men and the Cassandras are warning us with terror in their voices that the machine age is upon us. Machines, machines, and more machines! Soon we shall all be enslaved by the machine. On the printed page it appears like one of the old folk-curses fraught with the perennial terror of overhanging calamity.



"NEVER HAVE AMERICAN WOMEN STOOD ON THE VERGE; OF SO MUCH FREEDOM"



Perhaps we shall soon be incorporating the fear in our prayers, as the early English at about the time of King Alfred complimented the vikings who harassed their coasts: "From the incursions of the Northmen good Lord deliver us!"

Yet, at the same time, in magazines, books, lectures, advertisements, women, housewives, all of us, are urged to take every possible advantage of what mechanical progress and invention have to offer us—to mechanize, to electrify, to substitute the machine for manual and personal drudgery. What are we to conclude?

In one and the same breath, on the same page at times, we are warned of the menace of the machine age, and yet every inventor from Benjamin Franklin and Watt to Edison and Marconi is held up as a hero and a model of human achievement. To every school-child are held up the names of Watt and Eli Whitney and Goodyear and Bell and Edison. Could anything be more confusing?

Aside from being called "the machine age," the present is also frequently labeled "the age of confusion"—surely the more appropriate designation. What else but confusion could lead to so absurd an anomaly as treating the inventors as heroes and benefactors, and their inventions as a slavery and a curse upon mankind? It is as tho, after making a hero of Lindbergh, we called his and other airplanes instruments of the devil.

The truth is, of course, that the human race is not absolutely mad. Those inventors *are* benefactors, and their inventions *are* a boon to the race.

And one reason for my addressing women in particular is that American women, the more tolerant and hospitable to mechanical aids and improvements than the women of any other country, are still considered wofully slow in taking advantage of their opportunities. In view of the confusion prevailing the wonder is, I admit, that they have done as much as they have.

No other country in the world, surely, can parallel this astounding record. Out of an estimated number of twenty-five million homes in America, seventeen million have electricity. In other words, aside from having electric light in the house, more than two-thirds of all our American homes have the potentiality of using instruments, machines, and devices that would reduce all household drudgery to the lowest possible minimum.

Never, in all of history, have American women stood on the verge of so much freedom and leisure. But few, comparatively, have been able as yet to bring themselves to pass over that verge.

According to the dictionary the meaning of "verge" is "edge or limit." Now, what limits our American women from passing over this confining edge toward the utilization of every known and existent device that will bring freedom from household drudgery? For that they desire the freedom is obvious from the increasing numbers that refuse matrimony itself in order to avoid the drudgery.

Yet, aside from such lesser devices as electric flat-irons and toasters, only about one-third of the homes wired for electricity have washing-machines and vacuum cleaners, and only about one-twentieth of these seventeen million homes go beyond that. Still we are said to be a country so progressive that, according to Europeans, all we do is to lie awake nights thinking how we can increase our comfort.

The English, for example, say that comfort is our god. After a considerable experience in England I have found that so soon as a householder can afford it he puts in a furnace into his chill house and brags of the comfort of central heating for the rest of his life.

For the American woman, however, it must be admitted, there are one or two more serious obstacles than mere coy hesitation. Henry Ford has somewhere said that household drudgery-saving machinery is still too expensive. Of course if it were figured on a basis such as a man figures when equipping his factory, household machinery is not any more expensive than other machinery.

For the average household, however, things are never figured in that way. For one thing, the average household is a small unit of production. For another, women for some reason has always prided herself on how little she could pay for an article, whereas a man is more apt to brag mildly upon how *much* a thing has cost him.

WITHOUT going too closely into figures and statistics, however, we know that, important as the obstacle of comparative high cost still is, it is certain soon to disappear. We can be positive about this because we know it to be the history of practically every device and invention which can be produced in quantity. The history of all technical progress is there to prove it. A device is invented, patented, manufactured. Its cost is high. Then suddenly the public demands it in large quantity. Ways are found to make it more cheaply. And down go the cost and the price accordingly.

Early automobiles were priced in thousands of dollars each. But the public wanted automobiles in large numbers, and a man appeared who, for a few hundred dollars, supplied a car that got you there and got you back. His slogan was small profits in large numbers. The result was an increase in automobile use which is one of the amazing phenomena of our era, and fame and a dazzling fortune for that manufacturer and for many others besides.

Now we are seeing something not dissimilar happening in the field of radio-instruments, and very soon, not improbably, we shall see it in airplanes. I am not in the secret of electrical manufacturers, nor have I consulted them on their future plans. But experience is said to be the best of guides.

Impossible to believe that all those devices one sees at electrical exhibitions, the heaters, the cookers, the "mobots" that will do woman's work in the kitchen, are turned out for exhibition purposes only. Presently, one may assume, there will be a "campaign," a movement. Something will click. Quantity production will cut the costs,

Continued on Page 38

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Mothers acclaim this *gentle dentifrice* for children's teeth

When little teeth are coming in "for keeps" it is important that from the outset they be kept clean, healthy and unmarred.

Don't be in a hurry to select a tooth paste for your youngster to use. Study the claims and the action of all. Eventually, we believe, you will come to Listerine Tooth Paste as so many thousands of mothers have done.

For this modern dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, is distinguished for its thorough cleansing qualities and its gentle, safe action.

Contained in it are cleansing and polishing agents of amazingly fine texture that are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. Yet, they are softer than the precious enamel which they clean, therefore do not harm it.

In solution they wash every facet of each tooth. They sweep out decaying matter. They remove discolorations and tartar. They penetrate tiny crevices between the teeth. They give enamel a marvelous luster.

Because of its safety, careful mothers choose Listerine Tooth Paste for use by their children. Adults, too, by thousands, have discarded older and costlier favorites for this new dentifrice that gives results immediately apparent.

Incidentally, at 25¢ it saves you about $3 per year compared to dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Proud of her teeth ten years from now?

Buy baby a doll with what you save

There are so many things you can buy baby with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A doll is merely a suggestion.

LARGE TUBE 25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

INA CLAIRE

Photo by Fiorle

NOT A SINGLE FAILURE—YET

A brilliant comédienne explains why she insists on selecting her own plays

By INA CLAIRE

As told to KATHARINE ROBERTS

SIX years ago I left David Belasco's management—and for an odd reason. So many people have asked me about it that I might as well explain once and for all.

Mr. Belasco had taken me from the "Ziegfeld Follies" (not the chorus: I don't think I could have qualified for that!) and had given me a great opportunity—the leading rôle in "Polly With a Past." The play was so successful that after a two years' run Mr. Belasco elevated me to stardom in "The Gold Diggers."

It was understood that I was to go on indefinitely under his management. This was an undeniably flattering position, for any actor in the theater is complimented to play for David Belasco. Therefore it must have seemed strange when, in the midst of a mutually amicable association, at the end of a two years' New York engagement in "The Gold Diggers," I suddenly bolted.

It was not through any ingratitude to Mr. Belasco—I shall always be enormously grateful for his help and his unfailing confidence in me. But somehow I knew the time had come when I had to depend more on myself—to select my own plays, play them my own way—and take the consequences.

The truth is I appreciated too well just what that magician of the theater was doing for me—and for every other star under his management. It was too much. He was making it too easy for me. For one thing, he reserves the right to select all the plays, and then he tailors them to fit the star; he arranges everything—the other actors and their parts, the lighting, the off-stage effects—every conceivable detail to show the actress off to the best possible advantage. One gets to depending on Mr. Belasco instead of on oneself.

I began to be terrified that perhaps after a while I could not do anything without him. I knew I ought to be able to rely on my own merit without so much support, excellent and understanding as it is. Otherwise, if it were withdrawn, what might happen to me? Suddenly I felt as tho I were being photographed in one of those old-fashioned photographers' chairs—the kind, you know, in which your head is held at an exact angle by an iron bracket instead of depending on your own neck. I began to suspect that I wasn't actually as good an actress as his theatrical effects made me seem.

Think only of his marvelous lighting. Who couldn't appear at better than her best under such lights! They were so flattering I resented them. I felt it wasn't quite sporting. I knew there was a great deal for me to learn through study and varied experience. You see, I've always been ambitious to become the kind of actress who can be seen and felt on the stage even when the spotlight is on some one else. And most of all, I wanted to select my own plays.

I hope I'm not giving the impression that I take myself too seriously. The most significant thing I've learned is to take the *theater* seriously, but not myself. More than one star has taken a terrible tumble through considering herself too seriously, and the value of a good play and the theater too lightly.

But a good play is as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a hay-stack, tho both prick you to quick recognition. You can nearly always tell a good play in the first few pages of manuscript. A great play is a manifestation of the divine in drama, and I suppose one can't expect the gods of Olympus to get around to the theater more than once in a century. Anyhow, they don't do it.

If actors waited for great plays there would be no actors. Indeed, if we even waited for really good plays we'd be too weak from starvation to stagger on the stage. Consequently the best we can hope for as a steady thing is enjoyable *entertainment*, with now and then a fine play thrown in as a gift to be longed for but not expected.

But how the plays do pour in!

They say that paper is made of wood-pulp. Any star of the stage can explain the deforestation problem by a glance at the manuscripts piled ceiling-high in her apartment. I have a remedy to suggest for it. There should be a law preventing any one from trying to write a play until he has made a living for himself for at least ten years through contact with other human beings. Aside from saving some trees it might save some good ideas that are wasted through lack of maturity.

Practically every one thinks he could write a play if he only had the time, and nine out of ten take the time.

Every year I get from fifteen hundred to two thousand scripts. That is a conservative estimate. After all, it is just five or six a day with no Sundays off. It takes about two hours for a first reading. Count it up and allow time out for acting in the current production and draw your own conclusions. But each script represents some one's effort to create something and therefore has to be respected—and there's always the possibility of finding a good play in the lot. I may discard unread only those occasional scripts tied with baby-ribbon. No one who could write a decent play would do that to it.

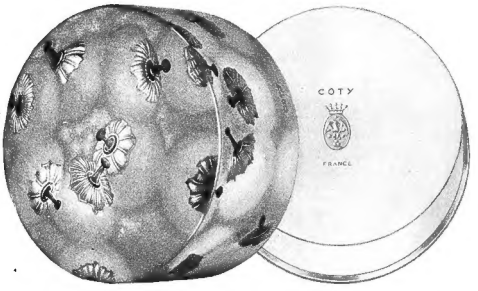
After I've been in a hotel three days I can always count on the floor-maid and at least one elevator-man telling me about plays they've just written. The desk-clerks are at it too. Only the telephone-operators seem to be immune to the urge. I have often wondered why.

I've been making my own decisions on plays for a long time now. The fact that I haven't experienced a failure is due not entirely to my judgment of the plays, but partly to my acquaintanceship with my audiences and to the fact that those audiences have themselves given excellent performances. I've never in my life thought of myself as working for a manager—but always for the public.

The plays I've had have all been good entertainment, some of them very good plays. "The Awful Truth," which we have just made into a talking-picture; "Grounds for Divorce," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "The Gold Diggers,"

Continued on Page 68

Digitized from



NOW—THE GRACIOUSLY FEMININE REIGNS AGAIN AND SKINS MUST BE DELICATELY LOVELY

Even the smartest, most difficult chapeau finds a glorious ally in the Face Powders *of* COTY. *They give the flawless smoothness, the distinctive accent of the individual—just because they are perfect in tone and texture.*

IN ALL COTY ODEURS
Standard Size – $1.00
Double Size – $1.50

FOR THE IVORY PALE
BLANC
RACHEL NO. 1
RACHEL NO. 2
FOR THE FLOWER TYPES
NATUREL
ROSE NO. 1
ROSE NO. 2
FOR OLIVE-TONED
OCRE
OCRE-ROSE
COTYTAN
FOR EVENING
MAUVE

LES POUDRES COTY

COTY
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
RUE DE LA PAIX — PARIS

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

Drawing by Edward Poucher

Are Women Sentimental?

IS IT mere propa-gander—this constant stream of criticism poured by the male of the species upon us poor geese of women? Latest of self-appointed critics is Bertrand Russell, noted English pacifist, educator, lecturer, and what not. Upon landing in America recently he is quoted as saying that the "feminizing" of our national education had resulted in a sentimental inability to face facts.

Utter stuff and nonsense! This talk about woman's sentimentality is only another of man's own sentimentalities. In the first place, what is sentimentality? Suppose we call it a state where feeling outweighs reason and where the necessity of feeling compels idealization of an object. Very well, then. Let us see how this definition applies to man.

First, his love life. Whereas a woman usually has her husband's failings tabulated scientifically as if she were a laboratory-worker and he a specimen moth on a pin, it is necessary for the average man to keep a woman on a pedestal in order to love her. Indeed, the glow of fantasy touches nearly all of his relationships—friends, family, school, politics—and prevents him from seeing anything associated with him in its true colors.

If you are skeptical, compare the "old grads" of Princeton and Yale with the "old grads" of our women's colleges. The latter seldom indulge in those transports of idealized memories characterizing a man's college reunion.

Yes, we women are really the hard-headed portion of humanity. For generations we have gotten concessions from man by our clear-sighted knowledge of him, by calculating exactly what chord—paternal, filial, chivalric—to strike in his highly emotional nature.

And so far as American education is concerned, are not women the pioneers in our present-day revolution in primary schooling—that absolutely factual system bound to "debunk" every individual?

The Cook's Crowning Glory

REDEEMING the waste-lands of the kitchen is what has been accomplished by Dr. Lillian Gilbreth in her career as efficiency engineer of the home. The model kitchen planned by Dr. Gilbreth for the Eighth Annual Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries, held at the Hotel Astor this year, made the old-fashioned kitchen look like a walk through a transcontinental train.

So compact that two steps brought one within reach of every utensil, its crowning glory was a radio loud speaker adjusted to—yes, but of course to the ceiling. For what other inch of space was available?

Incidentally, the radio companies report that they are constantly installing more speakers in the kitchen. Capital idea! We don't care now whether Bridget leaves or not.

Welcome the County Library

THERE are 48,000,000 people in the United States and Canada without adequate library service. We all take such pride in the opportunities of our land that we are loath to face such statistics. Yet is not a doting citizen as harmful as a doting grandmother? In neither case does the object of blind affection make much headway.

One way of being wisely patriotic is to support the idea of a county library maintained by county taxes. This plan, already tried with notable success in California and New Jersey, delivers books by truck or mail where people have heretofore been starved for literature—we mean to the remote hamlet and the isolated farm. It is no wonder that last year a committee from the American Library Association decided that this was the ideal form of service to the rural districts. And where is there a greater hunger for books than here?

"The Atmosphere of Love"

PHILIPPE falls in love with Odile. He marries her. And he stays in love with Odile. M. Maurois, distinguished French author, tells us this in his latest book, "Atmosphere of Love." In this novel M. Maurois has done more than contribute the finest and most dexterous of his work. He has thrown new light upon an ancient problem.

Why Philippe remains in love with Odile is, in fact, the psychology of the average male. This average male is a hunter. He wishes always the object just two feet ahead. Only the extraordinary man continues romantic attachment for the woman with whom he has caught up. For this reason the wife is usually confronted with a dilemma. How surrender herself and yet pretend that she has not surrendered; how, in the Wordsworthian phrase, be both the "well," which is always there to sustain and refresh, and the "fountain"—gay, sparkling, flying—to pique his imagination?

There is another woman in "The Atmosphere of Love"—the wise, tender Isabelle whom Philippe marries after Odile leaves him. She realizes fully the nature of her husband, that the one way to keep him secure is to keep him insecure. Yet she disdains using the little spurs of jealousy within her power. She will not cheapen a love marriage by making of it a love duel. How she fares in her clean, candid quest—this is a rare, exquisite note in modern literature.

"Many Waters"—a Moving Play

ONE reason for to-day being an unhappy age is that it is the "happiness" age. Husbands must be happy or they quit. Wives who find themselves lapsing into self-sacrifice plunge grimly into self-expression. Dentists who don't make an hour in their office seem like an hour on the Riviera are considered a misfit. Little children are safeguarded against painful learning and painful idealism.

The cry of "I must be happy," which is on everybody's lips, is closely linked with that disparagement of the "middle-class virtues," causing bunions on the vocal cords of so many radicals. Yet just what are these offensive qualities? Patience and honesty, loving-kindness, the will to sustain a responsibility—in brief, very much the same sort of thing to which the Knights of the Round Table vowed allegiance.

Yes, these alleged "middle-class virtues" come down through a line royal. What is more, they require to-day the same knightly spirit of King Arthur's court. How many of these arrogant radicals have the grit to lead the drab lives they affect to scorn? Oh, yes, it is much easier to be picturesque than to be good, a thousand times more tempting to quit than to stick by. "To walk and not be weary"—to go cheerfully over the monotonous gray plains of life—here is a supreme call to which only the most martial spirits can respond.

The play of "Many Waters" confirms this thought. Here is one of the most delightful productions which Broadway has seen for some time. It is played by an English company headed by our own gifted Ernest Truex, and it represents, through many scenes typical of British life, the lives of a middle-class English couple. They fall in love in the nineties—in a scene which Whistler might have painted—and "many waters" can not quench their feeling for each other.

It is a vindication of the "middle-class virtues." It suggests also that many "drab" lives are full of color. It is, above all, propaganda for the truth that only those who are not seeking happiness ever find it.

For Divers Reasons

WE "view with alarm" the fact that Miss Sylvia Williamson, seven-months-old daughter of J. R. Williamson, leader of the Field Museum Williamson Underseas Expedition, has spent practically all of her life either on the sea or under it. That she wore a jaunty sailor's cap on her return does nothing to reassure us. With such a beginning will not Miss Sylvia inevitably add her bit to the "mast" production of literature now going on?

However, the future author of "The Diving Belle" or "The Long Wave Length" will probably give us authentic thrills. Her father, Mr. Williamson, is perhaps the greatest of underseas photographers. And in his recent expedition to the Bahamas he has gone underseas *de luxe*.

The Williamson diving-bell accommodates three persons comfortably, is equipped with electric light and telephone connection to the ship. Also there is a metallic tube for descent. Here from this cabin on the very floor of the sea the explorer's infant daughter could watch the home life of strange fishes. Of these Mr. Williamson brought home colored photographs that form one of the most fascinating gifts to modern science.

Shocking Statistics

AMERICA stands thirteenth in its rating of maternity deaths. This is sufficiently shocking, but we learn in addition that casualties from childbirth have increased fifty per cent. in several years.

What are the reasons back of these statistics? Why is it that this land of which we are so proud because of its high standards of medical science should owe a large percentage of these deaths in childbirth to toxemia and septemia?

There are certain physicians who attribute the appalling rise in our maternity death-rate to the "boyish figure." And indeed there can be no doubt that undue thinness has made serious inroads upon the American woman's normal vigor and health.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The cool freshness of new churned BUTTER

©S. & Co.

from creameries in selected dairy regions..
always with the same dependable goodness

As fresh and delicate as if you scooped it from the churn and molded it yourself!

You simply *know* it's made where pastures are rich and sun shines in at creamery windows . . . one taste tells you that.

Churned from tested and graded cream, of course. So you use it for cooking with perfect confidence. Or serve the sweet cool prints just as they come from the package.

Every day, *anywhere*, you can depend on this new churned goodness in Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. To give you such assurance, we have built up a distributing system that extends all over the country.

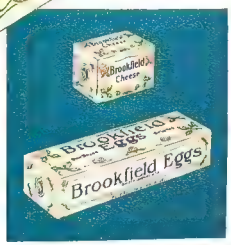
No matter where you live, it reaches you *so quickly*.

In fast refrigerator cars, as immaculate as your own refrigerator, this butter is brought swiftly to your town or city. It's only one step from churn to your local dealer, with Swift & Company experts guarding quality at every moment.

That's why you are so *sure* of freshness . . . the utmost delicacy of flavor, when you order Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter from the dealer conveniently near you.

Swift & Company

You will find the same dependable high quality in Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese Ask for them by name.



Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS
BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

My husband says, a *man*

Of course, we women like to know what our husbands think about nice hands!

But sometimes I wonder if they know how busy our hands are. For clothes and dishes don't wash themselves . . . and painted woodwork and linoleum can't be *wished* clean.

No, husbands don't know our mornings selves when our hands are busiest. But when

"In my kitchen is a famous trio . . . Ivory Flakes for quick dishwashing . . . a big cake of Ivory for cleaning floors and woodwork and paint . . . and Guest Ivory to wash my hands after handling sticky or greasy utensils. Is it any wonder, with such gentle care, that my hands keep smooth all the time—they have no work tales to tell!"

"Colored clothes usually cost more—certainly the new tinted table linens and sheets do! So doesn't it seem thriftier to guard their freshness with gentle Ivory suds? And Ivory washdays leave your hands so smooth and carefree—never betraying that they are your maids!"

IVORY SOAP

kind to everything it touches

99 44/100 % Pure "It floats"

Go gle

"Tell them how feels about nice hands!"

hey come home, or when they are taking us to a party, they want us to look serene and glamorous and silken—to our very fingertips!

The first year I was married, I thought my hands were a "Problem." When I went to parties my hands were so red and forlorn that explanations were always coming to the tip of my tongue. I liked housework, but I was always blaming it. I never mentioned soap. Soap? Why, it was just soap. And the yellower and stronger, the better soap I thought it must be!

But now I know the truth about hands and soap. And I'm so glad to tell about it, because there must be many women like me who enjoy babies and bridge, husbands and housework . . . who wonder how to keep their hands looking carefree!

Soap tasks *can* be beauty treatments

There's no mystery about the care I give my hands. I simply use Ivory Soap for every household cleaning task. And, since it's kind to my baby's skin, naturally cleaning tasks done with it are simply Ivory beauty-baths!

I hope you'll try Ivory for a week or two —for everything. In a few days your hands will begin to thank you. And before long, you'll discover how much thriftier it is to use Ivory than ordinary kitchen soaps. For harsh parching soaps fade colors and take the life out of even such sturdy surfaces as linoleum. But Ivory keeps everything like new! My painter says he won't be coming to see me so often now that I protect my woodwork with Ivory!

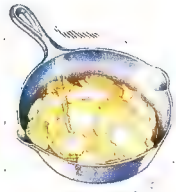
My husband just called to me, "Have you told about my colored shirts?" So I must please the man! But of course, it goes without saying that Ivory keeps all colored things fresh-tinted . . . whether they are cotton or linen, silk or woolen.

And this same husband looks so proud when people take it for granted I must have a maid. He says husbands like to hear compliments (and make them!) to their wives' hands!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free: A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands, for hair, for figures?" Write for *"On the Art of Being Charming."* Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VR-10, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Husbands may not always recognize new frocks but they do delight in nice hands! And 'doing' hands *can* keep their youth and soft grace—yes, easily, if they work entirely with Ivory! For then, every task is as gentle as a beauty bath!"



This is the 200-year-old kitchen where generations of good cooks have concocted marvelous things to eat

She said— "*These taste much better*"

Traveling over the country talking to women about things they're interested in, babies, clothes, recipes, cooking (I *have* an interesting job) I came upon—

This mellow old house in Hingham, Mass. Built in 1717, it had stayed in the same family for more than two centuries.

A bang from the enormous spread eagle brass knocker brought a little old lady (Mrs. W——, 75 years old, but as spry as the first spring robin) to the door.

"I came over 300 miles to talk about cooking," I said after introducing myself.

A story-book kitchen

"Well, my kitchen's the place for that," smiled my hostess.

And it was. Like a museum room—low ceilinged, pine floored, with ladder back chairs and a huge fireplace which had a Dutch oven at one side, and a secret compartment on the other where the family stored their pewter during the Revolution.

"Will you help me with a frying experiment?" I asked. "I want to fry potatoes for you in two different fats, then have you taste them and see which you like the better."

She nodded, interested. I opened an unlabeled can of Crisco and an unlabeled can of another good frying fat, and then I fried potatoes in this story-book kitchen where generation after generation of women had cooked.

She chooses my shortening

"I like these *much* better. They have the real potato flavor," Mrs. W—— said, choosing the potatoes fried in Crisco.

"Those were fried in Crisco," I exclaimed.

"No wonder I like them better, then," she said, "for I've used Crisco myself more than twelve years. I fry all of my doughnuts for the neighborhood children in it. But this is the most interesting proof I've had that Crisco does make things taste better."

95 to 22 for Crisco

I've been making frying tests for months and months and I've found that most people can easily detect the difference.

In my own experimental kitchen I have asked 117 people to taste potatoes fried in Crisco and then potatoes fried in another good frying fat—and 95 out of the 117 chose the potatoes fried in Crisco.

Whether you use Crisco in your frying pan or your frying kettle, you can be sure of another remarkable feature—Crisco never smokes or smells at *proper frying temperature*.

You know, too, that you can use it for frying over and over again, because Crisco never carries the flavor of one food cooked in it to another—and it stays fresh *flavored*.

I've a cook book entitled, "12 Dozen Time Saving Recipes," that you'll be interested in, I'm sure. You may have it by simply writing me, Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XR-10), Box 1801, Cincinnati, O. WINIFRED S. CARTER

For a new delicate flavor in every fried food—make this one simple change—*fry in Crisco.* To understand why, taste Crisco itself

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

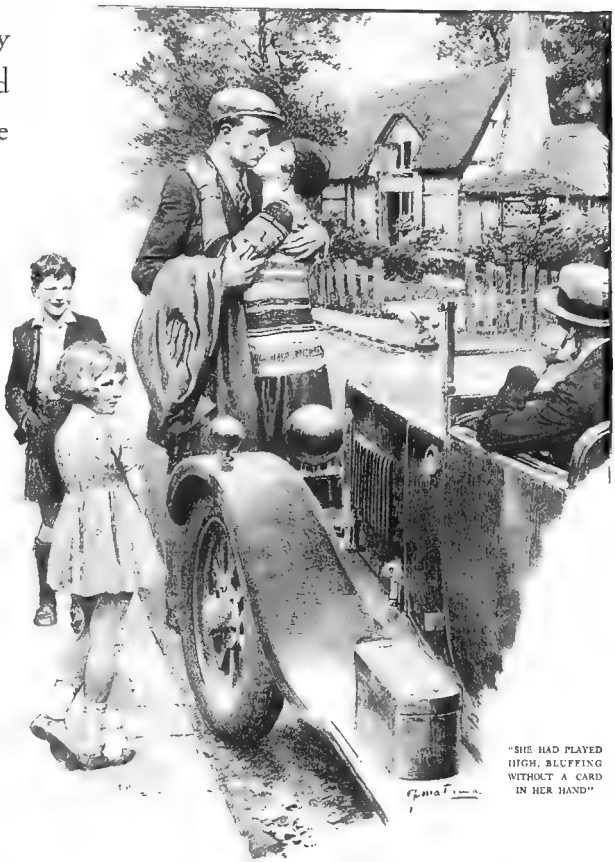
PATERNITY

Something must give way when a stubborn husband meets a resourceful wife

By

MAYELL BANISTER

Illustrations by
FORTUNINO MATANIA



"SHE HAD PLAYED HIGH, BLUFFING WITHOUT A CARD IN HER HAND"

HOW shall I describe Betty?

I could give you a dictionary of adjectives, but they might not help you to create an image for yourself.

Betty is the last word in modernity, in civilization. She is clever, vital, with a logical brain trained and tuned in a university. And she is essentially feminine, with all the adorable tricks and seductions of her sex; much too intelligent to forget that she has a function to be decorative. You must trust a little to my prejudiced eyes, I am afraid, or at first you may not understand her—unique, incomparable, marvelous Betty!

Twelve years ago she married Arnold Trelawney, a schoolmaster—and she persists in remaining married to him. That, no doubt, is neither ancient nor modern, nor intelligent—merely feminine. For Trelawney is as incapable of appreciating Betty, with her limitless, iridescent vitality, as a mole.

You must try to imagine her before her marriage, a student of King's College, an honor-candidate at the university, and withal captain of the girls' hockey team, the most wittily impudent of debaters, and organizing secretary of the dance committee. Everything came easily to her, no doubt, but she was tireless, overflowing with energy and life.

And she was without fear. She chatted with *viva-voce* examiners as if they were fellow dons at a tea-party, she coaxed the shyest gawks at a dance into self-forgetful enthusiasm, and her indictment of matrimony as a career in the debating society was quoted throughout the village for weeks, with ruminative chuckles even from graybeards who did not believe that there was any career better—for a woman!

One thing she said I still remember. There was no true marriage, she asserted, that was not a love-affair. But call it marriage, and people were hypnotized by a name. Call it a love-affair, and the absurdity was at once apparent. Far from her mind was it to make light of a love-affair—in its place, but it was justly regarded as a flower, one of life's meringues, perfected and unashamed by the publicity of marriage. But that did not make it a career. Love was no career for a sane person.

You can pick holes in her logic obviously. It was meant to be impudent. But it contained, I believe, a germ of truth—at least for Betty!

I do not know if you would call her beautiful or even pretty. She had dark hair, gray, dancing eyes, and a wide, mobile mouth, which spoke even when it was still, and that was not very often, for her eagerness and curiosity were unceasing.

The world was at her feet, so it appeared to us. What might she not become or do? There was no end to the prophecies and anticipations. She was the only student of her year whose future seemed to matter, who was the subject of endless debate and enviless surmise.

Then she married Arnold Trelawney, who had just received his first post as master in a day-school, where he wore a cap and gown—and had about as much prospect of developing her future as the cultured black-beetle he resembled.

I do not say that Trelawney might not have been an admirable husband—for another woman!

They lived in a little house in the unpretentious suburb of the great metropolis which had defied even its builders to discover any more romantic name than Brixton, the town of bricks—innumerable, endless streets of boxes of bricks!

There were two babies—and the scenes of her triumphs saw Betty no more.

Then Arnold Trelawney marched away to war, and during four nerve-racking years Betty gave herself completely to her babies. She was no more marvelous in that than many other women; but she must have seen more clearly than most what she was missing. For those were the years when women won the world. Consider the number of women who had attained fame and distinction in 1919, of whom nothing had been heard five years before, and you can imagine what a female Admirable Crichton like Betty might have achieved.

So far as any one could tell, however, she was supremely content.

The War ended at long last, and Trelawney returned to his school and his family, and the problems of the great peace. Nominally salaries had increased, but nearly everybody felt poorer than he used to feel. And when taxes and school bills were paid, the Trelawney household must have suffered a very narrow and limited existence.

Nevertheless it was 1922 before Betty broke out of Brixton, when Dick was nine and Pearl was eight.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

I met her one day in the Strand, and she had lunch and told me about it.

"Why should I do work which a cheaper woman can do just as well? It's nonsense to say Dick and Pearl need me, when they are out at school all day. I've found a maid and trained her, and she's priceless."

I pointed out that I could never dream of criticizing her.

She smiled mischievously; she could look Puckish. If any woman was ever free from sentiment Betty was.

"Poor old Charles! Still nursing a broken heart after all these years. What an awful lot of rubbish we imbibe with our youth! Men are sentimental, not passionate; and women are certainly not sentimental, Brother Charles. Well, what do you think I am doing," her gray eyes began to twinkle. "You must know that advertising is the profession of the moment. Women are being booted out of most things pell-mell, but there is room for the whole world in advertising. It has a present. What more can one want?"

"I want the present and the future," I declared. "I want us always to be like this—together!"

"My dear man! We can't sit lunching forever." She slipped away from the subject, laughing, quite untouched. "You remember the country where everybody took in everybody else's washing, till they washed it all away—and then nobody had any clothes for anybody else to wash. I wonder, when everybody is telling everybody else how to buy things, who will be left to make them. Still I'm thirty, and I want the present. I want the present very badly."

That gives you some idea of Betty. Her brain was alert, humorous, critical, but it could never distract her from the essential. It is a curious fact that you can educate a clever boy into being useless commercially, but no education on earth can make a clever girl unpractical. Betty's intimate acquaintance with medieval history did not blind her eyes to the appeal of a soap that did the washing while mother rocked the cradle; as she said, she had been only too eager to discover it herself.

TRELAWNEY, I believe, opposed her; but comforted himself that she would soon fail and grow tired of it. But she flowered. At thirty-two she was earning a very comfortable income, and had at last sufficient outlet for her illimitable energy.

And then came the clash which inevitably awaits a woman who cherishes a career as well as a husband.

During those two years I met Betty occasionally. I had been in love with her, and did not pretend that I had ceased to be, but Betty did not see why that should make any difference to our friendship. If I found her *camaraderie* sometimes intolerably painful, I had only myself to blame.

I do not know that I had any very definite ideas or hopes, except the vague belief that any woman must ultimately tire of Trelawney. But I never had any evidence that they quarreled to support that conviction till she rang me up one Sunday morning in September. She was driving down to the cottage in Surrey where the children were spending their holidays; and would I come with her.

She called for me at my rooms in Orange Street in a two-seater. She had never appeared to me so exquisite. A wine-red beret was perched jauntily on her bobbed, dark hair, and her cheeks were glowing with the crisp Autumn air from a skin as innocent as milk. At least it looked like it. If there were any artificial aids they appeared so natural and unobtrusive that I preferred not to believe in them.

She wore a costume of the same deep red as the beret, and some sort of grass-green jumper. Her dress expressed her completely. Trim, plain, practical, commonsensible, with the cheeky little beret and shingled hair putting an impudent crown to it.

She drove effortlessly without being careless, and talked busily. She was full of a darling little house she had just bought at Kensington, absurdly expensive, but handy for them all: near good schools for the children, and not too far for Arnold and for her office. She seemed bubbling with delight over it. There was no hint that she had quarreled with her husband till we turned into a lane behind Wootton, full of blackberries and late honeysuckle, and came out on the yellow gorse and purple heather of the commons.

Then she said suddenly, crisply:

"I've brought you down to-day to see if that will bring Arnold to his senses. If you do really care about my happiness——"

She had never before permitted the faintest discussion of her husband, and I waited in eager amazement for her to go on. After a glance I asked carefully:

"Has he lost his senses?"

But she had timed things so adroitly that just then the road came to an end on a little green by a tiny rose-covered cottage, and Dick and Pearl ran out of the gate to greet us.

Dick was a manly, freckled boy of eleven, self-contained and undemonstrative as a rule. He flung himself over the side of the car and hugged her unashamed, crooning:

"I knew you'd come. Daddy didn't know if you would. But I knew you'd come."

And there were tears in Betty's eyes as she laughed.

"But why shouldn't I come, my darling? Of course, I've come."

She adored her children. There was not the faintest possible doubt about that. Even if she ever came to find Trelawney impossible, he must always hold her by them. Or so it seemed.

Pearl was more placid. She kissed her mother, with questioning, interested eyes on me.

And I was left in the very devil of amazement. Why shouldn't she come to her children whenever she pleased?

Trelawney appeared in the miniature rose-bowered porch, and shook hands with me. And Betty remarked rather curiously:

"Can you manage lunch for Charles?"

Does a wife usually ask her husband whether he can manage lunch in her own house?

And Trelawney answered still more curiously:

"He is welcome to what we have."

A TALL, gaunt, self-contained, punctilious gentleman, Trelawney—a schoolmaster in his soul. I could never imagine him acting or speaking spontaneously, carelessly; he believed, or seemed to, that right and wrong were actual facts, not sometimes matters of circumstance.

If I had said frankly, "I am in love with your wife," I imagine he would have replied, "How very interesting! Come and wash your hands." For was I not a guest in his house? And of course no gentleman could ever discuss his wife with another man.

Anyhow that was how he behaved, for he must know I was in love with Betty, even if I didn't tell him. I had visited the house in Brixton often enough for there to be no other explanation, even if Betty were not as open as the day about it.

The children laid the table for lunch. A cold shoulder of mutton, boiled potatoes, stewed plums, and a rice pudding—all cold except the potatoes. Betty conducted herself as a visitor, and did not go near the kitchen. But she commented:

"Who does your cooking, Arnold?"

"A woman from the village."

"She seems all right. I had a card from Sarah yesterday. She sounds lost. I believe she dislikes holidays." She turned to me. "Sarah is our maid. But of course you know that."

Then she set the children talking. And it appeared a very gay and happy family party until lunch was finished. Then there was a scene with the boy.

"I want you and Pearl to go for a walk, Dick," said Betty. "Tell me somewhere three miles away."

"There's Leith Hill Tower, that's three miles. But you're coming, Mummy."

"No, we old fogies are going to talk."

"Then I won't go." The boy turned away obstinately.

"Dick!" Betty's voice was very soft and compelling. He came to her grudgingly, and she put her arm round him.

"You must do what you are told."

He turned and clutched her frantically.

"I won't let you go, Mummy. I won't, I won't."

She smoothed back the collar of his shirt and revealed the Plimsoll line beyond which soap and water had not passed that day. She glanced whimsically at me.

"Dick, I promise you I won't go before you come back—whatever happens."

Suddenly the boy snatched his sister's hand and started off without cap or hat, as if life depended upon their getting to the Tower and back with the utmost speed.

Betty sighed.

"They are dears," she said, to me rather than her husband. But her next remark shot straight at him.

"Not disobedient like their mother."

Trelawney frowned, with a vexed eyebrow on me.

"Let's sit out in the garden," said Betty with a sort of exasperated gaiety. "I hate being shut in, in houses or dolls' houses. We want a little daylight."

SO WE took out chairs and sat on the little green in front of the cottage fence, under the shade of a beech-tree.

Trelawney seemed a silent mark of exclamation or protest at my presence.

"Shall I go for a stroll?" I suggested awkwardly.

"But you are the daylight," said Betty whimsically, "the only daylight I can see."

We sat down in silence, one each side of her. There is something about a deck-chair that deprives humanity of all conventional dignity. You have to sprawl and be intimate and natural, or you become absurd. All I could see of Trelawney were his long legs stuck out straight before him, still a little wooden, but willy-nilly relaxed.

"I want to explain the position to Charles," began Betty. "We may be able to see things a little clearer then."

"Do they concern him?" asked Trelawney coldly.

Betty turned to me with the same cool friendliness.

"I have been telling you about the darling house I have just bought in Kensington. But I didn't tell you its one drawback. Arnold declines to live in it, or to let his children. That is right, isn't it, Arnold? I am not misrepresenting you."

Trelawney nodded, staring impassively in front of him.

Betty turned to me, smiling forlornly.

"You see, I'm rather a tragic figure really, Charles—a mother bereft of her children. And I ought not to be cast for tragedy parts. I'm too flippant. When I ought to rage and stamp I can only laugh."

Poor Betty! Her smile could be infinitely more pathetic than her tears—and I expect she knew it. I began to see what had happened. But Betty was determined to have everything clearly stated between them in words.

"Arnold does not approve of my work, and will not share in the fruits of my crimes. This is the best home he can afford to keep for me; and it is my duty to be content in that state of life to which he has called me, etc. That is right, isn't it, Arnold?"

Trelawney's head again slowly nodded in agreement, with solemn absurdity, for no one can bow with dignity in a deck-chair.

But Trelawney would do absurd things with a solemn gesture. Had he not run away with his children to this remote and probably unhygienic bower to spite his wife for earning more money than he could?—for obviously that was the foundation of his grievance.

"The absurd things people do when they quarrel," remarked Betty with rueful amusement. "I had arranged for everything to be taken to the new house, and while I was out at work one day Arnold had some of the things moved down here. I found a note on my dressing-table to say he had taken the children, and this was to be my home."

Trelawney spoke with a sort of impersonal triumph.

"Your home is here. Your children are here."

"So there you are," said Betty. "We've argued and quarreled, and now we've come to the end. Arnold won't live in my house, and I refuse to live in his. When an immutable decision meets an immutable decision, what happens?"

"You change the bone of contention," I murmured, and Betty flashed a glance of comprehension toward me.

I glanced at her, all nervous energy and vitality, with Trelawney passively obstinate as a rock. She meant to win, but I did not believe that she would ever disturb that incomparable stolidity.

She turned upon him, wheedling, mischievous.

"There are, of course, all your absurd arguments, Arnold. Let us be perfectly fair and produce them. Why won't you live in my house?"

"Because I do not approve of your work, and I will not encourage it." Trelawney might not have many shots in his locker, but he was a devil for sticking to them.

"What's wrong with my work?" demanded Betty flippantly. "I shouldn't be paid for it if it weren't good enough."

"A woman's place is her home."

Betty smiled with dainty mockery.

"Say that again, Arnold. I do love to hear you quote the dear dead platitudes. It makes them seem to mean something still."

"A woman's place is her home," repeated Trelawney.

"It's so soothing," said Betty, and she mimicked him delicately. "A woman's place is her home. A man married is a man married. The dear old saws! What does it mean anyway? A woman's home is where her lover and her children are."

"The children are here," reiterated Trelawney.

"Yes. The children!"

I interrupted, "And the lover."

WITH a glance of reproach at me, Betty said: "I wonder."

She turned back to Trelawney, wheedling, bewitching.

"You know I can't argue, Arnold. I can only feel, and you mustn't expect any woman to be reasonable. Won't you give way just the teeniest little bit, just because I am unreasonable, and a woman? I expect I shall want to live here, if you just say I needn't. It's the iron hand which makes me fractious."

"I have not taken action without thought," said Trelawney sententiously.

Betty observed him quietly for some moments, with a repressed dimple of a smile about her mouth. Then she altered her tone completely. She was grave, judicial as *Portia*.

"You have taken away my children, Arnold, our children. You have used them to try to compel me to obey you. That is a very dangerous and wicked thing to do. Do you know that there is one mainspring which controls every woman—love for her lover, and through him for their children; love for her children, and through them for her lover? It is one, but you have tried to divide it, and set one against the other. Can't you see that if I obeyed you because of my children, I should hate you? If I give them up I shall also hate you. You have given me a choice which leaves nothing but hate between you and me."

Her voice was quiet and very still. She had delved to the very root of their quarrel, and brought it to the light of day. And it must have been pretty difficult for Trelawney to answer.

A fantastic, humorless fool to have conceived such a dilemma without realizing what its effect must be! He was a schoolmaster; yet what is education for if not to teach a man to avoid driving disputes to a point where there can be no compromise?

He was staring straight in front of him. Apparently that conclusion had never occurred to him, and it hit him pretty deep. Obstinate, dictatorial, petty, he must have thought wives could be snubbed like little boys, and their manners improved by the process.

"A man can't take away a woman's children nowadays," I broke out. "We aren't living in the middle ages."

Betty smiled whimsically.

"No doubt I could steal them or go to law about them, and that sort of tiresome scandal, which would be bad for them, and worse for us. So we must leave that out of the question. Tell me this, Arnold. Why will you not let my children live in my house?"

Trelawney was roused to almost passionate protest.

"Because their mother is not in that house. Because they are left to servants, and will grow up without a mother's care and love. Your duty is to your children."

"But, of course, Arnold," she retorted eagerly. "But when I am able to help you to give them a better start in life than otherwise we could——"

"Nothing can replace a mother's care."

Betty quivered.

"Oh, don't, Arnold. You hurt." But she recovered herself immediately, and murmured imprudently, "Oh, I know a boy's best friend is his mother. Do try to come out of your copy-book, Arnold. Does it necessitate her making his milk puddings with her own hands? Arnold I'll promise to make a milk pudding every day if you'll live in Kensington. Arnold dear, can't you see the humor of it?"

Betty was laughing, but surely the fool could see how near she was to tears. "You have taken away my children altogether because I don't see more of them. Surely a little mother is better than no mother at all."

That cornered Trelawney, and he fell back upon sententious solemnity.

"A bad mother is worse than none at all."

Betty! A bad mother—with her selfless devotion during the War years, when Trelawney gambled with death, but led a jolly good life in Picardy.

Betty winced as if he had struck her. She was very grave when she spoke again.

"You are very wrong and cruel, Arnold, if you pretend to believe that I have ever neglected Dick or Pearl. But they are out at school all day, and what good would it do them for me to loiter my time away, waiting for them to come home? Besides I am better for them if I am alive and come in contact with the world. I shall never be a little mother who can not be told things, a mother who is a dear, but so unpractical. I shall never overhear my children saying, 'But you know what mother is.' No, Arnold, the more I make of myself, the better I am for them. I implore you to recognize that before it is too late."

There was a long minute before Trelawney replied.

"I know I am right," he persisted. "A woman cannot thrust her way and rub shoulders doing a man's work and remain unspotted from the world. Her ideals must become soiled." And he was really sincere. "Can't you realize that ideal of home, Betty, one sacred place which the roughness and jostling of the world can not touch——"

Betty lost patience for a moment and was bitter.

"That little hell of disillusion and thwarted capabilities, that padded room in a lunatic asylum! Dreams, dreams, Arnold. You romanticize the domestic slave labor of the middle ages into something holy. However, I have finished. Reason means nothing to you; sentiment and convention are your gods. Isn't there one sincere, genuine impulse in you anywhere? This prattle of duty for other people makes me sick."

Trelawney turned round and faced her, looking very gray, and I think for the moment he had forgotten me.

"DON'T you love your children, Betty? Do you want to leave them to other people who could not understand them as you could, even if they took the trouble?"

Angry color was high in Betty's cheeks.

"For Heaven's sake, stop dangling my children in front of me like a reward, or is it a whip? Oh, I wish you wouldn't make me irritable, Arnold. I don't want to be. I wanted

"I NATURALLY, ARNOLD, I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE MY CHILDREN BUT YOU ARE MAKING A GREAT MISTAKE IF YOU THINK I WON'T!"

Charles so that we couldn't quarrel. We want at least to look like reasonable beings when we are smashing up the rest of our lives."

"So that was why you wanted Charles, my lady," I reflected. The calm, feminine impudence of it, using me as a sort of domestic ice-box for their quarrels!

"You know you can count on me—for anything," I remarked, hoping the sentiment might warm Trelawney's temper, even if nothing could disturb his cool unreasonableness. Why didn't he kick me out, like a man? Betty would like him better if he did. Fancy living with somebody who used the word "duty" in cold blood, made a habit of it. It gave me a cold shiver down my spine.

Betty sat up with sudden energy and decision. Alluring, fascinating little devil. How a man could resist her, I don't know. But Trelawney served some superior goddess, and repeated his parrot cries, as intractable as a mule.

You could see Betty saying to herself, Oh, very well, I've talked fairly with you, and you won't listen. Then you shall take your medicine plain, and see how you like that.

"Well, Arnold, you have offered me a choice, or rather compelled me to it. I must choose between my children—and myself. It is medieval, fantastic; but there it is." She turned suddenly to me. "Which ought I to choose, Charles?"

"Choose both, of course. Steal them, if necessary, and let him go to law to get them back. He would be laughed out of court."

Betty shook her head.

"No, I will not have them bandied about between us. Arnold shall keep them. You see, they are all he cares about." Her voice was faintly bitter. And I knew then that she still loved him.

"I've come to a decision, Arnold," she went on calmly, and I am sure that he did not see that her hands were clenched till the knuckles showed bone-white in the marble whiteness of the skin. "You'll admit, I gather from your very funny point of view, that I was a good mother until, shall we say, a year ago? I feel then it would be better for the children to treasure a beautiful memory than to have their illusions spoiled.

"I resign from the calling of a good mother. I had them to myself for the first five years; for five years we have had them together. Let them have the benefits of a father's undiluted influence for the next five. That seems fair and equitable. It's infinitely better than for us to remain together, snarling, forcing them to take sides. You can keep them, Arnold; but you can not keep me."

Trelawney could not have appeared more aghast if a bombshell had dropped out of the sky and fallen at his feet. He must have felt so sure he held the whip-hand.

He unfolded his long limbs, and sprang up, and paced away from us, with his hands clasped behind his back. I was conscious of the intensity with which Betty was watching him. He paced toward us again, and stopped in front of her.

"I don't think I quite understand," he said patiently.

"War, my good man. Defiance. If I must give up my children now in order to be able to help them in five years' time, I have not the faintest doubt what is my duty. I trust you absolutely, Arnold. You may break their little hearts for the good of their souls, but souls are better than hearts—or don't you think so? Besides

Hearts do not break;
They sting and ache,
For old sake's sake.

She quoted Gilbert's doggerel with a forced gaiety that hurt me, and must have reached Trelawney.

"You can't mean it, Betty," he muttered. She was watching him closely, but she went on coolly.

Continued on Page 39

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

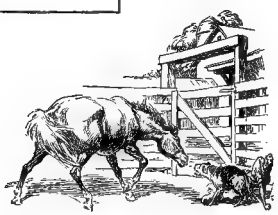
No normal person can read this touching story of a dog's devotion and remain unmoved

"GALLY WANTED AWFULLY TO SAY TO HER: 'IT IS QUITE TRUE I HAVE NO PEDIGREE, BUT I AM REALLY QUITE A GENTLEMAN'"

ALIAS GALLY

By PALMA WAYNE

Illustrations by R. L. LAMBDEN



THE dog stood silent and tense, looking eagerly at the opened door, every nerve fastened to an unnatural tension. For days he had stood just so eagerly, just so hopefully, while a heterogeneous lot of people had passed and repassed his barred cage.

It was December, a week before the holidays, and the usual radiant California weather. Men and women who paid but little attention the rest of the year to the Man who had changed the face of the earth, took advantage of this one day to give and receive bizarre and useless presents. The great bedonistic market-place called the moving-picture world paid fabulous prices for rare specimens of anything, from a coin to a white peacock. So here they were, these cruel instances of men's spoliation.

Purple-capped lorises and sulfur-crested cockatoos from the Molukka Islands, rose-ringed parrakeets from Senegal, gorgeous-flamed and turquoise-painted macaws from Patagonia, Chinese pheasants clad in golden-scale armor, mauve and green parrots from the Gilbert Islands—they rent the air with their shrill, piercing, intermittent cries. Little monkeys with anxious, confused faces added their ceaseless and toneless chatter to the already overburdened noise of Moriarty's Animal Exchange.

He was beginning to think, no doubt, there was truth in what the kennel-master at home had said about him: perhaps he was a mongrel. The squawking, screaming clamor that lashed the air didn't seem to bother the dog in the cage next his own. This was Highlander, son of Lowlander, with many blue ribbons in the glass case in the kennel-record quarters at the *hacienda*.

He stood like a resting lance with an indifferent and detached air, every line of his splendid body speaking of ancestry, heritage, and that indefinable thing Gally heard spoken of so often as pedigree.

Nor did the pandemonium annoy the Muscovite Prince, that attenuated *borsoi* whose aristocratic head was raised above all this slugging detonation with an air of lofty dignity and cool composure.

Gally lay down on his haunches and tried to sleep. How had he come to this devil's playground? Months before he had been the beloved companion of a much-beloved master, his rough, awkward body as near to the steady beating of Peter Seldon's heart by day as the closeness of it was by night, for the bond between the man and dog could be rived apart by but one thing: and on a cold California morning that one last victorious enemy caught up Peter Seldon and he passed from Gally's sight. So the celebrated Seldon *hacienda* with its many acres, its polo-ponies, and famous kennels had been sold under the hammer by order of the English inheritors, and how or why, the dog didn't understand, but he who had never seen anything but the gold on the heavenly stars, had never heard anything but divinity in the human voice, suddenly found himself in a world that had smashed itself into bits of confusion.

OF ALL the prize-winning dogs of the Seldon kennels, but one was given the run of the big house—the mongrel who strayed out of some mysterious existence known only to himself. A secret boundary of understanding and recognition lay between Peter Seldon and the beast whose heart knew no spoken language.

"Leave him with me," Seldon had once answered the remonstrances of his head kennel man. "There isn't a thing young or unprotected on the ranch that he doesn't guard. He isn't officious about it, but just watchful. After he brought that lost kid to me yesterday that was bleating its little life out in the underbrush, we went down to the *arroyo* to look for more and saw what the dog had done.

"He had to chew away the thorny vine before he could get to it. That's what gave him those bleeding jaws. By the Lord Harry, he carried it tenderly in his torn mouth all the way through the stony, dry river-bed and laid it at my feet. He has the Christ spirit, that dog.

"Ask Mulliner what the animals do when they see him coming. It's unbelievable, but true. He mothers everything on the place—cats, kittens, chickens, calves. Enemies! He isn't an enemy to anything that has life, that dog. He is without fear and without reproach, and his name is Sir Galahad!"

So, Sir Galahad, alias Gally, he became. But here in this place animals only stood for different sorts of sounds; they had no names.

For days now the rabble had paraded before his wire-screened prison, impertinently, arrogantly, some with contemptuous amusement, with never an answer to his strained, bewildered gaze. Why did they keep him caged if no one wanted him? Dogs that have a usefulness in the human scheme of things often are able to make their own terms with life and win a place of their own choosing, but Gally had no talent of any kind that was of practical value to society; and Moriarty's only reason for acceptance of him was the fact that he came from the sacrosanct Seldon *hacienda*. Anything with that faint aroma "ought to be good for a tenner anyhow."

That first week when the hurricane of noises and smells and screams beat on his unaccustomed ears and he was nearly undone by them, he had looked up dully one afternoon to see a long, lean face talking to him in an underbreath in language he could understand.

Gally nosed the salt-sea spurn that clung to the man's clothing; his features held that rare look of men who come to grips with life only in its untrammeled and waste places, and they plant their own significances in them, untouched by human meannesses where all who run may read. The dog's blinking, spiritual eyes flickered like flames in a candle at every sound, and he winced at the blare, the stench, and the concentrated fury of the sounds.

The man had opened the door of his cage and bent over him. Gally was very sensitive to hands. He had noticed that when hands were ugly they were sick hands and always chose the wrong things that weren't good for them, and made them that way. This man's hands were delicate and brown, and the tendons that braided them were strong, like the tethers in the pasture-land. Gally's strained body quivered under the loving pressure.

This man knew. It was part of his nature to know.

"Look at me, straight in the eyes, old man." Gally's undeviating, gentle gaze never left the man's lined face. "You know me, don't you? Certainly. We've known each other always. I haven't the money to even feed you if they gave you away. Heavens! I'd like to have you belong! You believe me, don't you, just as one gentleman to another?"

Gally considered him gravely for a full minute, and then lowered himself to the floor and rested his head very quietly on the man's brown wrists and understood just as one gentleman to another. He lay there unstirring with an air of dull, patient submission, but the bravery that peered out of the mournful eyes filled the man's throat and bore down upon him with a something he felt he could not bear, with its humble, undismayed splendor. He turned on his heel and left the shop quickly.

Then again, only yesterday, a new home and release seemed very near. A young girl with bobbed hair, fretworked, in gaiety and warmth and joy stepped into his picture before his screened door a while. She had unlatched it also and engaged him in conversation.

"I don't care what Moriarty says. I'm sure your father and mother must have been very nice, or you couldn't look out as you do.

"Oh, Mother," she addressed a sensibly dressed woman who came up at that moment, "look at him! Hasn't he a wonderful face! Mayn't I have him?"

"With nothing but Sealyhams at home," returned the other. "I should say not! Besides what would you want of him? He isn't well bred. Come along, Nancy."

The girl who had bent over him straightened herself and made a little clucking noise in her throat.

Gally turned his tender, glowing eyes to the woman's, then back to the girl's, filled with a forlorn dignity.

"Don't look like that—it hurts," she whispered. She, too, passed on.

SO VALDA, the wife of the Muscovite Prince, went, then the Muscovy aristocrat himself, and now there was only Highlander and himself left of the *hacienda* household. He wasn't a gentleman—that was what they said. He had heard for years he hadn't a thing called pedigree, and he wasn't well bred.

It had never bothered him before because the lovely woman whom Peter Seldon loved said he had eyes like Michael, the archangel's, that only sopped up the love of the world and let the evil take care of itself—that he didn't need any pedigree but that. In that long-ago time before Peter Seldon had left all his baggage and started toward the sun, Gally heard him say to her:

"Without a doubt dogs take on the human atmosphere in which they live. Look at those wolfhounds; for centuries no one but the nobility of Russia dared own them. Can you equal that superb dignity of theirs, that poise unbroken by playfulness or emotionalism of any kind? Whatever use man has for dogs, for that usage dogs have let themselves be modified into the form and character best suited for the service.

"There's Velsk there, built on a paucity of line to run down the deadliest, wiliest, cruelest of Russia's enemy—the wolf. See the magnificence of him made for sheer swiftness, chest of tremendous depth but flat-ribbed, narrow to the wind. Look at the painful gauntness of that body made to run and always to run; to plow through the air and knock down his prey, and keep on knocking him down until his masters come and give the *coup de grâce*.

"See the little, black, rough-attired Scotsman, that small warrior of the terrier tribe. Shaped by man's need into strong, short legs to force a hard little frame into earth's deep warrens for game and later to battle with man's enemies, destructive pests. He is given for protection an armory of deadly tools, a bewhiskered muzzle, heavy, long, and of tremendous strength. His ribbed skeleton is so barreled that it is made to wedge through burrows and cavernous angles; besides that he also has the belligerence of a battle-ship."

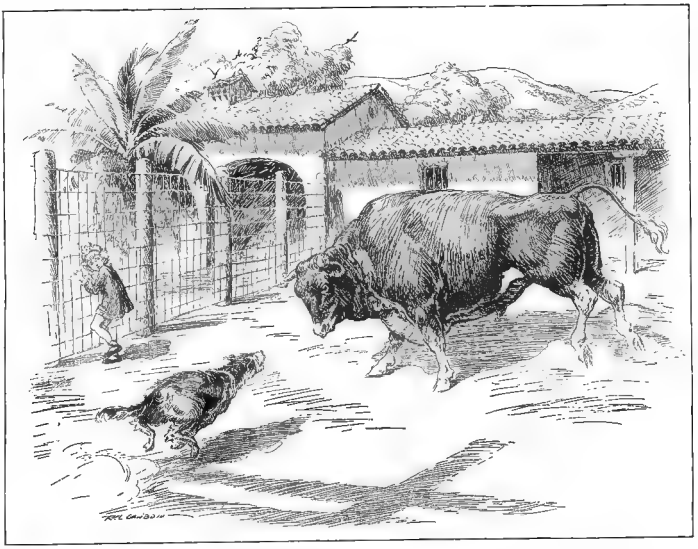
"And Galahad?" asked Peter Seldon's golden-headed lady, with her hand on his head.

Seldon turned to the body with too much spring to the ribs, too much heaviness that leaned on the slenderly drawn legs that deviated in defiance to a uniform length; to the tail that was continually apologizing in its happy waving for all this misfortune; to the dog's finely shaped head, the only thing true and plumb in that badly united structure. He looked at him intently for some time, and then said with much earnestness:

"He is part of something—of what I am not sure. Here on some definite assignment probably."

Gally knew they were talking of him, so he took his Airedale body, his collie legs, the courage of a Nemean lion, and his crusader's heart that rested among all this canine disorder, and laid it on Seldon's knee. It was a way he had. He was always resting it on somebody's lap or hand or shoulder, for what laced this beast's arteries wasn't blood—it was love. Love that made him cover the body of old Gil, the Welsh farm-hand, when the infuriated stallion turned on him as he was locking the corral-gate.

With a gash in his side the length of a small lathe from the cruel teeth that ripped his coat open with the precision and nicety of a rapier-wound, doggedly, enduringly, without a whimper, he covered the form of man.



"NO ONE COULD GET TO HER, PAST THAT CATAPULTING BATTERING-RAM THAT FOUGHT BACK AND FORTH"

"HE PROCEEDED TO GET THE GROUP TOGETHER AND ON THEIR WAY"

There was nothing here in this blackness to remind him of those magical days. He was stiff now from his small quarters. It wasn't fear that possessed him—this he had never known—but with this outcast environment, and the repudiation by the builders of his world, he was in danger of losing his self-respect, which to a dog like Gally meant death.

Continued on Page 36

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE WOMAN NOBODY LOVED

An exceptional story concerning the unusual achievement of an exceptional woman

By ELINOR MORDAUNT

Illustrations by WILLIAM F. SOARE

THIS is not, I acknowledge, the pretty conventional love-story. If you want that sort of thing you must leave it alone, for its one merit lies in its truth.

There are women whom men do *not* love except under very exceptional circumstances. They may be good to look at, creatures of fine character and ability, altogether admirable, but there is something lacking or maybe an excess of something—let us say independence, efficiency.

Doctor Anne Fernaldo was like this. Children loved her; women trusted her and turned to her in their sickness or their trouble; tho when everything went well they were inclined to refer to her with a little smile as "that poor Doctor Fernaldo"—and even they did not use her Christian name, adding, "You know, she really is so good-looking," or, more grudgingly, "quite good-looking . . . it's a wonder some man, etc." Tho they were not really surprized. What did surprize each one of them was that any man should love any woman apart from herself, and here was a woman whom nobody loved.

In a fit of that curious communicativeness which is apt to take all of us on coming to a new country, starting afresh—with, at the back of it, the thought that here are people who will surely understand us better than any one has ever done before—Anne Fernaldo had confessed to a woman, whom she fancied to be her friend, the fact that no man had ever made love to her, asked her to marry him.

Of course the story went the round of the little colony, causing the most amusement among the women who constantly amazed one with the fact that any man should have been found willing to at least promise to devote his life to them, set them before all others.

And Anne Fernaldo must have realized the way in which her confidence was abused; for from being almost pathetically anxious to please she shrank more and more into herself. Tho of course it would have been ridiculous to pretend that she was without friends.

Overworked little Doctor Devas, for instance, swore by her, declared that he had no idea what he had ever done without her. But then he was married to a woman rather pretty and perfectly commonplace, a woman whom he adored, while the young doctor was to him not a woman at all, but the one person in that part of the world as entnusiastic over tropical medicine and research work as himself.

In the beginning the idea had been for her to stay on the main island attending to the needs of the hospital and local patients, while he moved about in the government schooner among the other, sixty or more, islands of the group; inoculating, inoculating, eternally inoculating, in the effort to stamp out or at least check that dread native disease which the Dutch call "*frambæsia*" and the English "yaws."

Gradually, however, all this was changed. Anne Fernaldo took one of the doctor's tours for him at a time when his wife was ill, and professed a preference for that sort of work. It was neither very comfortable nor very safe.

"BURNING AND FUMIGATING WENT ON TILL AT LAST NOT A CHOLERA CASE WAS LEFT"

But, as she said, "It suits me, and I'm picking up fresh knowledge all the time."

After a time the tours became more and more extended. Doctor Fernaldo was doing great work, and it did not appear to hurt her. Devas soothed his conscience with this, tho at one time, when Anne came back with a flat, round patch of inflammation on one cheek, the rest of her face as white as bone, he was in a frenzy until he had got her past all danger of the disease spreading, swore that he would never allow her to go on tour again. But he soon forgot about this, and in a month she was off again, wearing no more than a strip of calico about his waist.

It was during this interlude in the midst of civilization that young Pierce, the patrol officer, made that idiotic remark in regard to a man putting his head down upon a woman's shoulder. He was in love himself, engrossed with the thought of love and of a girl at home whom he had just left.

But maybe this was not all; maybe there was at the back of it—that sort of exasperation a man feels against a woman for not being the right woman—an insane wish to wound. Anyhow he blurted it out, "I wonder if you know what it means for a man to be able to put his head down upon a woman's shoulder. Any woman's, even—"

He broke off there, ashamed of himself, and really there was nothing in it—the mere impertinence of a boy. Anne herself could not have said why the words hurt her, like a knife twisted round in her heart. But there it was, and to his dismay Dickie Pierce saw that tears were raining down her face.

They were riding, and she bent lower over the saddle as tho to avoid a hanging creeper; brushed her arm across her eyes, muttering something about green ants. But all the same it was plain that she was weeping, desolately, hopelessly, and Pierce, at heart a kindly soul and a gentleman, could have kicked himself.

Next day she had gone. This time she was away for a long time, longer than ever before, and when she returned she brought a man with her.

Oh, yes, she had brought men back with her before; a lonely white with a broken limb, or urgently in need of treatment of some sort; a native, pretty well past hope, lacking an operation which it had been impossible for her to perform without help.

But this was entirely different. When the schooner came in she signaled for hospital orderlies and a stretcher. The fresh case was not taken to the hospital, but her own house; while that night she and Doctor Devas held what might have been called a consultation, but was in reality a battle of wills: a show of temper, ending in Devas declaring that he would have nothing more to do with the case.

It had begun by what seemed like a dry statement of the case, the sort of statement of islands a native runner had come to ask Anne Fernaldo a ways given. In one of the most primitive and distant of the help for what seemed like a dying white man.

And this man, Baldwin, she had found—not only desperately ill with pneumonia, but stricken with a purely native disease, gone, as it seemed, entire native—in a native hut surrounded by natives, goats, fowls; and a low-type native woman who declared herself to be his wife. He had a six-months' growth of sandy gray beard on his face, dribbled with betel-nut, dreadfully emaciated, and

Digitized by Google

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A Scotchman, too, and that was the only point altogether out of the common about it, for, apart from that, Devas had seen any number of similar cases. A Scotchman who babbled of his Edinburgh University days, quoted the classics in his delirium.

Oh, well, nothing so very surprising after all. Every nation has its wasters. What was surprizing, exasperating, was the attitude that Anne Fernaldo took in the matter—an attitude which ended in Doctor Devas refusing to treat the case so long as his fellow doctor refused to send her patient to the hospital. "The European hospital, too, tho Heaven only knows what sort of right people like that have to anything of the sort," was what he said.

And then, "The whole island will be alive with gossip!" At which the woman doctor laughed, that hard, short, little laugh which she seemed to have learned during the last couple of years.

"Well, it will be something new for them to have cause to gossip about me," she said.

Tho it was only when the doctor tacked off with, "You've no earthly right to keep the man here" that she swung round upon him with the amazing statement:

"I have every sort of right on earth."

The little doctor's eyes bulged. "You mean—you mean to say——"

HE SIMPLY could not go on, seeing the specimen she had brought back with her, knowing her and her reputation. But she caught his meaning, and laughed again. "No, Doctor, I have not married him—yet. But I have bought him, bought and paid for him. For what, eh?—vivisection or dissection? Oh, well, think as you please to think. Anyhow, tho I never owned a man before —not so much as a thought of him—I own this one now; at the price of not ten pieces of silver, but twenty pieces of gold—or rather its equivalent in good treasury notes. Give him up? Not I. Why should I?"

She was hard and contemptuous, but later on she softened, dropped to a sort of appeal with the doctor and his wife, who were, after all, her only intimates.

"It's his soul—or call it his mind if you like. Oh, don't you see?—it's only that you are too happy to see—but it's his soul more, far more, than his body that needs healing: his pride in himself brought back. And it's there somewhere. I'm convinced it's there."

Of course Devas relented, took up the case again, tho it was not long before he came out of the sick man's room with his good-natured face twisted with disgust. "I'd have vomited if I'd stayed there a moment longer," he said —"the beast, the filthy beast! You talk about the fellow's soul? 'Pon my word you'd better call it his own specialty in a muck-heap an' have done with it."

The woman doctor smiled. "He's working the poison out of his system," she said; then added lightly, "What is it—six o'clock, a whisky and soda with your quinin, eh, Doctor?"

She had beautifully shaped and very white hands, "a surgeon's hands," thought Devas, and then, "Queer how much more at home she looks mixing a peg than pouring out tea." And yet again, as she moved across the veranda back to her chair, realizing the trimness of the figure in the white-lawn shirt with the gold links at the wrist, the trimly cut, short piqué skirt and well-turned ankle, "She ought to be tremendously attractive. I wonder——"

He did not need to finish his thought; it had come to him so often already: Why was she not, in fact, attractive? What was it that was missing?

He had thrown up the case, but he went back to it again, telling himself that he could not leave her alone with *that*.

And it was "that," the man himself, who put it into words the very next day, "She is too darned bossy. If you ask me, Doc, I've no sort of use for a woman of that sort."

"*You!*" It was no more than one word, but it held all that Devas felt for this fellow who had so completely gone—dropped under. And it was not as if he wasn't—wasn't—not for worlds would the little doctor have allowed himself to put into words that—"well, worth something better."

"Come now, after all," put in the stranger, "how does she look on me? As a specimen, nothing more. Might as well pin me on a collecting-board an' have finished with it."

WITHOUT a word the doctor completed his treatment, gave a few instructions, went away. And it was only later on that he realized the restlessness, the impatience engendered by shame that the fellow had shown, not so much in his words as his manner: ridiculous and petty so far, the outcome of a mean desire to belittle others, but still there.

"Curable? Oh, yes, absolutely curable, to an extent." In talking over the case the woman doctor had made an assertion rather than put a question, and Devas was all impatience: these women arrogated too much knowledge to themselves. After all, what was it possible for them to really know about a man, particularly women of this kind? It was ridiculous to imagine that she could be in love with the fellow. And if it was a case of simple humanity why not let him be attended to at the hospital, like everybody else?

Again and again he asked himself the same question, put it to his wife; and maybe it was she who got nearest to the truth with her suggestion of the mother complex.

Tho that was not all. Nothing ever is altogether all.

All the same, they tortured each other. If Devas had suspected the woman doctor of being held by some sort of sentimentality he soon saw how mistaken he was. The mistake was that, having once discovered that she hated the waif whom she had brought home with her, she took it for granted that it ended there; forgot the collateral branch of hate.

As for Baldwin, as his brain cleared from the sort of torpor in which he had first lain, it seemed as tho he were bent upon righting himself by the contempt he poured upon his rescuer; at first weakly querulous, and then savage.

Thus it was that the three of them swung together, Anne Fernaldo, Doctor Devas, and the man Baldwin, as tho, like certain types of insects, they were unable to separate until they had stung one another to death, while for the first time Devas found himself thinking of his fellow worker as a woman, with all that sense of exasperation which a man feels toward a woman who disregards him.

As for Baldwin, he was continually abusing Doctor Fernaldo, complaining of her arbitrary action in carrying him away while he was yet scarcely conscious. Of the commercial side of the affair he knew nothing; for tho it was again and again on the tip of Devas's tongue to endeavor to beat him down by recounting the episode, he still had that much regard for what remained of the self-respect which he refused to acknowledge as existent in the other. Anyhow, as a case he was obsessed by the fellow: would lie awake at night tormenting himself over some fresh scheme of treatment.

On Anne's side she told herself that the greater the resentment showed by her patient the better it pleased her, showing as it did some manliness, some pride.

All the same she, too, had miscalculated, failed to realize that by any possibility she herself would be wounded.

BUT there had been moments, before she brought him away from his island, while he was at his worst—battling with those deadly waves of exhaustion and terror which overwhelm any patient suffering from pneumonia—when he had clung to her desperately; not as doctor and nurse alone, but as the only white woman who had, for years, touched his hand with kindness, tended him in a fastidious white woman's way. And for Anne, with that desert of unloved years behind her, it was impossible to altogether cut away these memories.

Whatever followed, he had *looked* at her as tho he loved

"HE CLUNG TO HER DESPERATELY AS THE ONLY WHITE WOMAN WHO HAD, FOR YEARS, TOUCHED HIS HAND WITH KINDNESS"

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

her, loved to see her come into his hut; refusing to take nourishment from any other hand, allow any one else to so much as touch him.

In looking back over it all she was stunned by her inability to understand why it was that only after she had taken him away from all that he most hated he should have turned to hating her.

That she herself should hate a man who had allowed himself to sink so low, that was only right, setting a proper value upon humanity.

But this was outrageous—a man of this sort to dare to turn upon her. She marshaled all the facts of his past to combat the way in which—accomplishing her dearest ends, refuting Devas's idea of the case as altogether hopeless—she had drawn down upon herself something which utterly defeated her.

The man was still very weak: every night his temperature rose, tho less and less high. He still moved weakly and with a limp from the effects of the operation which she and Devas had been obliged to perform upon him, cutting and retying the ligaments on the under part of the infected thigh. But, despite the fact that he was ill-tempered and impatient, he was more or less the normal convalescent. His eyes had lost that dead, glazed look; he was no longer overcome by terrors; his hand was steady; his wounds were healing; the lungs were sound.

But as for resentment! No, however near he seemed to the normal he could not be altogether right; no sane man could so insanely resent benefits conferred.

The fact was that he was overcome by shame. He had not quite the courage to cut himself altogether loose, cast himself upon the world without plan or money. He had grown altogether unused to responsibility. The demands of civilization terrified him. But for all that the position in which he found himself was beyond bearing, and Doctor Devas's evident contempt made it worse.

It came to a head one day when he was well enough to move about just a little, was lying in the hammock in the veranda.

Doctor Fernaldo was expecting to be late at the hospital, and before she started off was giving him certain instructions: telling him that she had arranged for his dinner, that it would be better for him to go to bed and have it quietly there; on no account to wait for her.

Maybe the sense of nervous strain which had been gathering between them made her voice more curt than it would otherwise have been. All the same, what was there—in the name of Heaven what was there—to start him off as it did?

"If you have dinner at seven, don't forget that at eight there's your medicine—" she was saying when he raised his head and literally bowled at her.

"For pity's sake leave me alone. Can't you leave me alone? In the name of Heaven why can't you leave me alone? If you've got to go to the hospital go—go—clear out or let me clear out. Yes, that's what I will do tomorrow. Heavens on earth, haven't you interfered enough as it is?"

SHE was utterly taken aback. For the life of her she could not make out what it was all about. For a woman who does not know what it is to have a man violently in love with her does not know what it is to have him violently angry with her.

And all this over the simple instructions she had been giving him. It was incredible.

"Don't you know that any man hates to be interfered with, dictated to by a woman? At the moment it is impossible for me to repay you for your services to me. But later on when I get on my feet—" Mad as he was, he broke off here, could do no more than murmur something about the payment of her account, ending up with the assertion that she had taken possession of him altogether against his will.

"Will? You had no will—at that time."

"Ach!" Baldwin jerked his body upright in the hammock, flung his legs out either side so that he sat crossways as upon a horse, leaned forward gesticulating, pretty nearly shaking his fist in her face. "Well, supposing I *had* no will—suppose it, I say suppose it," he stuttered furiously. "I was living my own life in my own way, wasn't I?"

"You would have died."

"Good Heavens, woman!" his voice rose to a shout, and for the first time—literally the first time—he looked her straight in the face, glaring at her, holding her eyes with his. "Do you mean to say that you're such a darned idiot you don't realize that was the only decent thing left for me to do?"

"No—no—no, not that," she remonstrated. But for all that his words gave her a keen sort of pleasure. If he hated himself enough to have wished to die, here was something worth keeping alive. For the moment, she was almost happy, but it was soon over.

He flung himself from the hammock and limped up and down the veranda. "It can't go on—can't go on, I tell you!" he shouted. "You know too much; no man could endure to be in the house with a woman who knows so much. You watch me all the time. Good Heavens, it's unendurable—unendurable, I tell you! Like a cat with a mouse. I'll have to get out of it."

"But where could you go. You're not fit——"

"I'd go back, I tell you." He moved over to the rail of the veranda and stood staring out at the sea, the white path of the moon cut by the trunks of the palms. "It's all I'm fit for. Well, well, what have you got left to say?" He flung round, his hands stuck deep in his pockets, staring at her angrily. "You've nothing to say—I suppose it's up to me—if *I want* to go back to her. After all, a woman—well, she *is* a woman."

ANNE FERNALDO did not answer. Standing rigidly upright, with the tips of her fingers touching the table as tho to steady herself, the expression of agony on her face was curiously in contradiction to her fresh, white-lawn blouse with its masculine cuffs and gold links; the trim cut of her uncrushed white skirt.

"Well—well, now?" He moved up to her, stood fronting her, staring, threatening. "Have you anything to say to that, eh?"

"You can't go back to—to—that woman."

"Why, and again why, be pleased to tell me."

"Because," she hesitated a moment, feeling as tho her lips were stiffening, moistening them with the tip of her tongue, "she has gone away. She had money and there was a native—had been for a long time, as it seems, and she has gone."

"And how had she money? Well, then, tell me that. She hadn't it fro— me. Heaven knows I was stripped long ago."

"She had it; that's enough. He was waiting for that. She has gone with him."

"But how had she it? How, I insist? How did she get the money?"

"Oh, but that's got nothing to do with it." Anne Fernaldo gave a gesture of impatience. "The fact remains that—thank Heaven, thank Heaven, she's gone."

"She got the money somewhere." Baldwin turned, and began limping up and down the veranda once more. "How did she get it? That's the question." Quite suddenly he flung round upon her.

"You gave it to her. Yes, that's it, and what for, may I ask? Women like that don't leave hold so easy. You—you—" Quite suddenly he burst out laughing, swaying to and fro on his heels. "Of course that's it. You paid her off. You bought me. A pretty thing that for both of us. By Heaven, yes, for both of us. By Heaven, that's funny. You bought me? Eh, yes, that's it. Couldn't get a man any other way—oh, don't I know your sort of woman?—bought an' paid for. And how much? Thirty pieces of silver, eh? And what sort of tricks am I supposed to go through for the price, eh? You don't go to the expense of buying a man for nothing; I understand that."

A curious red mark appeared down that side of Anne Fernaldo's cheek which was nearest to him, almost as tho he had struck her, while her lips, the other cheek, were as white as paper.

"It was a question of common humanity."

"I don't believe it; frankly I don't believe it. Anyhow I must get away out of this now——"

"Where can you go?" She repeated the words almost stupidly.

"That doesn't matter. Anyhow I will go. It doesn't matter to you where. God in heaven, a man needs to be a party to any bargain. You can't buy him like so much carrion—so much a pound. No, no, it can't be done, however low he's sunk, *Doctor* Fernaldo."

His face, which had been flaming with anger, grew white. Suddenly he found himself trembling from head to foot, and, stretching out one hand, he drew a chair toward him, sat down upon it; stared at her for a moment even more angrily, then, stretching out his arms upon the table, buried his face in them.

FOR a moment or so Anne Fernaldo stood looking down upon him, the woman and the physician struggling together within her. And on account of the struggle, perhaps for the first time in her mature life, she forbore to give any instructions or advice; turned away in silence.

It was no more than just past eight next morning when Doctor Devas saw a white man come limping and wavering along the path by the sea, turn in at the hospital gate; realized as he got nearer that it was "Anne Fernaldo's find."

Without waiting to question any one, Baldwin came up the steps along the veranda and straight into the doctor's own office, where he was busy making up his reports ready for the mail. Devas had never before seen the fellow at loose, as he would have put it to himself; either he had been lying down or actually in bed; and he was struck with something in him more arresting than he could have imagined.

It was a ridiculous idea, without any sort of foundation, or so it seemed; but for no reason at all he thought of Bond Street. Perhaps because, despite that telltale limp, there was something of distinction in the emaciated figure.

"Well." Devas looked up at him over his glasses, and Baldwin spread out on the table in front of him the letter he was carrying.

"She has gone," he said blankly.

"Well, what of that?" With a feeling of intense irritation the doctor glanced down at the paper before him. It was a note, without beginning or end, from Anne Fernaldo to her patient. "I shall be away a month," it said. "You are well enough to be left, but you are not yet well enough to take any risks. I have no desire to dictate to you, but if you stay where you are you will have every chance of getting perfectly well."

"Well, there's nothing much in that; it's like her," remarked Devas. "Anyhow she was due for another tour. These inoculations have to be given at regular intervals or not at all."

"I drove her away—from her own house."

"Nonsense!" The impertinence of the fellow, to think that anything he could say or do——

"There's nothing left to me. You see what I am; one loses everything—even decent gratitude—everything. To get out of it, that's all a man like me has got left to him."

"You're a fool. I know what you mean and you're a fool. A coward too if you do that. Oh, no, I won't flatter you. To my mind a man who gets himself in the sort of condition you did is worth nothing. But all the same—Well, there's a sort of obligation to one's Maker, and here, as it happens, there's more to it than that."

Doctor Devas leaned forward, with his glasses pushed up upon his deeply lined forehead, tapping upon the littered table with one finger, and, without in the least meaning to belittle his Maker, went on, "There's what you owe to Doctor Fernaldo. She's gone to an enormous amount of trouble; worn her flesh off her bones to keep your—your——"

He hesitated, and to his amazement Baldwin took him up. "Miserable soul alive in my miserable body, eh, Doctor?"

"Oh, well, it's no good our pretending to like each other, and I confess that there are things I draw the line at."

"YES," Baldwin drew out the word slowly, glancing round him in a queer, weary sort of way. And Devas, suddenly realizing that he was still a sick man and on the point of fainting, jumped to his feet, put him in a chair.

"All right, all right, I'll get you something." He poured out some sal volatile, mixed it with water, and held it to the other man's lips. "I wouldn't worry if I were you," he said. "The best way you can please her is to stay on, there—pull yourself together again."

"Yes." The man's intensely blue eyes—now, for the first time, clear of bloodshot—were so intently fixed on a mason-wasp which was building its nest in one corner of the office-ceiling that Devas thought to himself "The fellow's dippy."

Then quite suddenly Baldwin spoke again, as tho emphasizing a fact that the other man already knew.

"Of course the devil of it is this caring about her, the way I do."

Devas stared, so utterly taken aback that he could find no words, could scarcely believe his ears. Then as Baldwin continued to gaze at the wasp, so busy with its pellets of clay, he murmured something to the effect that Doctor Fernaldo was not "that sort of woman."

"That's all very well." Devas was amazed at the sudden, sharp decision of the trailing voice. "But there are men who are nothing without 'that sort of woman.'"

Filled with a queer sort of shame, Devas tapped back his chair, swinging it to and fro, staring in front of him.

"I don't see what can be done," he said slowly. "Of course you realize—" He had meant to say something to the effect that it was impossible that it should ever come to anything, when Baldwin once more interrupted him, with that almost uncanny premonition of his words:

"That it can come to nothing. Oh, yes, perfectly—nothing can ever come to anything again. That's the device of it."

Quite suddenly, and for the first time, Doctor Devas was touched, realizing that the fellow was, after all, a human being.

"Look here, Baldwin, is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing—oh—nothing—" the other man spoke almost airily. And then, rising to his feet, murmuring something to the effect that he must get on—tho Heaven only knew where—he wavered to the door, across the veranda, down the steps, along the path, and out of sight, before Doctor Devas could collect himself enough to realize that a sick man had no business to be out in the sun alone at that time of morning.

But then he himself was not up to the mark at the time, shaken by malaria and for the next week run off his feet with work; scarcely a moment to so much as think of Anne Fernaldo's "find." For the rains had broken after an exceptionally long dry season, and the native hospital was crowded with dysentery and malarial cases.

It was upon the very day when he first realized that

Continued on Page 71

Digitized by Google
Digitized from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

COPYRIGHTED PICTORIAL REVIEW 1920

PAINTED BY MÜLLER-LANDECK

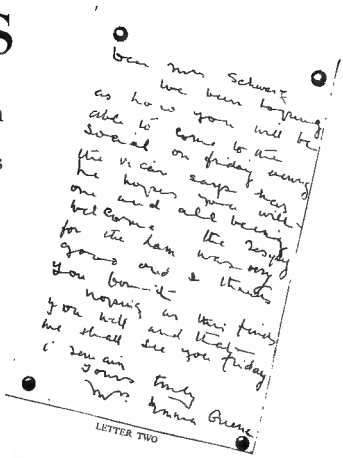
Digitized by Google
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

FOUR SUSPECTS

First of a series of three mystery stories in which dear old Miss Marple springs dramatic surprizes

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Illustration by DEALTON VALENTINE



LETTER TWO

THE conversation hovered round undiscovered and unpunished crimes. Every one in turn vouchsafed his opinion—Colonel Bantry; his plump, amiable wife; Jane Helier, the beautiful actress; Dr. Lloyd, and even old Miss Marple. The one person who did not speak was the one best fitted, in the opinion of most people, to do so. Sir Henry Clithering, ex-Commissioner of Scotland Yard, sat silent, twisting his mustache, or rather stroking it, and half smiling, as tho at some inward thought that amused him.

"Sir Henry," said Mrs. Bantry at last, "if you don't say something I shall scream. Are there a lot of crimes that go unpunished, or are there not?"

"You're thinking of newspaper head-lines, Mrs. Bantry: 'Scotland Yard at Fault Again,' and a list of unsolved mysteries to follow."

"Which really, I suppose, form a very small percentage of the whole," said Dr. Lloyd.

"Yes, that is so. The hundreds of crimes that are solved and the perpetrators punished are seldom heralded and sung. But that isn't quite the point at issue, is it? When you talk of *undiscovered* crimes and *unsolved* crimes you are talking of two different things. In the first category come all the crimes that Scotland Yard never hears about, the crimes that no one even knows have been committed."

"But I suppose there aren't very many of those," said Mrs. Bantry.

"Aren't there?"

"Sir Henry! You don't mean there *are*?"

"I should think," said Miss Marple thoughtfully, "that there must be a very large number."

The charming old lady, with her old-world, unruffled air, made her statement in a tone of the utmost placidity.

"My dear Miss Marple—" said Colonel Bantry.

"Of course," said Miss Marple, "a lot of people are stupid. And stupid people get found out, whatever they do. But there are quite a number of people who aren't stupid, and one shudders to think of what they might accomplish unless they had very strongly rooted principles."

"SIR HENRY, I BEG OF YOU TO SAY TO ME, 'IT WAS NOT CHARLES TEMPLETON'"

LETTER ONE

"Yes," said Sir Henry, "there are a lot of people who aren't stupid. How often does some crime come to light simply by reason of a bit of unmitigated bungling! And each time one asks oneself the question, 'If this hadn't been bungled would any one ever have known?'"

"But that's very serious, Clithering," said Colonel Bantry. "Very serious indeed."

"Is it?"

"What do you mean—'is it'? Of course it's serious."

"You say crime goes unpunished—but does it? Unpunished by the law, perhaps, but cause and effect work outside the law. To say that every crime brings its own punishment is by way of being a platitude, and yet in my opinion nothing can be truer."

"Perhaps, perhaps," said Colonel Bantry, "but that doesn't alter the seriousness—the—er—seriousness—" He paused, rather at a loss.

Sir Henry Clithering smiled. "Ninety-nine people out of a hundred are doubtless of your way of thinking," he said, "but, you know, it isn't really guilt that is important—it's innocence. That's the thing that nobody will realize."

"I don't understand," said Jane Helier.

"I do," said Miss Marple. "When Mrs. Trent found a half-crown missing from her bag the person it affected most was the charwoman, Mrs. Arthur. Of course the Trents thought it was she, but being kindly people and knowing she had a large family, and a husband who drinks—well, they naturally didn't want to go to extremes. But they felt differently toward her, and they didn't leave her in charge of the house when they went away, which made a great difference to her; and other people began to get a feeling about her too.

"And then it suddenly came out that it was the governess. Mrs. Trent saw her through a door reflected in a mirror. The purest chance, tho I prefer to call it providence. And that, I think, is what Sir Henry means. Most people would be only interested in who took the money, and it

Continued on Page 52

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE NEW PATR

What hinders the realization of the world's great dream?

ARTICLE TWO

FOR the establishment of permanent peace it is not sufficient for the nations of the world to "outlaw" or "renounce" war, as we have done in the Kellogg Pact, that peculiar contribution of the United States to world peace. Wars have been renounced before. In the British Museum you may see the record of an Egyptian ruler who lived considerably before the birth of the Prince of Peace, and who outlawed war in a document as unequivocal as the Kellogg Pact.

But let us not join those who regard the Kellogg Pact with cynicism as but another nobly worded but perhaps slightly hypocritical gesture. At its least it expresses the will to peace. It was a gesture forced by public feeling, put over by public support against diplomatic cautiousness.

We all ought to be familiar with its history. That history began with a statement addressed by the French Prime Minister M. Briand to the people of the United States, not diplomatically, through official channels, but publicly and directly through the Associated Press. And the public press and the efforts of private citizens—Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, Professor James T. Shotwell, and the editorial writers of the country—kept it alive when officialdom would have killed it. It represents, as far as it goes, the emotions and intentions of the ordinary man and woman; your ideas and mine. And it implies a program. It is with a program that this article deals.

I do not think that the Kellogg Pact would have been thinkable ten years ago. It has taken twelve years to demoralize the Great War. But these twelve years have reversed some of the usual processes of history. We tend to glorify old, unhappy, far-off things. As a result history usually makes all ancient wars noble, justified, and victorious.

The Great War has this distinction in retrospect: After so short a period as twelve years we are uneasily uncertain whether it was noble from any standpoint. Russia, Germany, and Austria have opened their state archives and offered the contents to the world. Disinterested scholars have had ample material for an unbiased examination into the causes of the War. And altho some place the emphasis here and some there, they all agree in finding all nations guilty.

No German, but the eminent United States historian, Mr. Sidney Fay of Smith College, has weighed the causes of the War in a scientific, scholarly spirit, and in his monumental work has dispelled for the unprejudiced the comforting thought that the German Kaiser and his military advisers were solely responsible for the catastrophe of 1914. History can find no scapegoat for the Great War except world forces which mankind was not wise nor intelligent enough to control. Only one thing may make the World War of noble memory: If, in truth, history can describe it as the War which ended war by proving warfare's futility.

IT SEEMS to me important that these twelve years have produced no poet to sing the glories of the War. A Frenchman, the radical writer Henri Barbusse, first portrayed its horrors. I remember when "Le Feu" (The Fire) was published, just at the close of hostilities. People in the victorious countries, at least, were inclined to regard it as overdrawn and unpatriotic.

But to-day no one whom I meet feels that way about "Journey's End," a play by an Englishman, or about "All Quiet on the Western Front," "War," or "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," novels by Germans, or "Schwejk," that marvelous war novel by a Czecho-Slovak. Day by day new accounts of the War appear, written by men whom the intervening years have made more fearless of opinion, and they all tell the same story: The four years of the War were years of unutterable dreariness, petty bureaucracy in high places, futile heroism, pain, disappointment, fear, and disillusion.

In such a play as "Journey's End" there remain traces of the idea that war liberates the best racial traits in men and elevates the human race by a purging of the soul through terror and pity; but if "Journey's End" had another act, laid ten years after the War and dealing with its direct results, it would become a tragedy in the Greek sense. The heroism of its characters would be proved futile. It would seem that the World War was won for Russian bolsheviks and Chinese revolutionists. The revolutionist alone can logically welcome war.

THE world knows this. Most of us know it unconsciously; some see it quite clearly. Mr. Hoover, I believe, sees it, and Mr. Owen Young. Every progressive business man knows we must have a world protected from intercapitalist wars if the world is to be made safe for international business.

So, altho we still have, on the one hand, larger armaments and larger war budgets than ever, we have, in the League of Nations, the World Court, and the various interlocking arbitration treaties, the beginnings of a mechanism for averting war. And in the Kellogg Pact we have the most drastic moral pledge against war ever taken by a group of nations.

Our problem now is to bring the mechanisms for averting war into harmony with the renunciatory Kellogg Pact and to create for all the signatories of the Kellogg Pact—who include in their number nations not members of the League: the United States and Russia—a mechanism for making the pact's fine words practical.

If you and I are genuinely anxious to co-operate, with our influence and our intelligence, in the movement to end wars, then we must make ourselves aware of the significance, the implications, and the weaknesses of the Kellogg Pact. We must see that the Kellogg Pact was introduced into a world most of whose nations were already organized in the League of Nations, and through the League were contriving their own ways of averting wars. As a peace document it is coexistent with other peace documents, and it is necessary for us to compare it with them, to see to what extent it supplements other plans for peace, in order to see how best we can use it.

If there were a conflict, for instance, between the Kellogg Pact and the Covenant of the League of Nations, it is questionable to what extent the pact would be a peace document at all. The way to peace is not by quarrels as to the means of achieving it. Fortunately, then, there is no fundamental conflict between the pact and the covenant. There are differences, but the two methods of reaching peace are not inadjustable to each other. On the contrary, they can be made to assist each other.

In a purely moral sense the Kellogg Pact goes farther than the League of Nations was previously willing to go. Twelve years ago the League was not strong enough to pledge its members not to fight. It did not renounce war nor eliminate war as a possibility. Rather it defined the conditions under which its members might feel obligated to fight—and it was chiefly for this reason that the United States refused to enter the League.

Its object, however, is so to organize the world that no

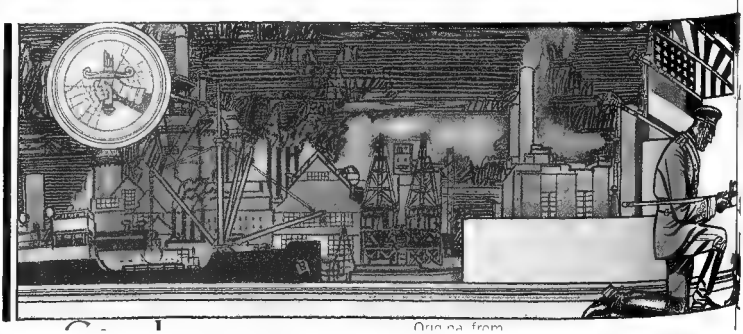
WOMEN LEADERS IN

THE most important question before the world to-day is that of maintaining and sustaining peace among all the nations of the earth. Upon it rests the continuance of our civilization. It is a woman's question as one in which she can and must help. We therefore call upon the women of our country to study this title especially the position of condsions as outlined by Dorothy Thompson and to pledge themselves to work earnestly and unceasingly to bring about the definite and complete co-operation of the United States in the movement toward a lasting and universal peace.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT —*Founder and General Chairman of the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War.*

MISS JANE ADDAMS— *Founder of Hull House, Chicago, and Honorary President of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.*

MISS MARY E WOOLLEY— *President of the American Association of University Women, a Vice-Chairman of the Fourth Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, and President of Mt. Holyoke College.*



OTISM IS PEACE

By DOROTHY THOMPSON
(Mrs. Sinclair Lewis)

Decoration by HERBERT PAUS

ORSE PEACE PROGRAM

MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY—*General Secretary of the National Consumers' League.*

MISS LILLIAN WALD—*Founder and Director of the Henry Street Settlement, New York City.*

MRS. ARTHUR BRIN—*Chairman of the Department of Peace of the National Council of Jewish Women.*

MISS ROSE SCHNEIDERMAN—*President of the Women's Trade Union League.*

MRS. CHARLES H. REMINGTON—*Chairman of the Child Welfare Committee of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.*

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE—*Celebrated actress.*

MRS. KATHLEEN NORRIS—*Popular novelist.*

nation will dare take up arms aggressively, because in so doing it will encounter the united front of all civilized peoples. Together with this, it proposes gradual disarmament to a point commensurate with national defense only.

The Kellogg Pact is a more idealistic approach to the solution of the problem of eliminating war. There is something grandiose in its simplicity and profound in its implication. When it pledges its signatories to renounce war as an instrument of national policy, it attacks, not the instruments and mechanisms of war, but war itself. It challenges the legality of war at all.

TO BE sure, when the pact was being debated in the parliaments of the nations, and in our own Congress, its exponents were forced, by the militaristic opposition, to "interpret" it in ways which greatly weakened its meaning. England, for instance, is willing to renounce war as an instrument of national policy, but lets it be known that there are areas of the earth's surface where she will brook no interference. The presumption is that if her interests are threatened there she will not allow the Kellogg Pact to tie her hands in any way. In those areas she wants the promise of more security than the gesture of the Kellogg renunciation gives her.

Senator Borah himself, one of the most ardent champions of the pact, was insistent that it could not be used to prevent nations from defending themselves; and Secretary Kellogg has said that the right to self-defense is implicit, and therefore does not need specifically to be mentioned in the pact.

But this question of what constitutes defense is the very core of the whole problem of the abolition of war. It is perfectly clear that if there is no judge of what constitutes self-defense except the individual nation (the official United States view-point thus far) we are hardly nearer even to the moral outlawry of war than we were before the pact was formulated. All nations claim that wars in which they engage are defensive, and unfortunately believe it. Germany invading Belgium did so absolutely convinced that she was taking a measure of self-defense, because if she did not invade France would. Moreover, the diplomatic strategy of nations has always been to make such maneuvers that one would appear to be on the defensive even when ends obtainable by some form of aggression were contemplated.

Suppose, for instance, that a very strong nation economically invades a very weak nation, and one ruled by a corrupt government, and captures for itself, by intrigue and even bribery, the most valuable national resources, vital to eventual national development. And supposing that, in the course of time, the weaker nation becomes strong enough to offer resistance to the stronger nation. Who then is the aggressor and who the defendant?

Suppose that a nation thus economically invaded adopts a social and political system radically different from that of the invading interests. Suppose, for instance, that the weaker nation nationalizes public resources, and under its new law confiscates properties held by foreigners. Does that act constitute an aggression against the foreigner, or is it rather a belated defense against him?

And suppose that the stronger nation, when the interests of its nationals are actually threatened, sends troops to the weaker nation to "defend" them. Who then is the aggressor? Is the policy of the United States in Mexico, for example, essentially aggressive, as the Mexicans claim? Were our marines in Nicaragua for defensive purposes, as the Administration which sent them claimed?

The moment we begin to think about this matter of defense we see that to leave judgment to the individual nation simply means to continue the international anarchy the fruit of which is war. War can only be abolished inside a community of nations accepting certain principles, and agreeing to certain methods of procedure in case of conflicts.

But it is precisely this discipline of membership in a world community which the United States has thus far been unwilling to accept in any very real sense of the word. I am not speaking of membership in the League of Nations. All people in this country who believe that the United States must co-operate more effectively with the rest of the world are not for membership in the League, and, conversely, all who oppose the United States entering the League are not militarists! But world peace demands organization as well as the expression of sentiments.

The Kellogg Pact is insufficient to prevent war. When the conflict arose last Summer between China and Russia—a conflict which is still unsettled as I write this article—the quarreling nations were reminded of their pledge under the Kellogg Pact not to wage war. That the pact has a genuine moral significance was evident from the way the whole world thought of it, quoted it, and called upon both countries to heed it. But the conflict between China and Russia was a genuine conflict, and the Kellogg Pact did not offer the hostile countries a procedure for settling their differences.

HAD both countries been committed to some such arbitration treaty as the Treaty of Locarno (which may well be the model for treaties between nations quite outside the League), they would have had in their hands instruments of conciliation and an agreed course of procedure. If they have succeeded in settling their difficulties when this article appears, it is success against odds.

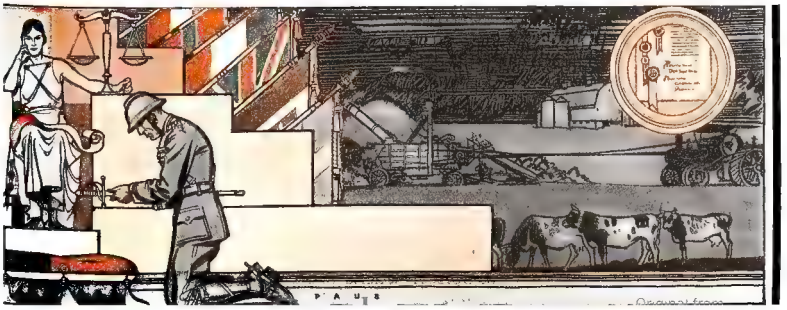
But suppose that they should have failed to settle them peaceably. It would be quite impossible for us, according to existing criterions, to decide which of them had broken the peace. Each would insist that the other had started the fight. The world would judge, in the old way, according to its sympathies, prejudices, and immediate national interests, and so one might have the beginning of another world war.

The original champions of the Kellogg Pact, the men who by their agitation and publicity brought the pact into being—and they were not politicians, but serious students of international affairs and public-spirited private citizens—knew that such a criterion was needed. The Kellogg Pact did not begin as it ended, or better said, as it was finally formulated. Originally it proposed such a criterion: A means of deciding who is aggressor and who defender.

Its original framers realized that it will be eternally impossible to decide who is aggressor and who defender on the basis of "national principles," "defense of national honor," or even by whose armies moved first. They realized that one must change the question from "Who started the fight?" to "Who refused to apply for peaceful settlement?"

They proposed that in case a conflict should arise, both parties would be required by treaty to submit their case to arbitration if it involved a legal question; to conciliation or conference if it were of a political nature. And that nation would be guilty who refused to do so. In other words,

Continued on Page 73



FASCINATION

By

ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrations by R. F. JAMES

THE PEOPLE AND THE PLOT

Nicholas Watts, a financial power, self-made and mysterious, suspected of occasional excursions into romance.

Eugene Fenwick, college friend of Nicholas, debonair and handsome, once an athlete, now almost a derelict, due to his love of liquor and his refusal to recognize its hold on him.

Linda Fenwick, wife of Eugene, beautiful and disdainful, protective of her husband's reputation, but aloof from his intemperance.

Dr. Manning and his wife, the doctor absorbed in psychology and his patients, his wife absorbed in herself and in Nicholas Watts, on whose yacht these characters had embarked for a tropical island, in search of health for the alcoholic Eugene.

Linda's brother, Richard, and his feline wife, Marion, whose amours are unknown to her austere and matter-of-fact husband.

Barty Lee, an adept at playing polo and at collecting ladies' scalps, eager to win Linda's favor and to dispose of Marion's fancy.

The scenes are laid in a fashionable Long Island community, on Nicholas's yacht, and on his enchanting island, where the varied temperaments respond, each in its own way, to the unusual isolation and the fascination of the tropics.

At the end of the preceding instalment the party has reached the island, and Nicholas has turned a cold shoulder to the importunities of Mrs. Manning.

LINDA, in a turquoise-blue bathing-suit, knelt down to look at a fish swimming in her pool. It was a blue fish, blue as a peacock or a tropical butterfly or a Limoges enamel. Yesterday she had seen a lemon-colored one with clear red eyes like glass beads.

The pool had evidently once been a cave. There were several caves on Argenta, but the roof of this one had fallen away and it had become a pool, with a narrow opening toward the sea through which sapphire surges heaved regularly in and out; and a steep circular wall behind, draped with long swinging, dark-leafed vines and bright lilac and pink geraniums.

Linda had been on the island a little more than a week, and it seemed to her a lifetime—a lifetime of beauty and peace—a good deal more beautiful and peaceful since the departure of the Mannings.

Two days after that sob in the night she was not surprized to hear that Dr. Manning had been cabled for. He was chairman, it appeared, of the medical board of a hospital now under construction, and a complication had arisen which necessitated his immediate return. He was baffled by the situation, he said, because before leaving he had anticipated every possible contingency.

"I don't suppose there's any question that I ought to go?" he said rather wistfully to Watts.

"Well," said Watts, "Dixon is a sensible fellow. I don't think he would have cabled unless there was a real necessity." Watts, it appeared, was on the board of trustees.

Manning suggested leaving Cornelia behind him, but she would not listen to such a plan. He said she needed a complete rest. Indeed, she had had a continuous headache for two days, which had kept her a great deal in her own little house. Manning had already explained to Linda how Cornelia's fanatical devotion to him and their household wore her out, and Linda had wondered that a man so strangely acute about the psychology of other people should be so blind to his wife's.

"You really ought to stay, Nellie," he said; "that is, if Watts doesn't mind."

Watts said he would be delighted—of course.

"It wouldn't do me any good, dear," said Mrs. Manning, "because I'd just worry about you every moment."

"There's nothing to worry about me."

"Oh," she drawled, "if you think the wife of an attractive doctor hasn't got plenty to worry about—" and she slipped her hand under his arm and went away with him to pack.

Eugene watched them with that distaste that all men, even the most faithful, feel when they see beauty bestowing itself on another man. When they were out of earshot he said:

"She seems tremendously devoted to him, doesn't she?"

"She seems to," said Watts.

"Such a lovely creature—and Manning's not so much."

"He's the more interesting of the two to me," said Watts.

After a pause, Linda observed:

"The wireless is a remarkable invention."

Eugene glanced at her as if she had said something very flat, and Watts did not look at her at all. She had rather hoped for a flash of intelligence between them, but she respected him the more for not betraying his guest by even a glance

It was not until after their departure that Linda began really to enjoy herself. It was the sea that made her delight. Swimming had always been her passion; she had never before been in the tropics; never where she could swim hours in a warm, salt ocean. She loved it at all hours, but most of all when she could swim out of the pool into the empty, open ocean, toward the sunset. Nor did it count least in her joy that she so often swam alone.

She looked up from her fish. Yes, this was the hour. The sea was becoming faintly patched with pink. She drew on her cap and dived in, and then out between the jaws of the pool, out to the sea itself. The ripples from an onshore wind, passing her, gave her the illusion of shooting through the water. She hummed an air, and found to her amusement that it was the aria from "Louise" "Je suis heureuse." Well, she was happy—happy from the extraordinary beauty and luxury of her surroundings and the absence of all responsibility and worry.

Strange that she should be, for between her and Eugene there was an icy veil—the first time in all their marriage that there had not been complete ability to express a disagreement. At first she had been terribly distressed. She said to herself that it was one of the tragedies of human relations that sickness and sorrow and anger have in their milder forms a similar appearance. She asked advice from Watts, and was dissatisfied with his answer.

"I really can't bear this any longer," she said. "I've never been on unaffectionate terms with Gene since we were married. It hurts me."

"That's just what he means it to do."

"You are sure he's angry with me?"

"Any man would be."

"Then men are very irrational creatures."

"Make your statement more general—any one who feels is irrational."

"I'm not. At least I don't think I am."

"Perhaps because you don't——"

"Don't say it. I do feel. I feel now great distress at this separation in spirit from Eugene. I must do something about it."

"If you take my advice you won't, at least not in words."

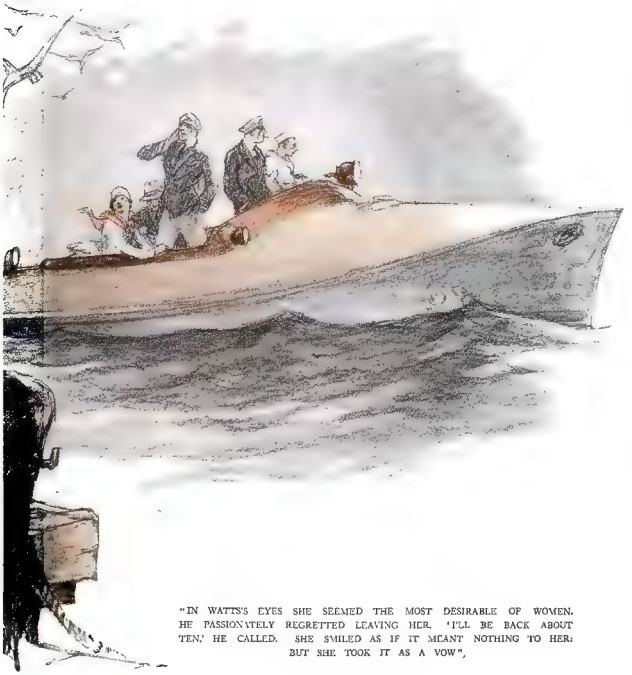
The thought crossed her mind that he was not sorry that a breach existed between her and her husband, and she said defiantly, "I should like to hear you defend that position."

"Eugene is angry at being coerced, kidnaped, to make him a good boy. Angry! I can tell you, in his place I should not be behaving even as well as he is. He knows that facts are against him, so he can not speak, but he revenges himself by this terrible, accusing silence. Every time you give him proof that you are suffering from it you encourage him to continue."

It sounded unbelievable. "I can't help feeling that if we spoke of it candidly——"

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

In this powerful third instalment Linda Fenwick is forced to make one of the most difficult decisions that can come to any wife



"IN WATTS'S EYES SHE SEEMED THE MOST DESIRABLE OF WOMEN. HE PASSIONATELY REGRETTED LEAVING HER. 'I'LL BE BACK ABOUT TEN,' HE CALLED. SHE SMILED AS IF IT MEANT NOTHING TO HER: BUT SHE TOOK IT AS A VOW".

He laughed. "I have never in my life," he said, "met any one who had such touching faith in the spoken word."

She did not tell him that as a matter of fact she had already spoken to Eugene and had been received exactly as he now prophesied. The first afternoon on the island she had found herself alone with her husband in their own little house with a little too much time to dress for dinner. He was sitting on the veranda, staring out to sea, and she came and stood beside him in silence, leaning her head against his shoulder. He did not move away, but she could feel his muscles tighten.

She moved back herself.

"Eugene," she said, "I can't bear to have this coldness between us. You must know that I have done this only for you."

"I know that in fifteen years your conduct has been a hundred per cent. perfect. What time is dinner?" he asked.

"Oh, don't treat me like this, Eugene!" she cried. "My life hasn't been an easy one; you know that——"

"Every one knows it, I think."

"No, I have never complained, and now when I most need help——"

"You don't need help," he said. "In old times we worked together, but now you have taken over the management of life. Well, it isn't my plan; it isn't my idea."

"It's for you."

He laughed.

"So you tell me," he said, and went into the house.

She was deeply wounded. He had accepted the sacrifice of her whole life. Now, even if what she had done was wrong, he should have been able to forgive her. She had made his problem hers. Surely she was entitled to take one chance, to make one throw with fate for his salvation.

And as the days went by it became clear that she had not been wrong. Every day of sun and leisure and the steady interest and protection of Watts's friendship made a change for the better. He told Watts that he felt like another man, and Watts told Linda. That too was ungenerous, she thought, that he would not tell her. She steeled her heart against him. Well, he had told her to play her hand alone, and now she would.

GRADUALLY she learned a perfect technique to meet his mood—an impersonal greeting, a civility as remote as his own. And after a few days she found her own mood adapted itself to her manner. At times she forgot the whole problem; at times like this, when she was swimming alone, she forgot everything.

The men bathed naked on the other side of the island, and she did not see them until dinner-time. Sitting down at the head of the table, Watts laid a letter down.

"We are invited to a party," he said. "Some friends of mine, called Crothers, are having a supper on the beach, at Port Edgar."

There was a silence. Linda had acquired a habit in girlhood of saying on being asked to anything, "Oh, well, there's no special necessity for my going, is there?" and she said it now.

Watts answered, "No reason at all unless you want to."

It was Eugene who suggested that they might accept anyhow, and go if they felt inclined.

"We always have a good excuse in the weather," said Watts. "No one can give us the lie if we say it was too rough to board the launch."

The Crothers invitation was accepted; six days away, it seemed remote.

After dinner was over the two men went out to a little flat promontory of rock, and here Linda joined them. At the first pause in the conversation after her arrival, Eugene got up and said he was going in to read an hour or so before he went to bed. This was his custom—never to find himself in her company if he could avoid it.

She and Watts sat in their low wicker chairs. The spot was romantic, but not secluded. They could not be overheard, but were outlined against the sky, lit to a steely silver by a high half-moon. It was exactly the time and place that Linda had been waiting for.

In a week her relation to Watts had deepened in the most extraordinary way, so much so that she had come to believe that this mature, vital friendship was the solution of the whole problem of her life—not a perfect solution, but infinitely better than she had thought possible in the dark days when she had first recognized that the great relation of her life had failed.

She knew that such a relation had grave dangers. To consider herself first, she was not in love with Watts, and she thought it unlikely she ever could be. Besides her aptitude had always been for friendship—not love. No, for her the danger was in building her whole life on a friendship, since friendships are not designed by nature for such unique strains, and either fuse themselves into a passion or else melt away entirely. That was her risk, and she was willing to take it.

But for him, she thought, the risk was that he might come to love her. Indeed, she was not absolutely sure that he did not already love her. The evidence was nicely balanced. He never made the least effort to be alone with her, or when they were he never drew a long breath or looked at her as much as to say, "Now we are alone."

Her gratitude and admiration for him were so strong that she had allowed herself to express them, and, finding no emotional cataclysm had followed, she had gained confidence. Really, it was almost rude not to make love to her in such a background, and why didn't he? Was it because she had no charm for him? It was not flattering, but it was enormously convenient. She wanted him as her friend.

But she asked herself, was she justified in going open-eyed into this relation in which he might suffer? She was taking the very best of a man's life and using it for her own purposes and not for his. He would get nothing at all but an enduring, sincere, and rather romantic friendship. But she would get protection, wisdom, and something she was avid for—companionship.

Would she have any defense on the day when he reproached her for making herself essential to him, and giving him nothing? Many women took such things lightly, but Linda was not like that. She had a controlling desire to be fair, and she must be honorable; she must at least warn him. Of course he would not accept the warning and then everything would be perfect. Her heart beat a little faster, as it always did before action.

"Nick," she said, "I want to speak to you—about our friendship. I sound rather like an Italian furnaceman we used to have, who would come to me and say, 'Mrs. Fenna, I wan' to spikka abou' the coala.' And when I had said, 'Speak, Angelo,' he would reply, 'We needa the coala.'"

"Am I to infer you need my friendship?"

"Most certainly I do. You perhaps don't know how much, but——"

"Ah, there's a 'but'!"

"Not for me, but possibly for you." She paused, and, leaning forward with her elbow on her chair, spoke in her

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

gentlest voice. "A woman with any pride or sense of the ridiculous would not say what I'm going to say, but I am going to say it. A friendship as serious as ours is supposed to have its dangers. Well, as you know, through my situation in regard to Eugene, it hasn't dangers for me. I really know it hasn't for you either, but I want to be sure."

Her voice died away, and he spoke in his flattest tone. "This, I take it, to be in the nature of a warning?"

She was long past being alarmed by that tone. "Don't make fun of me," she said. "I know how open I am to it. Fancy Mrs. Manning's report of the incident—'Fading woman fears advances of most attractive man on habitable globe——'"

"You are certainly a very irritating woman."

"Irritating?"

"I don't mind your assuming I may fall in love with you; it's a possibility of course. I don't even object to your warning me that you would never give yourself to me, but that you should take it for granted that you are emotionally secure—that I find insulting, to be frank."

He was irritated! How strange, how different masculine vanity was from feminine! She would not have been angry if he had told her that being in love with some one else, he could never fall in love with her. Perhaps he had misunderstood her point.

"I can't see anything insulting in what I said," she returned. "I don't say that you are not a very attractive man; in fact I think you are——"

"In spite of the fact that I sprawl at tea-tables——"

"But my utter absorption in Eugene gives me a sort of protection——"

"Linda, how can you be so childish? You talk like a little girl."

"What do you mean, 'I talk like a little girl'?"

"You are not absorbed in Eugene. You are not any longer in love with Eugene. You have an affectionate concern about him. That's all. It wouldn't protect you five minutes against a man you happened to care about."

"If you think that, I'm glad I spoke, because you're wrong. I do love Eugene."

"You're incapable of loving a man whom you have to fend for and shelter. You fell in love with Eugene because he was strong and handsome and virile, and you fell out of love with him when he ceased to be any of those things. Do you think you loved him the day you came to my office? You would have walked out on him then if I had told you to."

"I wish I never had come to your office."

"Perhaps it would have been better, but you did." He walked to the piazza, where there was a bell, and he pressed it.

She was distressed at his anger. "Oh, dear," she said, "spoken words are horrible things. If you saw what I felt about all this——"

"Don't abuse spoken words—when they are made to serve an idiotic meaning."

She allowed a little pause to indicate that she thought this merely rude; then she said, "Well, if we can disagree so much, I'm glad I spoke as I did. What I feel for Eugene——"

She stopped, for a servant had appeared, and Watts spoke to him. "Order the launch at once. Peters needn't go. I'll run her myself."

Her sentence ended quite differently from its original intention. "Where are you going?" she said.

"Somewhere where women don't talk nonsense on such a lovely night," he answered, and went away.

Presently she heard the quick spurt of the launch's engine as it leaped away from the pier.

SHE sat on alone in the moonlight. She felt so sad that tears came into her eyes, and was shaken with an excitement that was not entirely painful.

As the sound of the launch died away, and nothing but the rustling of palms and the lapping of waters was left, she felt as if she had the island—the world—to herself. Was it possible that she had permanently alienated this friend on whom she was about to build her life? Oh, no, hardly. She felt with satisfaction that she could consider the possibility quite calmly. When you quarreled with some one you loved you suffered horribly.

She remembered her first quarrel with Eugene, just after they were engaged. He had told her he never wanted to see her again, and she had believed him, poor, inexperienced child that she was. She felt a pitying wonder for this dead self. Nowadays she would have known that when you have an honest relation with a man you do not lose him for one quarrel. On the contrary.

And then she began to think about the most extraordinary thing of all—the statement Watts had made that she was a woman capable of deceiving her husband. She smiled to herself—men with strong emotions simply could not understand that there were things you would never do because you would never want to do them—through coldness perhaps or cowardice; but there you were—impregnable.

Nevertheless the idea that she might love again stirred her. It would be necessarily a tragic, unfulfilled love. She found herself wondering what qualities a man must have to capture her maturity as Eugene had captured her youth. Well, just such qualities as Watts had—strength and wisdom and a certain ruthlessness—and yet he had not captured her.

She got up and went down to her little house. Eugene was sitting with a magazine open on his knee while he stared straight in front of him.

"It's the most perfect night," she said.

"Where's Nick?"

"I don't know," she answered. "Gone off somewhere in his boat."

She turned away, and then a remembrance of that tragic stare of his brought her back.

"Don't you want to come and take a walk on the rocks before you go to bed?" she asked gently. "The moon is so clear and lovely."

"I can't say I do," he returned.

She stood and contemplated him for a few seconds, and then left him. Well, she thought, now they were both angry at her—one in a deep, sullen anger, and the other with a quick violence—and oddly enough both for the same cause—that she had tried to save them—one from a real catastrophe, and the other from a somewhat imaginary danger. How childish of them to talk of her not being grown up! She felt infinitely mature compared to them.

THE routine of their life on Argenta was such that she and Nicholas were not alone a great deal. In the early morning he was assumed to be busy about his affairs. He had his own wireless station, and what with the alert Hannah MacIntosh in his New York office, and young Matherson living on the yacht and coming over once or twice a week with mail or telegrams, he was not allowed to forget that he was an important man in finance. Later in the morning he and Eugene played squash or tennis.

Then came swimming and luncheon, and often after luncheon the men would go fishing, a sport for which Linda entertained the greatest dislike, or sailing, which she enjoyed. Once they had been away a whole day—duck-shooting on a distant key—and Linda had delighted in her solitude.

But usually after dinner, when Eugene was reading or had gone to bed, Linda and Watts had an opportunity to talk—if they chose to take it. She had come to value these talks, and her respect for him grew—not only for his wisdom, but for a stiffness of character that went deeper in him than in any one she had ever met. She found, for instance, that she could not get him to talk about his love-affairs. She never had had any such trouble with her other friends. When they reached that area of conversation half-way between general philosophy and confessions, she had only to ask certain questions which represented no belief of her own, but which drew information as a magnet draws iron filings.

But try as she would she could not lure Watts into one of these ambushes. He answered her literally with a philosophy as cool as her own. She learned nothing from him. This at once interested and teased her, so that she resorted to more direct methods. She felt, as every woman does who wishes to fit a man into the scheme of her own life, the paramount necessity of understanding his emotional commitments.

GOSSIP
By
REBECCA WEST
A brilliant piece of writing by this noted English author in which she discusses a common human failing with fearless frankness. It is in the February Pictorial Review.

"How is it," she said one day, "that you have escaped matrimony?"

"Is it a state to be escaped?"

"I did not suppose you would be very optimistic about it."

"Oh, I—I am not very optimistic by nature."

She had already had occasion to notice his pessimism, to notice the pessimism of most purely executive natures, and she could never decide whether their pessimism arose from continually dealing with men and materials, or whether the profound sadness of their outlook on life drove them to the distraction of executive work.

"Why have you never married?"

"Because—" He stopped.

"Oh, tell me, I am such a safe person."

He smiled and shook his head. "I was going to say what I always say to women who ask me that—'Because, dear madam, I did not meet you at the right time.'"

She colored, feeling she had deserved his reproof, and, to console her, he went on. "No, I am inclined to think matrimony a very desirable institution—only not a romantic adventure, as our country likes to consider it."

"A business partnership? No? A friendship?"

He still shook his head. "That's absurd," he said. "Marriage isn't romantic, because the essence of romance is the obstacle. It isn't a business partnership, since what one party brings to it is entirely psychological. It certainly isn't friendship, as we usually use the word, for the sex relation is so entirely free.

"No, marriage is not only a unique relationship, it's a unique emotion, which ought to be called marriage, not love—shaped, I believe, very largely by the fact that the participants are obliged to stand by each other, to abide by the mistakes, to profit by the advantages, of the other—like soldiers in a raid."

She found much to think about in what he said, but she could think it over alone and at leisure. This was a moment for discovery.

"Would you think it necessary to be true to your wife if you were married?"

"Not in the usual sense of that word. Absolutely to her best interests—her dignity and self-respect. I should cut out any relation that menaced these."

"Such as a friendship like ours?"

He stared at her a moment, and then smiled. "You know a lot of ways of finding out the things you want to know," he said.

She got no further.

She found a well of information in Watts. She sat at his feet, as a student of mystic philosophy sits at the feet of some great Eastern sage. Sometimes Linda thought he did not know what he was giving her; at other times she thought he was acutely conscious of molding her. She found equal amusement in both ideas.

IT HAD pleased her one evening to flatter him by telling him how much he helped her to see clearly and to act wisely.

For a moment he smoked in silence, and then he said, with his rather remote smile, "Thank you very much, but I'll tell you how it happens. About fifty per cent. is due to the fact that you are a very intelligent woman and able to learn from anything, and about forty per cent. is due to your having reached a psychological state where you feel the need of learning, and 1 perhaps account for ten per cent."

She did not argue with him. The fact remained that she was aware of becoming a more positive and effective person, and that she found this very agreeable.

Her new strength, she thought, might partly account for her not being more upset by their little quarrel. A year ago she would have been as distressed as a scolded child. Now she herself felt quite Olympian—able to point out to him, when the moment came, that he was utterly unreasonable.

The moment never came. The next morning on her breakfast-tray, there was a sealed envelop in Watts's small, crabbed hand. It said, "I was quite wrong. Are we still friends?"

She smiled not only with triumph, but with pleasure. That was the way for a man to behave, for a friend to behave. She would let him know that they were friends for all time, as far as she was concerned.

Presently she put on her turquoise-blue bathing-dress with its thin green belt, and went over to the main house to find him—not to disturb him, but to walk past—if he were waiting for her. He was. He was standing on the veranda, and as she approached he turned and slowly looked at her.

"I'm so glad," she said, "so glad, I mean, that you've like that."

He held out his hand to her, rather as he might have held it out for a telegram, and she put hers into it. Then almost instantly he let it go.

"I brought over the mail and the papers last night," he said, nodding toward a table. "There are some things there for you."

Linda walked to the table and began opening her mail

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"'AH HA!' SAID EUGENE, 'HAVE I AN INSTINCT? I ASK YOU, HAVE I OR HAVE I NOT AN—AN INSTINCT?'"

A letter from Delia that all was going well; a letter from Richard—there had been a blizzard in New York. How nice to think every one was shivering while she was about to swim in a warm, blue sea! Oh, Marion was on her way down on a yacht—Barty Lee in the party.

"My sister-in-law is coming down on a yacht," she said. "If you want to ask her to stay——"

She was silent. She didn't want to ask her; she very decidedly wanted her not to come near the island. Marion really would not be an agreeable member of the party; she required so much attention. Then in a flash of self-knowledge she knew that that was not the real reason she shrank from inviting Marion to stay. The real reason was that she knew Marion would spare no effort to make Watts fall in love with her—and might very well succeed.

"I don't think I really do want her," she said aloud.

"Well, then, we won't have her," he answered.

THE Crothers party had been going on for some time when the launch from Argenta arrived. People had forum before the sun quite set, and had had cocktails, and had dressed, and now dinner was being served at little tables on the veranda of the one-story club-house. Inside, a large room was cleared for dancing, and a negro band was playing. The veranda was lit by Japanese lanterns. From the sea their saffron light rippled out over the water, and made the rising moon, now a little past full, look pale and unnatural.

Only Linda and Watts were in the launch. At the last moment Eugene had refused to go. He had first delayed getting dressed, and then, when he had been waited for, announced that he did not feel equal to the exertion. There had been a good deal of discussion. The original impulse to accept had come from Eugene. Neither Linda nor Watts was very eager to go.

As she walked down the little pier, and stepped into the launch, Linda said to herself that she was a fool to go. She hated parties; and what did she know of these friends of Watts's? Tiresome people probably.

Then her mood suddenly changed as Watts held out his hand to help her down. He was wearing a double-breasted serge coat, white-flannel trousers, an English yachting-cap set at an angle that Lord Beatty has made fashionable. She herself had on a new pale-blue dress. The night air was soft, and, after all, it was rather fun to lead out one of the important men of his times and country. She saw they were to go alone.

A sailor was just casting off the launch, when the wireless-operator came running down from his tower with a message. The sailor caught the launch again and held her with his boat-hook, while Watts read the message. He looked up with a calm consideration. Then he took a pencil out of his pocket and wrote a few lines. "Send that in code," he said, nodded at the sailor, and presently they were on their way across the calm, dark water.

"I think we are rather fools to go," said Linda.

"We needn't stay. Give me a sign and I'll take you away at any moment."

"What sign?"

He thought. "Put both hands up to your throat the way you sometimes do."

Did she? She had never known it before. "Like that?" Yes, of course, she did do that sometimes.

A silence fell on them; then Watts said:

"Did I tell you about the man who was trying to steal one of my companies?"

"Yes, it was in the courts."

"It's been decided in my favor. That was from him, wanting me to buy him out. Rather cool, isn't it?"

"Would you be getting anything at all if you did?"

"I'd save myself a little trouble; yes, I'd get my money's worth at any price I would consider. The point is I should be saving him from complete ruin."

"What did you do?"

"I think you must know the answer to that."

"You bought him out."

"A bad guess."

"You ruined him?"

"Yes."

"Why?" she asked.

"Why? Oh, Linda, how can I answer that? I might say it is policy not to let the world think you may be safely attacked. I might say it was morals; that dishonesty ought to be punished. But I suppose the fact is I did it because I wanted to. I hate the fellow."

"I should have let him off," she said.

"Oh, don't I know it? And every one would have praised you for being merciful; but it wouldn't have been mercy; it would have been fear—fear of making an implacable enemy, fear of your own feelings in seeing him suffer, and the working out of this childish idea you have that to do nothing is to play safe."

"Have I ever said I believed that?"

"You may not know that you believe it, but you demonstrate it a dozen times a day."

She smiled. "You know me very well."

"I have given the subject some attention."

She was silent an instant, and then asked, "And how would you feel if you heard tomorrow that this man has killed himself as a result?"

"I should feel that a weak man had found a weak way out."

Heretofore the launch had been picking its way slowly, but now he let it out, and further conversation became difficult. She asked herself why she admired qualities in him that she had no impulse to imitate. Ordinarily when you admired a person, you said to yourself, "I wish I could be more like that," but now she only thought, "We are as different as possible." Was it that being man and woman, the more different they were the better?

Their arrival at the party made a stir—a little too much, Linda thought rather contemptuously. Mrs. Crothers was almost too cordial. She'd been so afraid they weren't coming. Watts was borne away to a place on the hostess's right. An exclamation at her elbow, and Linda found Marion at her side.

"My dear, how wonderful you look! Like a schoolgirl who has been doing something naughty, only I suppose you haven't. Where is Eugene? Have you drowned him? No? What a pity!"

"How is Richard?"

"Just as always. How could any one expect any changes in Richard? Overworked as ever, so that I take the holidays for both of us."

MARION skipped back to her table, and Linda was led away to sit with total strangers, two sleek, brown men whose faces looked almost black above their white collars, and a woman with short, straight hair, frankly streaked with gray, heavy, unattractive, yet with something merry and human in the hard, round eyes and loud, frequent laugh. The three knew one another very well, and were talking loud and fast about something at home.

One of the men turned to Linda, and said very kindly, "Are you acquainted with Mooresport, Mrs. Fenwick?" He had caught the name right.

"No," answered Linda. She didn't mean the monosyllable to sound cold.

Continued on Page 75

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

PURELY DOMESTIC

Sane advice on an urgent problem that may save many a disappointment

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

IT SEEMS to me that the first mistake which the average woman is apt to make is that she expects altogether too much of her house-helper for what she is willing or able to pay. If she is in moderate circumstances she does not, for instance, expect to pay two hundred dollars apiece for her dresses. She recognizes the fact—cheerfully or otherwise—that original French models generally cost as much as that or more, and that they have more style and beauty than any other dresses in the world; and then she goes out and buys her own dresses at bargain sales, or has them made by a "little seamstress," who comes in by the day.

When she builds a house she does not expect her architect to supply her with one containing five tiled bathrooms, expensive wood carving, and marble mantelpieces for five thousand dollars, nor does she attempt to furnish it with antique Chinese rugs, Sèvres porcelain, and period furniture for a similar sum.

If she travels on an excursion-ticket she does not expect drawing-rooms and through dining-cars. But, for some reason, she very often does expect the new general housework maid to cook, and wait on table, and care for the baby, as well as an experienced cook, waitress, and nurse-maid, all co-operating, would do, and she is not unnaturally very often doomed first to disappointment, and second to doing her own work!

If, with the same philosophy with which she chooses her one foulard dress, or her cozy little bungalow, or her trip to Niagara Falls, she would make up her mind what she wanted *most* in the way of service, what she could afford to pay for it, what else she was willing to go without—in case funds were very low—in order to have it, and then, systematically, go out and hunt for it, she would, I believe, at the very outset, be much nearer the solution of her troubles than she ever will be in a constant struggle to get something for nothing, or very nearly nothing, in the way of domestic service.

In fact it is almost a form of mental dishonesty to expect any one to work for us for less than she can get somewhere else. Why should she? The merchant will not sell us that French model, the architect will not build us that residence, the ticket-agent will not give us a compartment across the continent for less than the regular price, and we do not think they are unreasonable.

It is also perfectly futile and useless to talk about what our grandmothers paid, or what servants are willing to do in Italy, or what a treasure Mrs. Jones has. We never get anywhere that way.

The only thing to do is to say, "I can afford to spend thirty dollars a month on help. That will barely pay for a laundress and a cleaning-woman. But if I give up going to the movies, and buying flowers, and taking taxis I can spend more than that. Just now I need a good maid more than anything else. I had better try to find one and pay her what she asks. If she does the work well she will be worth it to me, even tho I have sacrificed in other ways to get her."

IT IS perfectly natural and right that the first concern of a domestic worker, as I have just said, is what she is to be paid in hard cash, like any other worker, for what she does. But it is not by any means the *only* thing she thinks of; and tho no mistress has the right to demand or expect that a maid will do harder work for less money in her house than elsewhere, a maid is often perfectly willing to do so if there are compensations for it. And compensations, of course, mean different things to different people.

Having adjusted matters on the twin bases of cash and compensations, the average woman is absolutely justified in demanding a fair return for her investment, and the average maid respects her far more if she does. The laundress who comes in to work from nine to three at the wage of four dollars a day and her lunch, is entitled to get it, if that is the standard in the town where she lives; but she has no right to arrive half an hour late and leave half an hour early, to turn out dingy sheets or scorched shirts; and a very few employers co-operating would soon make it impossible for her to do so.

A nursemaid who exacts a full day off once a week is benefitting the child in her charge as well as herself by so doing; but a flighty habit of perpetually staying out late at night is quite another question. Some faults, some omissions, we must put up with, of course; we do not expect perfect husbands, perfect children, perfect friends, why on earth then should we expect perfect servants? But, having decided what qualities we want most, and paid for them—whether we prefer clean corners or light biscuits, so to speak—we are very flabby-minded, indeed, if we do not insist upon having them. And sometimes we are rewarded by getting not less, but more, than we really have a right to ask.

I know a woman whose "retinue" is very small, and who finds the outside demands upon her time, particularly in a literary sense—for she is a writer—unusually great. She is possessed of a most excellent maid, who performed the duties which might naturally be expected of her with such dispatch that she still had a good deal of spare time on her hands. The author, who had been worrying because she could not turn off more work, on account of the numerous petty demands on her own time, and who could not afford to hire more help, noticed this.

She went to her maid and said, "Margaret, it would mean a great deal to me if I could have more uninterrupted time at my desk. If you will take over some of my small tasks—the mending, the routine telephoning, the light dusting, and so on—I will gladly pay you a commission on every story I sell. I can not promise you, of course, how many stories that will be, or what I shall get for them; but I can promise you a certain definite per cent. of every check that I get myself."

The maid entered into the plan with immediate enthusiasm; in almost no time her wages were quite substantially increased; she began to take a greater and greater interest in "her author's" achievements; and nothing, if she could prevent it, was allowed to interfere with them.

The strictly business relationship which must form the foundation of domestic peace begins to merge into the personal one, which is its normal superstructure, when cash and compensation are re-enforced by co-operation. There must be a bond between kitchen and parlor cemented by something besides dollar bills and special privileges; and the cementing is never done by one pair of hands. The maid who deserts a mistress who oversweats and underpays her, and despises the one who underwaits and overpays her, is often devoted to the one who co-operates with her; and co-operation, like compensation, differs in different cases.

Servants can not be conveniently labeled as such, either mentally or otherwise, and treated all alike. Some want to be practically "members of the family"; others would be horrified at the very idea. Some do better work if left almost entirely to themselves; others are bewildered without a good deal of supervision. Some are stolid and silent, and prefer to be rather silently dealt with; others are emotional and garrulous, and are sincerely grateful for every moment of companionship vouched them.

The average woman naturally has her preferences as to which kind she likes to have work for her, but she is extremely unreasonable if she expects that her preferences will always be met, and extremely short-sighted if she is not at least as adaptable as she wishes her maid to be. She is a human being herself, more or less faulty, dealing with another human being, also more or less faulty, and unfortified by most of the advantages of training and education and culture which she has had; and if the bond between the two is to be a lasting and happy one, it is only fair that most of the effort to make it so should come from her, that she should strive from the very outset to understand her maid, to consider her, and to care for her

MANY a woman who provides her maid with a sunny room, a large closet, and a private bath has no compunctions about keeping her on her feet when she is too ill to do any kind of work; many a woman who sees to it that her kitchen equipment is perfect fails to grasp the fact that the mental equipment of the worker who is to use it is utterly inadequate to the task, no matter how willing she may be, and to exact the same standard of intelligence from a poor, little, illiterate immigrant that she would from a native-born American or Canadian girl with a high-school education is ridiculous.

Many a woman who "puts up" with really grave faults allows herself in a moment of exasperation or anger to lose her temper and her self-control over trifling failings which are often unintentional, or at least unpremeditated, throwing her amazed victim into despair and revolt.

The result in any of these cases is apt to be domestic shipwreck—shipwreck which is all the more tragic because it could have been so easily avoided by a little practical application of the golden rule. And yet the woman who has rocked the boat declines to see that she is to blame for the accident.

It would, of course, be absurd to say that the average woman whose *ménage* does not always run like clockwork has only herself to blame; on the other hand, if she is in the position of constantly lamenting that she "never can keep a servant," she is often unconsciously labeling herself exactly as is the woman who is "so disappointed and ashamed at the way all her children have turned out" or the woman who has "simply been *obliged* to divorce her third husband—men are all alike, dreadfully selfish, inconsiderate brutes."

I am not so utopian as to contend that there is no such thing as a servant problem, that it is not even a very grave one; but the causes for its existence are not one-sided; and its solution lies in the hands of *two* average women, accidentally placed together in the relation of employer and employee, working together with mutual justice, sincerity, and affection.

$2,500.00
FOR 2,500 WORDS!

Pictorial Review offers the following prizes for the three best stories of not more than 2,500 words, received on or before February 15, 1930:

1st Prize $2,500
2nd " $1,500
3rd " $1,000

We want real stories, interesting stories, not just sketches or character studies. In addition to these three special prizes Pictorial Review will be glad to pay liberally for other contributions submitted in this contest, of sufficient merit to warrant publication.

Please mail all manuscripts to Short Story Contest Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York. All manuscripts must be typewritten, and authors are requested to keep carbon copies. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped envelop, self-addressed. Names of winners will be published in the May Pictorial Review.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Why every family needs Soup . . . regularly!

Soup is more than delicious. More than an irresistible temptation to your appetite. It is nourishing food in liquid form. It promotes digestion and benefits health by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. So it's a splendid rule to serve soup at least once every day on the family table.

Whether your choice for the day is the world-famous Campbell's Tomato Soup or any of the 20 other tempting Campbell's selections, your enjoyment is certain. 12 cents a can.

YOUR CHOICE

of a different Campbell's Soup each day

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Here's the new speedy
1, 2, 3 *way*
to wash dishes with

Almost like a powder—but not a powder. The new dishwashing form of Chipso which has brought easier washdays to millions of women.

1. Ready-prepared for dishes. Add water and put your dishes into the richest, foamiest suds you ever used.

2. Watch these special suds melt food particles and grease off your dishes in a twinkling!

3. A dash of hot water—you're almost No wiping—no dishtowels wan Dishes sparkle and shine. 10 minu easily saved

Chipso Granules

amazing new soap, ready-prepared for dishwashing

You've never washed dishes so quickly! And you've never seen chins and glass sparkle more brightly. This new granules form of Chipso transforms dishwashing!

Chipso Granules are miracles of modern soap-making science. They are tiny snow-white particles of soap that look almost like a powder—*but aren't a powder.* They're Chipso suds in steam-dried form — ready-prepared by a wonderful new process. You merely add water to these magical granules, and instantly you have the richest, foamiest dish-washing suds you ever saw.

These special suds work faster

Chipso Granules give a very special kind of suds—quick-working, *rich, lasting.* You can see them melt food particles and grease off your dishes. (Yet they are safe for your hands —Chipso Granules are *rich,* not strong.)

A few moments of soaking in these velvet-rich suds and your dishes are practically ready to rinse. Swish—they're clean. A hot rinse and you're through! Every bit of suds has vanished. You needn't even use a dishtowel. Dishes dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

Thrifty — you need so little

Chipso Granules are not a bulky soap—they are compact. Hold the box in your hand—notice the weight. The big 25¢ box holds enough rich soap to do all your dishwashing for a month.

Why Chipso's quick, rich flakes bring easier washdays

Suds! Rich, lasting suds! There's the secret of Chipso's help on washdays.

Many other soaps give fluffy suds, but these suds often fall when you put in your clothes. Then your soap stops working!

But Chipso's thin flakes give the *richest, most lasting* suds. Chipso suds "stand up" and keep on working until you rinse. You work less—because the *suds* work more. That's why Chipso washdays are easier.

FLAKES

Chipso
Now in 2 forms

GRANULES

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

COLOR IN THE BEDROOM

Your bedroom may be prim or frilly and yet carry out a complete color harmony

By ETHEL LEWIS

A BEDROOM is such a personal place that there are few limitations of color or background that need bother you. For your own room use the colors you have always wanted, the colors that other members of the family may not want as their background, but the colors that you know would make the room absolutely right for you. Build up each room about the person to whom it belongs.

Even the guest-room need not be the cold, forlorn place that it so often is. Give it enough character so that it suggests that it is ready for the guest to move in and complete it by a personality. Don't use the furniture that won't fit in anywhere else. Or if you must use odd things repaint them so they look as tho they belonged together, or make slip-covers for some that can not be painted, so you will have a complete room and not a chamber of discards.

Each bedroom in the house may be quite different from the others. Let each one be a unit, for each is a private domain.

You can have one reminiscent of peasant France, with gracefully curved low beds of French walnut. The cottage-like chairs with gay plaid cushions on the rush seats, and short, full curtains, with ruffled valances of the same material at the windows, will add to the quaintness of the room.

You can finish another room after the fashion of our American cottages—sturdy pine or maple with four-poster beds and ladder-back chairs, a butterfly-table, small-patterned chintzes and a bright note of color in vases or flowers. For a bedroom with more formal dignity, follow the styles of our great grandfathers and use heavy rich mahogany.

Or if you want the whole house to reflect the period architecture of the exterior, use that type of furniture throughout and get your variety by means of different color-schemes in each room.

Size or light is comparatively unimportant, for some of the daintiest bedrooms can be made where there is only one window and almost no sunshine. Light-colored walls that reflect what little light steals in the window and sheer, dainty curtains of sunny yellow will soften the light, but shut out none of it. And a hall bedroom can be just as interesting as any other. Often its chief charm lies in its coziness, its feeling of intimacy. Colors that make the tiny room seem more spacious are cream, light yellow, or apple-green. In a larger room, character is added by using deeper colors, as blue-green, gold, or a rich peach-color.

When it comes to the actual color-scheme to be decided upon for a bedroom, usually we have some one thing that has to serve as a starting-point—the color of the walls, a rug, a chair, material for curtains, or something equally important.

But no matter what you start with as a foundation, the color-scheme of the bed is well worth consideration, from the ticking on the mattress to the spread, including the sheets, blankets, and comforters. Now that almost any color you can wish for is available for your bed it becomes an important part of the decorative scheme. Each bedroom nowadays has its special linen and blankets and spreads, all harmonious with one another and with the room, tho not necessarily all the same color.

The colors of the new bed-linens are charming—pale pink, light green, yellow, orchid, light blue, and sometimes a deep beige or even a rich cream-color. Now, surely one of these tones will fit in with what you have and what you want.

As the season of the year is close at hand when the shops will be filled with bargains for beds and bedrooms, it is quite the time to consider the bedroom colors seriously. So let us consider the bed in all its details; that is, all except its style and finish, for that is a very different problem. A box spring and a good mattress to match provide the best foundation that any one could ask.

"Ticking to be selected," is the way the tag reads on many springs and mattresses, so there is your first chance to fit the coloring of the bed into the whole scheme of the room. It is true that the ticking of the mattress seldom is seen, but if you are using a box spring, the ticking often comes into view when the spread is removed. Some people, those who advocate four sheets to a bed, cover the box spring with a sheet, thus preserving it from the dust and giving it a covering that can be changed frequently.

Next the sheets and pillow-slips. The very finest cotton ones are made from special long-staple cotton, so that there is an almost perfect smoothness. You can purchase these extra fine ones with plain hemstitched hems, with fancy hems, or with colorful hems. The pillow-slips of course are made to match.

Blankets have always been considered as a sign of prosperity, because in the early pioneer days as one amassed wealth and the comforts that went with it, one acquired fluffy blankets of rich texture. Now we have so many different qualities and kinds of blankets that every taste may be suited. There is the thin homespun one of high-grade wool that is as light as a feather and quite warm, for use when the mornings are only a bit chilly. Then there are medium-weight blankets, and heavy-weight ones for the coldest days. Camel's hair and fine lamb's wool go to make soft, fleecy things to cover us and keep us warm. There are new-fashioned cotton blankets that are most practical for mid-season or for mild climates.

The colors are bewitching, and sometimes you will find just the two colors that you want woven together in one blanket, one color on one side and the other on the reverse.

LAST but by no means least is the bedspread. Spreads may be sheer and fluffy or heavy and tailored, for one type suits one room and one another.

If your room is dainty and essentially feminine and if ruffles seem a definite part of its charm, then you have organdy, lace over satin, or taffeta to choose from, for these materials can be as frivolous as you like. If your room is somewhat severe, then have a plain tailored spread, not matching the curtains, tho of course harmonious with them.

Materials that are interesting in themselves, with a small pattern or excellent weave, make the most attractive tailored spreads. Then, too, there are many colorful rayon spreads on the market with designs ranging from quaint Colonial to ultramodern.

Just one word of warning. Don't overdress your bed any more than you would overdress your windows. Simplicity is the foundation of good taste.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

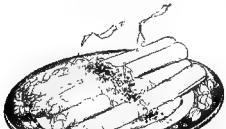
Good-bye lazy appetites-

here comes asparagus

WHAT freshness—what flavor—what delicacy it brings! Why, California Canned Asparagus makes any appetite perk up.

You can serve asparagus in scores of ways—in soups, salads, entrees, main-course dishes—and it always provides a distinctive touch of style that tempts the eye as well as the palate.

No soaking or steaming, no trimming or waste, canned asparagus is wonderfully convenient. So why not keep a few cans handy—ready to banish lazy appetites from your table?



Asparagus Polonaise—Turn California Canned Asparagus into a saucepan and heat, using the liquid in the can. While this is heating, melt 2 tablespoons butter in a frying-pan and add ½ cup soft bread-crumbs. Fry until a golden brown, add ¼ teaspoon salt. Remove from fire, add a chopped hard-cooked egg and pour over tips of asparagus.

CALIFORNIA CANNED *Asparagus*

Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 463, 600 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

PROJECTING WINGS OF TWO-STORY HEIGHT LEND BECOMING BREADTH TO A HOUSE THAT SUCCESSFULLY CONCEALS ITS TWO-FAMILY USE

A TWO-APARTMENT HOUSE

By COLLIER STEVENSON

ROBERT L. STEVENSON, Architect

THE two-family house, in one form or another, has been popular for many years, both on account of its relative economy and its unquestionable value as a source of income. The example presented here is particularly interesting because it so completely disguises its two-family use. The exterior walls are of white-stained shingles. Ivory-painted wood-trim injects a contrast that is intensified by the bluish green of the trellises and shutters, by the blue-black of the asphalt-shingled roof, and by the red of the tall brick chimney.

The front entrance is marked by a dignified Colonial portico, which serves as an approach to a vestibule jointly used by the two families. Stairs rise from this vestibule to the second-floor apartment, and a door at the left opens to an inner entry leading to the first-floor apartment.

Aside from the differences entailed by the location of the entrances and stairways, the two apartments are just as similar in arrangement and equipment as they are in size. There are, however, certain slight modifications in the placement and amount of window-space that were necessary in order to secure a pleasing exterior effect. Reference to the plans will show, for instance, many windows grouped in twos and threes on the first floor, and more individual windows on the second floor. Nevertheless the upper apartment is, for all practical purposes, quite as well lighted and ventilated as the lower floor.

As a matter of fact, the provision of abundant light and air would actually appear to have been behind every step in the planning of this two-apartment house. Virtually the entire outer wall-space of the dining-rooms and kitchens is given over to grouped windows. The living-rooms, the bedrooms, and even the bathrooms have windows on two sides, while the sun-porches have windows on no fewer than three sides. Surely, then, this house makes a strong bid for healthful living.

Privacy, which is often sadly lacking in two-family houses, is another outstanding characteristic of this house. The two apartments, for example, are so entirely separated that their respective occupants can enjoy all the independence and remoteness which are ordinarily associated with only one-family houses.

There is even an unusual degree of privacy within each of the apartments, thanks to the careful planning which has located the bedrooms and the bathroom as far as possible from the living-room, the sun-porch, and the dining-room.

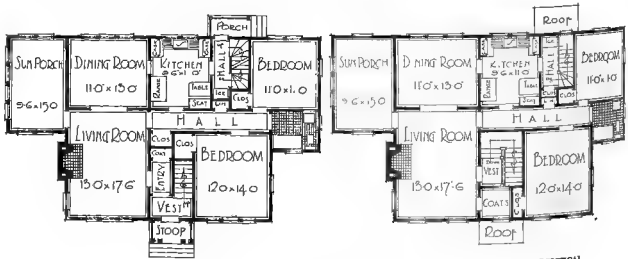
The living-room of each apartment is graced by a fireplace of impressive character. The fireplace centers a long wall, which is further broken by a window, and by a French door that communicates with the spacious sun-porch. Double French doors also bring the living-room into close contact with the triple-windowed dining-room at the rear.

That the sun-porch and the dining-room lack a direct connection is due to the fact that the unbroken wall which separates them is required as a furnishing-space in each room. It is, indeed, the only available space for a sideboard in the dining-room, and in the sun-porch it is an admirable space for a swing-couch or a davenport.

Small as the kitchen is, it offers a thoroughly workable arrangement of the necessary fixtures, each in convenient relation to the others. A built-in breakfast nook utilizes one corner of the kitchen to the thorough approval of many modern householders. The refrigerator is located in the service-hall.

A central hall achieves easy passage from the living-room to the kitchen, to the sleeping-quarters, and to an immaculately tiled bathroom. Each of the bedrooms has excellent wall-spaces for furniture, and each possesses a roomy closet. A shelved linen-closet adjoins the hall, and there is an additional storage closet in the lower-floor apartment, by way of compensation for the very large coat-closet in the second-floor apartment.

For further information, without charge, regarding this house, send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



THE FIRST-FLOOR ARRANGEMENT (LEFT) AND THE SECOND FLOOR (RIGHT) ARE ALMOST IDENTICAL

Original from

BRILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society. At balls and dances at exclusive night clubs . . . famous race meetings . . . hunting and house parties . . . everywhere her blonde beauty reigns triumphant. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her exquisite skin is much admired for its rose-petal delicacy of texture and coloring. For Lady Buchanan-Jardine gives it the utmost care.

"Here in England," she says, "a woman's complexion is the index of her chic. Smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile, "so I follow Pond's Method of home treatment of the skin. It is easy, satisfactory, complete."

Lady Buchanan-Jardine likes all Pond's four preparations. Cold Cream "cleanses so thoroughly" . . . Tissues "remove Cream gently" . . . bracing Freshener is "just the skin tonic we all need" . . . Vanishing Cream is "exquisite to protect the delicate texture of the skin."

SOCIETY BEAUTIES everywhere follow these simple sure steps of Pond's Method:

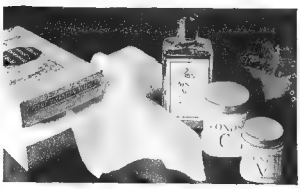
During the day—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent.

Third—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and firms.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At Bedtime—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave a little cream on overnight.



Pond's famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL SIZES

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A
106 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1930, Pond's Extract Company

An English Beauty leads the smart young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

ALIAS GALLY

Continued from Page 17

The clamor of those black widower-birds from Guiana in an atmosphere as strange as himself, the green pigeons, the hornbills, the cats, the monkeys, the yellow, black, and red toucans, painted from the hand of an extreme fabulist, they all shaped their wrongs into exclamation-points of tumult and madness. He couldn't understand them, but they were sick sounds full of bewilderment at their own suffering. What can you do with a world that cages you and takes away your freedom? Naturally you are left only with a sickness. Gally couldn't rest.

Something ached all around him—the very air ached. He rose to his feet and took his patient station at once at the front of his cage. Finally a voice plumbed the depths of the dog's consciousness, and the misery there was momentarily obliterated by a clear, vivid, boyish voice.

"Oh, Mummy, *do* look at this one! What a nice boy!"

Gally's whole body thrilled a little as with a fine, unerring instinct he perceived in the group before him the kind of people whom he had walked hand in hand with at the *hacienda*. The angle of the woman's hat, the hang of the smart sport-clothes, the atmosphere of an undetachable something that hung heavy about her spoke of the great world.

It spoke also in every finely drawn line of the lad about ten who was hanging on her arm. Its accents were quite as loud in the man who was standing beside them. That proclaimable quality that shouts of cultural backgrounds and gentle breeding and decades of familiarity with comforting ease in high places—that intangible, indescribable thing called class.

Mrs. Clifford Gordon Holtby turned the clear agate of her cool gaze from Highlander, son of Lowlander, to where her small son pointed, and then said in a voice, with steel embroidering its edges:

"What in the name of common sense would make you want that dog, Gordon? I never saw a more disorderly-looking brute. I should say he is part Airedale and part something else. We are going to buy a dog that has some breeding."

Mrs. Clifford Gordon Holtby's voice was always like white frost. She skated into the world on clear, unbroken ice; it had always gone just as smoothly as that—smooth and cold. She had been flung into it with thirty millions. And thirty millions does one of two things—either makes one resistant like steel, or a fountain of living waters.

On the stride of the millions in the course of due time arrived a husband whom she accepted with contempt and arrogance. He only framed another event which was an expected part of her prescribed orbit. Following that came the lank and finely tempered boy, perfect product of his class and order. Here again was the weave cut according to the pattern, and life with all its tributaries was always ice, cool, undisturbed, until thawed by a living flame in the shape of Eileen Holtby's last child, a girl of three.

SHE was fashioned of the wonderment of that still quality, rarely seen, that dwelt in the depths of Mrs. Holtby's eyes if you looked deep enough. The baby was pronounced frail, and they had taken the Forsythe estate in the San Gabriel Valley with its swinging acres and its established beauty. The dogs of the place, faithful to their owners, had gone with them, and the Holtbys were now in search of a companion for the two children.

Before the wire screen which fenced the cage, the boy was kneeling, and the dog, with the inner turmoil of his body assuaged a little by the lad's affectionate voice, stood gazing questioningly, that incurious, pitiful look, with all defenses down, that dogs have when they try to understand.

"Oh, Mummy, he has the most beautiful eyes! Do look at him!"

The woman with the lovely, querulous face said something to the man in the background, who answered:

"It is quite true, he isn't handsome to look at, or does he show what you call pedigree. But I would rather trust him than a kennelful of emotional collies."

Gally liked the man's face for all the elegant, casual boredom that trod up and down its map. He had the same compassionate, velvety accents in his tones as his own wrinkled Welsh Gil, who used to say to the expectant heifer cows with their pain-torn eyes, "Now, old girl, comes your hour and you must bear it. Easy there, my dear lass, easy." Gally had loved that old voice, so warm, so tender. He picked up his stumbling thoughts to listen to this deep human one.

"You wouldn't be making a mistake."

He laid his hands on Gally's head. The dog never moved. Something quite apart from him was deciding his destiny. That he knew, and he would not color it or fawn to it by one premeditated move. Meekly he kept his inquiring eyes on this strange goddess who looked at him so distastefully. He wanted awfully to say to her:

"It is quite true I have no pedigree, but if you only knew it, I am really quite a gentleman. If my own Peter Seldon were here he would be my sponsor. But he is where I can not reach him, and there isn't any one else to talk for me. It is only my heart that speaks, and it seems you can't understand that."

"Mummy, please. I want him more than I've ever wanted anything."

Mrs. Clifford Gordon Holtby turned impatiently to her husband:

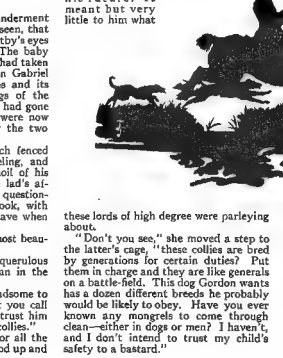
"You know what collies are, Clifford. They come from a long line of trusted servitors. They are born guardians. They have other business in life than mere existence; they are here to serve, and I'm not the least interested in dogs' beautiful faces. Gordon," the last to her son, "I want a collie to protect Elly. Since that new staff of servants came out with the Bellahlams, I'm uneasy about leaving her in Bette's charge."

HER husband gave Gally's head a confident pressure.

"I don't agree with you, Eileen. I had a dog just like this once. You would have to break his body before you could break his purpose. For love of his master, this is the sort that go to their death without a moment's hesitation. Trust him and he'd starve and be flayed before he'd betray you. Why, look at him. Some splendid far-away crossing has come to stay in those eyes. Look again, Eileen."

The steady and unfaltering beauty of them were sunk in deep wells of utter sweetness. Never had Holtby seen so lambent, so tender a light. It bathed all that came within its radius by its softness.

She turned from her contemplation of Gally to Highlander, who condescended to dust his gaze over the group who were deciding his future. It meant but very little to him what



these lords of high degree were parleying about.

"Don't you see," she moved a step to the latter's cage, "these collies are bred by generations for certain duties? Put them in charge and they are like generals on a battle-field. This dog Gordon wants has a dozen different breeds he probably would be likely to obey. Have you ever known any mongrels to come through clean—either in dogs or men? I haven't, and I don't intend to trust my child's safety to a bastard."

With these last words she crossed the exchange to Moriarty himself, and proceeded to make her check out for the purchase of Highlander, son of Lowlander.

JACK of food, lack of sleep had made Gally groggy. He eased himself down and lay in his old attitude of love, with his great head resting on the boy's tailored sleeve.

He understood very clearly the voice that had just left was filled to the brim with finality. If there were ever any shortcomings in the way of speech, Gally knew of many ways to overcome them. If he read trouble or despair or grief in those about him, he could always look his love and loyalty.

If they swore or furiously drove him away, out of the bitterness of their tragedy, it was his divine privilege to read the human barometer with greater accuracy than could mortals themselves, and he would quietly forbear to weary them with any demonstrative efforts. He was the sort that hungered if they hungered, wept when they wept, and always leaned his shoulder against their knees and rested his head there and said plainly:

"Oh, architects of my universe, man can not live by bread alone. Neither can I. All I ask is to let me love you."

But here was a strange accent never before remembered, strung into syllables of dislike—that outrunner of cruelty. Holtby threw his arm around his son's shoulders and gave him a silent hug.

The boy arose to his feet, his under lip trembling a little. The man closed the screened door on the close, dark prison. Some momentary urge took hold of him, but was lost in the clear, sharp call of his wife's decisive voice—the only thing he had ever listened to in his bored, distinguished world. So they passed from Gally's sight. The dog heaved a tremendous sigh, land the thick neck, with the spiky hackle on it, lowered the splendid head on the legs with the stubbled fringe, and humbly waited.

A great impressive patience was expressed here. It had taken possession of the animal's whole being as he lay puzzled, humiliated, discredited by a denial he could not comprehend; and so Sir Galahad, once the dearly beloved of a dearly beloved, stretched his racked body on the rough boards of his cage of Moriarty's Animal Exchange while the world passed him by.

THE friendly acres of the well-stocked, beautifully equipped country estate of the Holtbys was on this morning arrayed like a girl sailing into her first garden-party. Green-chiffon draperies, embroidered by flame- and turquoise-colored flowers, and to crown her head all the clouds of azure and topaz that flung out from the smiling heavens. The terraced red-brick house sat squarely on a terra-cotta prominence with a superb view of the Sierra Madre Hills.

Eileen Holtby was arranging and addressing presents for the Christmas tree when Gordon burst into the room.

"Mummy, they have just phoned from the garage the dog has come from Los Angeles. Woods says it is best for the hands of the owner to take him out of the crate. Woods says," went on the vivid, young voice, "a dog is awfully frightened and nervous when he goes to a new home; that if you can impress upon his mind that you are his rescuer, he will serve you and love you forever and ever. Come on, do," finished the lad excitedly.

His mother smiled vaguely at him, and absently put down the package she had been wrapping, and followed Gordon out to the garages. The boy had routed his father also, and the three of them, looking like a group painted by Sargent, walked down the bricked paths to the stables.

Woods was just knocking off with a hammer the last rib of the traveling-crate, talking softly under his breath to something that cowered back in its inner depths.

"That's that, old boy. There he is, Madam." He turned to Mrs. Holtby. "Call him."

She called, "Come on, Highlander, you beauty," and in answer to the voice, stepped gingerly, his body twisted into a cramp of agony by the cruel dimensions of a too small crate, the rangiest, the weariest-looking animal who ever trod with all his might to appear bold and gay, but went down on his fore legs because all circulation had ceased for him and because his back tendon had been torn by a nail he could not escape from.

Lying where he fell, the onlookers beheld the stumpy, shrinking body of the dog—last seen in Moriarty's Exchange.

MRS. HOLTBY straightened herself, and her countenance became a disk of concentrated anger.

"That is not the animal I bought. What an awful mistake! That's the dog I wouldn't buy."

She turned to her husband hotly. "I wouldn't have him as a gift. Clifford, you phone at once into the exchange. Woods, you crate him up again and drive down to the express-office with him. I don't possibly see how this could have happened."

Gordon had dropped to his knees and was chafing the poor stiff legs, while Gally made an effort and put his hot tongue out and licked the lad's comforting hands.

Eileen Holtby's central ice-plant which people knew as her voice continued giving directions to Woods, while her husband stood silently by, biting his under lip.

There was something pitifully disarming the way the dog lay on his disabled legs quivering and trembling violently, with his ears very close to the floor. The beaten air of that crouched frame caught Clifford Holtby up on some strange plane that even his own world had never once invaded, and he said to his wife very quietly:

"I wouldn't do that, Eileen; the dog's all in. You send him by express to-day, he won't be delivered to-morrow, which means, in the rush, in all probability he'll have to remain boxed up over Christmas. It isn't good cricket to send him back; he is not here through any fault of his own."

His wife was silent; her lips began to tighten in the old ominous way. The dog stumbled to his feet unsteadily; he winced once or twice during the process, the anxious inquiry in those deep pools called his eyes chained to inarticulate speech. Holtby went on, a sort of smiling irony in his hurriedness:

"Why, to-morrow night the cattle all over Ireland will be on their knees praising almightiness; even the little asses in the bogs with the small crosses on their backs. So they told us in Dublin, you remember? You wouldn't want to rob a dog of that day, would you? Gordon and I will see he is shipped back directly after."

"I don't want him on the place, and I certainly won't be responsible for him," she returned with acidity.

Holtby looked down on the homeless animal, saying with controlled levelness in his tones:

"He will be responsible for himself, I think."

With blinking eyes Gally began searching, probing the golden light about him that had been denied him for so many weeks. He lifted his nostrils with a gentle, waving motion. The splendors of the immediate hour, the peaceful radi-

ance of the warmth, the odors of the alfalfa-fields, the gallant hum of winged life, the whole estate Pandean chant took his sore, starved soul into their custody, and the spirit of him which was part of their spirit began to revive and expand, and Gally took his next step, which was to run his hot muzzle into Holtby's palm and rest it there.

He was first taken to the dairy, a fine adjunct of the estate, where Gordon gave him fresh, creamy milk that splashed over his chin and dripped across his mouth, making him look like an important diplomat with a white beard. The boy laughed loudly, and Gally smiled up at him sweetly out of those old tender wells of his somebody called sight, but what sees out of them has no more to do with eyes than light has to do with darkness.

HE WAS presented to Bette, the beautiful Swiss nursery governess whose plan in life was to walk in a more gaudy and less different path than this, and to her small charge, an attenuated little girl of three, her frail structure looking like spun glass.

He was left finally to his own recognizances like the *Lord High Executioner* in "The Mikado," and on them he walked sedately, modestly, and with dignity, and by the next day had commenced his job of making friends.

With the rare gift of adaptability which he exercised in his dealings with every one with whom he had to do, Gally proceeded to look for some activity on which he could engage that constant fountain of benevolence and boundless love that was so continually awaiting operation. As he padded between garages and the dairy this early hour he came upon a most important-looking creature. Somber, wrapped up in his own solitude, Gally had never encountered so strangely colored a cat before. Had he known his Matthew Arnold, he might have said with him:

> Cruel but composed and bland,
> Dumb, inscrutable, and grand,
> So Tiberius might have sat,
> Had Tiberius been a cat.

He rested there, a product of a long line of Siamese ancestry; hence through extreme good breeding his disposition was not so terribly touchy. When Gally sidestepped up to him playfully, the animal, who walked with no one but himself, simply looked at him out of magnificent green, tourmalin eyes, hissed in his own beautiful Siamese tongue, swatted Gally twice genially and seriously on the nose, but never moved from his position where he had parked himself.

So with this *entente cordiale* brought into being and the good food and freedom giving him a light heart, he went to take up other unmolested investigations. Down by the bricked wall was a sorry batch of strayed peafowls, their sad, yellow-beaked faces looking like the children of Israel on their exodus out of Egypt, very much bewildered to find themselves on the Holtbys' elegant preserves, where they had been shooed by some raiding coyotes.

Bedraggled, denuded of some of their plumage, there wasn't a war-cry out of them. But Gally was not to be put off by the extreme unloveliness of some of those he met on his highway. Planted deep within this beast was an instinct to know.

With solemn scrutiny he looked at them a moment, lifted his head for a brief period as the listening to some minute and inviolate directions, then with a businesslike precision proceeded to get the group together and herded them on their way. One may be quite positive had they been followed it would have been found to be the correct way, and one would have seen them that night safely housed on their own stamping-grounds.

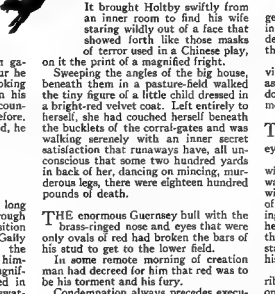
Everybody says Christmas is the happiest day that dawns over a radiant earth.

If being harried beyond endurance by the constant ringing of a telephone-bell, continued contradictory orders in regard to what number of servants were to attend the church services, the harassments of a big estate, the rushing in of automobile parties of shouting neighbors to view the presents, the infringements of household regulations, constituted a happy Christmas morning, Eileen Holtby wasn't aware that that was the quality she was feeling.

There would be an end of this discontent, she decided, so farm-hands, dairy-hands, maids, chauffeurs, all were parked into motors and were carried off to church this one day of the year.

Two loads full of delicious friends were just taking their leave, not unfulfilled wish among them. The noises rose and fell like enormous waves on a rocky beach and beat the air with excited laughter as she stood on the terraced steps watching them crowd into their motors like a lot of excited bees about to swarm. She had walked back into the long living-room, picking up her last unopened gift, and raised her head idly to look out of the long French windows.

Once, twice a scream slashed the air. It tore the quiet of the house into strips propelled by a terrific fear.



It brought Holtby swiftly from an inner room to find his wife staring wildly out of a face that showed forth like those masks of terror used in a Chinese play, on it the print of a magnified fright.

Sweeping the angles of the big house, beneath them in a pasture-field walked the tiny figure of a little child dressed in a bright-red velvet coat. Left entirely to herself, she had couched herself beneath the bucklets of the corral-gates and was walking serenely with an inner secret satisfaction that runaways have, all unconscious that some two hundred yards in back of her, dancing on mincing, murderous legs, there were eighteen hundred pounds of death.

THE enormous Guernsey bull with the brass-ringed nose and eyes that were only ovals of red had broken the bars of his stud to get to the lower field.

In some remote morning of creation man had decreed for him that red was to be his torment and his fury.

Condemnation always precedes execution. Condemned to this purpose, the gigantic, roaring tornado, looking like one of the blasting apocalyptic beasts with head down and steaming nostrils, began his dance of death. Eileen Holtby rushed across the door, when sight was momentarily taken from her by the blindness of her terror. She tripped over the sill. "My baby! My baby!"

This was no longer a voice, but something muffled that ran about her throat and wouldn't come forth. Holtby had his wife's wrist tightly in his hand.

"Eileen!" His voice was not sound either, only tones that were guttural and obstructed. On the savage prance and massive weaving head came the huge machinery of flesh.

They both began to run, the mother blindly—breath, where had it gone? "My baby! My baby!" What ominous thing was squeezing her heart so that she could not breathe? In short, convulsive, agonized words it rose to her lips—the cry—that—that—that—that cry of a mighty need called prayer. Somewhere choked along her throat it lay—that some one had spoken centuries ago —that she had once said but had almost forgotten.

"Our Father," it filled her mouth, "Which art in heaven—" Her numb body carried her over the last of the green terraces, when in her panic she stumbled to her knees, and on her knees, where in many years of her careless life she had not uttered it, she said it now.

"Thy will be done." Then in a sobbing undertone as the what she said would propitiate some unyielding God, "It's a sick baby—on earth—as—as—my baby—it's a little sick baby."

Racing with her was Holtby. In all the blur of the danger both were acutely aware of the fact there wasn't a servant left on the place. After she had fallen her arm was suddenly wrenched almost from its socket by her husband's jerk as he gave a hoarse cry.

Into the framework of his hour, auntering with an air of one being on important errands of his own, padded Sir Galahad. Something was wrong here. The earth was very still, just as still as it was this same day centuries ago in a small village of Jewry. He beat his head forward in the old listening attitude.

Then the call came, clear, distinct:

"Are you there?"

And in the dog's splendid body was the answer, sharp, decisive, instant. "Here am I, Lord!" and he charged straight and true. He charged as God meant him to on one of his definite assignments.

And all there was between Eileen Holtby's baby and the God that gave her life was a dog who had no breeding. He clung to the nose of the eighteen-hundred-pound steel driving machine, the flames of that hot, fiery breath searing his eyes, with all the courage, all the endurance, all the deathlessness of his tremendous spirit. He was on trial for his life and for the child's life, and so he clung. With the dog's plunge she had crept, her tiny face crumpled with horror, huddling close by the fence, to the infuriated bull's back. The corral was small. No one could get to her, past that catapulting battering-ram that fought back and forth with deadly, dangerous, swift feet that touched the earth, but to spurn it.

The torpedo-like head which was Vesuvius in operation screamed maddeningly as somewhere the tenacity of a bull-dog ancestor talked through Gally's mouth.

THE dog's sight was blinded with a white-hot spittle that drenched his eyes, like searing lava, but—he clung.

The massive animal head of the bull with consummate precision worked his way to the partitioned wire fence, and with one murderous, premeditated blow of his cruiser's head swung the body tearing at his nose up against it. One could hear the breath that came whistling from the dog as his ribs, broken in like the staves of a barrel, pushed the air from his lungs.

With this deep soughing like some terrible protest the woman made her spring, only to have Holtby's hands, which had never relaxed their vise-like grip, tighten on her arm.

Emblazoned on his consciousness, it took but a second for him to weigh the fact that here lay the greater danger, that unless restrained she would be trampled under those stamping feet.

"Don't make a move! For pity's sake trust him."

Then Holtby's voice soared aloft on a high inner strain that rent the still fighting air—imperative, cool, calculating.

"Hold, boy! Gallant boy! Brave creature! Courage! Hold, boy!" Then again hoarsely, "Courage! Brave!" But his sound was to nothingness.

Eileen Holtby, on her knees, clung to his hands.

"In Thy kingdom—my baby—Lord! Lord—my baby!"

In this mechanism before her so subtly formed, so mysterious, so lofty in its design that if one hurt or maimed its purpose, an interference would occur some place in it that only centuries could link together again; sacrifice, and not self-preservation, was the first law.

"I hear you, O Builder of my universe!"

Gally's answer came back in the pledge of a tighter grip.

"By Thy power—my baby, Lord!" sobbed the other mechanism called "mother."

Bang, once more the swaying dynamo of blood and bones made a mighty effort to rid himself of the thing ripping at his nostrils, and began backing upon the small red figure directly behind it.

"For Thy glory!" The woman closed her eyes tightly; the voice was no longer ice, but out of the *de profundis* of her soul

DONT HURT YOUR BABY with pins and buttons

Vanta

Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

KEEP him safe from pins that come unfastened and buttons that turn edgewise. Protect him from the danger of swallowing a pin or button. Dress him safely, comfortably in the downiest of garments that fasten without the need of turning baby once, with dainty bows of twistless tape. Adjustable as Baby grows; never too tight nor too loose.

THOUSANDS of doctors and nurses recommend and millions of mothers use Vanta. No Pins No Buttons Garments for the first two years, then Vanta Self Help Garments that make it easy to teach babies to dress themselves, saving mothers' time, and also training babies' minds.

Every Garment is of finest Vanta Quality, guaranteed non-shrinkable. Knitted fabrics of silk, wool, linen mesh, rayon, sateen, cotton, in every weight prescribed by doctors, always afford complete protection.

Originators—Specialists

Almost every improvement in baby dressing has been originated by Vanta Specialists who make only finest Garments and Hosiery for Babies.

Ask your store for the original Vanta Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW SALES CO., Inc., Dept. 340 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc
Dept. 340, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta sacque-fold; plaited diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name _____

Address _____

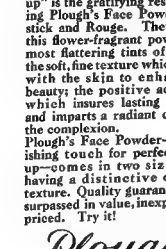
City _____ State _____

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The appeal of perfect Make-up

All the world responds to colorful, glowing complexion-beauty; the feminine half knows how easy it is to possess this appeal through the correct use of make-up! To thousands of beautiful women, everywhere, "perfect make-up" is the gratifying result of using Plough's Face Powder, Lipstick and Rouge. They find in this flower-fragrant powder the most flattering tints of Nature; the soft, fine texture which blends with the skin to enhance its beauty; the positive adherence which insures lasting make-up and imparts a radiant charm to the complexion.
Plough's Face Powder—the finishing touch for perfect make-up—comes in two sizes, each having a distinctive odor and texture. Quality guaranteed, unsurpassed in value, inexpensively priced. Try it!

Plough's
FACE POWDER
Look for the Black and White Circle on the Package



Plough, Inc.
NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · SAN FRANCISCO

Where to live — when in New York
The Lombardy
A RESIDENTIAL HOTEL WITH TRANSIENT ACCOMMODATIONS
111 E. 56th St. New York

it came with imploring humbleness, while the dog held.

He held, a magnificent living symbol of "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

It was said two thousand years ago by a Man who was born on this day; but Sir Galahad with his collie legs and his Airedale body and the pattern of the saving spirit of the Christ didn't know it or ever had heard it. He only wrought it out in living acts.

A great billow of pain pierced the air as the bull roared one last defiance out of his injured head, and, throwing it back, he hurled the body of the dog through the air, turned quietly, and trotted away to nurse his wounds.

Time has no measurement in this one event—what eons or seconds bridged the space it took her to reach the hurt creature.

The child was safe and high on Holtby's shoulder. She gave her not a second's glance, but she went straight to Gally's side, the tears streaming down her face so that she could not see. But sight was not so much a part of perception here. Down on both knees, she felt for him blindly, and then she took the bleeding, agonized, exhausted body into her arms—that body that would with great care heal and be whole again.

It lay there quietly and unstirring. He made a motion to rest his head in love on her arm in his old way, but failed for the blood that poured from his mouth. But he said with unfailing eyes, whose splendor could not be dimmed by so futile a thing as pain, quite clearly and distinctly:

"You know I always told you I was a gentleman."

And this time Mrs. Clifford Cordon Holtby understood his language.

WILL THE MACHINE AGE ENSLAVE WOMEN?

Continued from Page 4

and these things will be universal. In some articles more generally in use, lightbulbs, flat-irons, and toasters, we already see it. My impression is they are obtainable at somewhere about half their prices of, say, ten years ago.

SO, take it all in all, in the light of a long chain of precedents, the tremendous struggle of woman from the most primitive drudgery, when she was cook, housekeeper, spinner, weaver, and beast of burden, as well as mother and wife, is very nearly at an end. Why, then, does she hesitate?

The answer seems to be habit—habit ingrained during a million years. Nor is it at all surprising. Nothing dies so hard as habit. And anything will supply a reason for clinging to a bad habit. I have heard a woman say that the sole reason she continued smoking was that it kept the mouth and throat free from germs. The momentary scare of the machine age is one such reason. It is like so much fertilizer to the ancient, deeply rooted inertia of a long-ingrained habit.

The point of the whole matter is, not only has woman nothing to fear from the machine age, but for her own and her family's sake she had better welcome it with open arms as speedily as possible. The development of the machine has done more for woman than has any one other single factor since the troubadours, nearly a thousand years ago, put her on a pedestal as the goddess of romantic love.

And that movement had so much of insincerity in it, and so small was the number of those who profited, that it proved as much a curse as a blessing. Well enough perhaps for a lady in a castle to play at being Queen of Love; but millions of her sisters were serfs laboring like beasts in the fields.

The merit of the machine is its universality. It is freeing all women. One reason the vote for women in England and in America, too, after a long struggle, came so abruptly was that during the War they were found to be just as competent tenders of machines as the men.

And here is the point: So soon as woman has accepted the machine and its age she will be ready for her next great step:

Nothing less than to indoctate to mankind—to ingrain—to breed into it—the right use of leisure.

For, however much leisure the American woman now possesses compared with her grandmother, she will soon have infinitely more. In the very near future the employment of that leisure will be the problem of problems—the most agreeable problem ever presented to womanhood since the Garden of Eden.

Here lies the thrilling crux of the whole matter: So soon as the so-called machine age has accomplished all this for woman, so soon as it has done everything possible for her, then she, this Eve who always makes the really great decisions for the race, will do away with it.

Oh, not with the machinery! She would do nothing so foolish. Never again would she part with the labor- and drudgery-saving devices. What she will do away with is that superstition which makes the machine age a bogy—the regrettably well-founded rumor of intellectual, but chiefly spiritual, numbness and stagnation that surround and permeate us.

For who of us will not concede that, however great may still be our need for liberating machines, a yet more urgent need of our time is a quicker and keener intellectual and spiritual life?

It scarcely needs pointing out that the present is the most restless, the most troubled period of transition in many generations. In the matter of morals, religion, manners, and even customs, we are not merely in the midst of a confusion of tongues, but in a very maelstrom of ideas.

We find people in high places, teachers, judges, psychologists, men and women of undoubted eminence in their fields and in the community, proposing, even urging, ways and means of life that a few years ago, say twenty years earlier, would have ostracized them without any further hearing. Yet to-day they are listened to gravely, and whoever might disagree with their opinions, few people would impugn the sincerity of a Judge Ben Lindsey, a Margaret Sanger, or a Harry Elmer Barnes.

The truth is we are a good deal adrift. The basic things of life appear suddenly vague and largely submerged, like wreckage in a flood with a thick haze overhanging. We, all of us, without exception, feel the need of a firmer, finer kind of life. It is my absolute belief—and I am not alone in this belief—that women are going to bring that finer life about in America, if not throughout the world.

FOR these two facts are, to my view, unassailably true: First, women, given one of several possible courses of action, invariably decide upon that one which is most desirable for the race—that is, for their children. Second, and more specifically national, in America it is always the women who lead and support movements. And if they do not actually create them, they are always the first to welcome and support the leaders of them when they appear.

Every foreigner has observed it and confirmed our certain knowledge that in America it is women who dictate and set the general tenor of our life.

So true is this that even without a shred of argument every American believes it. In industry, for instance, it is by now a truism, women dictate at least eighty-five per cent. of our total purchasing power, which is the same thing as saying that they control eighty-five per cent. of all industry.

Men may think they determine at least the colors and patterns of their own neckties. Ask the manufacturers. They know better.

So all-pervasive is woman's influence throughout the life-stream of the country that statisticians are staggered by it. Foreign nations are actually sending over economists and observers to study this feminine influence in America. They say now that eighty-five per cent. as the total of her control is a conservative figure. And all of this, bear in mind, is on what may be called the purely material plane.

As to the intellectual and spiritual plane, woman's influence is too long and too surely established in America to need either proof or comment. The American man has long relinquished these matters into her hands and there left them. Perhaps that was a mistake upon his part. Many think it was. Perhaps man has merely shirked and sidestepped. Possibly he could not help himself. But there, in any case, it is.

So that, if what we may call the higher interests of our lives are to be once again lifted up and regenerated, is there any question that our women must have a major share in the business of lifting up and regenerating them?

And herein lies my Machiavellian, but really quite obvious, scheme in urging women to take every advantage of the machine, the instrument of their future leisure and future power. To regenerate a trend of life, to lift it out of a turmoil of confusion, from the trough of a low level to the crest of a higher, is what may well be called a tall order.

Such events when they succeed are epochal, and history does not record too many of them. They are immense achievements, those few infrequent high points on the humdrum curve of the racial life. Yet they are, so far as we can see, what the race is for; what we human beings are born, live, and suffer for on this curious, very busy little planet.

If women are to accomplish this they must have the leisure always necessary for great bursts of civilization. In the past, women have not count sufficiently in such movements.

In the age of the Renaissance, for example, some four hundred years ago, woman was influential, possibly, but scarcely dominant. In the days of Rome, at her height, she counted for almost nothing, and in the Greece of Pericles for virtually nothing at all.

It was men who made those peaks of civilization—and in every case by the aid of some form of slavery. Slavery provided the leisure for thinking, for turning away from the petty trivialities of mere living.

To-day human slavery is happily gone forever. The machines and the power-currents are the slaves. And, moreover, to-day, please remember, women are the dominant sex—the sex that is to stamp the value on the coin of leisure minted by those machine-slaves. Is not that an enormous power? It is always the ruler who stamps the coin.

How incredibly swift has been the progress of women, so soon as they were even partly freed from their long, oppressive drudgery! The vote in England and America has come to them almost overnight. Not even a revolution was necessary, as in Russia. They merely proclaimed their desire. Instantly it was recognized.

AND just as surely as women are completely freed, they will think even more boldly, farther into the future, with even more startling results. For there are two old notions that, like many incrusted proverbs, made by the cave-dweller in man, are to-day, at all events, simply not true.

One is that woman is the conservative element in the race. The fact is she is always more daring, more keen to meet the future, to make radical changes and experiments than man. The rapid changes in her own fashions (often only one unimportant example.

Another, that woman is more frivolous than man. That is a theory long exploded, and every man in his heart knows that whatever frivolity women are guilty of, it is of his making.

Inevitably, woman with the maternal element in her is more concerned about the present or future of the race, that is her children, than the man. Whether men like it or not, that is the truth. It was her past age-long subjection that has

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

made the contrary appear true. And now
her subjection is over.

Freed from drudgery at last, she will begin to think, to long for a finer, nobler life for herself, her husband, and her children, and she will bring it to pass. Nothing can stop her. With the staff of slaves, the machines and power-currents, always at work for her, she will have the leisure to reach out beyond the mere material existence which so many of us lead to-day, in essential respects no higher than that of the stone age.

LEADERS will appear, and when they appear it will be the women who will welcome and sustain them. Spiritual leaders have always been welcomed and sustained by women, so far as that was possible, even in the dark ages of their subjection.

To-day a Socrates would not be poisoned if his teachings appealed to women. They would prevent it. In comparatively recent days, almost in our own time, Emerson, the greatest teacher America has ever produced, gained his livelihood by expounding his philosophy and teachings in the form of lyceum lectures.

The great majority of his audiences, like the audiences of all lecturers, was composed of women. Tens of thousands of women were among his hearers and followers, and that was still in the age of subjection, when the great number of even intelligent women were merely housewives.

Women are often laughed at for running to hear this English lecturer or that other foreign speaker I, for one, do not laugh, because I recognize in that their unappeased eagerness for the great message:

Perhaps this speaker will deliver it or, if not he, the next one. The great message is slow in coming, even in an English accent. But if women long for it sufficiently it will come.

An Emerson to-day would be not only lecturing, but publishing his essays in magazines like this; and his readers and followers would number not by thousands, but by the tens of millions. It is the time- and labor-saving of the machines that would make that possible. If there were no machines there would be no women's clubs and few women readers or audiences. The immense industry of publishing to-day, an outgrowth of the machine, by the way, has risen up because of the increasing leisure of women, hungry for ideas.

Or, take such an object as universal peace. Once women really and wholesouledly throw themselves into the movement for universal peace, peace we shall surely have. But for that they must be much more free of drudgery than they are to-day, more experienced in cooperative thinking and more resolute to act. The machine is going to free them, to give them those capacities, and the bogy of the machine age will be laid forever.

These are some of the reasons why certain thinkers predict a Renaissance in America. "Renaissance" is hardly the word, since its meaning is "rebirth." It is not a rebirth so much as a *birth* that we are awaiting. It will come.

AND when it comes it will be because the machine will have accomplished its process of freeing women, all of us, from the long night of drudgery that began in the caves and forests of our early history. Then such periods as the age of Socrates, or the Renaissance, will appear but as preludes to our own civilization. And the machines will toil on.

PATERNITY

Continued from Page 15

"So much for the children. Now for ourselves. You'll have the decency, I take it, to divorce me. I have been a good mother for eleven years, or is it ten? You admit that, Arnold. Now you have taken away my children. I'm quite a young woman for nowadays—not entirely without charm, perhaps. I propose to make the best of the few decades of life I can still hope for——"

Trelawney interrupted.

"Nonsense, how could I divorce the mother of my children?"

"Surely, it's better than the other thing," replied Betty quietly.

A vein swelled in Trelawney's forehead. "You are my wife."

There was a pause, while Betty looked at him with curious attention.

"That is, of course, introducing another element into the discussion. I thought you were only concerned about the mother of your children."

She leaned back in her chair, and looked into the branches above her. Inimitable, impudent Betty! She had him on the run now, and knew it.

"We live in the twentieth century," she continued with maddening coolness. "You must consider what is due to your children."

Trelawney stared at her incredulously. Apparently he had never conceived such a solution of his argument.

"You want your freedom?" he asked in a dull, expressionless tone.

"I always mean to have it. But what does it matter to you? You don't want me."

Trelawney paced away, and back again, and arrived at exactly the point he had been when he started. What a stodgy mind the fellow had! Betty simply waltzed round him.

"You are my wife."

"You said that before."

Trelawney clenched his hands behind his back in a curiously ungainly attitude, like a heron or a secretary-bird. Even yet he couldn't understand that his unanswerable argument had recoiled on himself. He spoke more in amazement than anger.

"Have you no love, no sense of duty, woman, to your children?"

Betty dropped her gaze from the tree above her, and smiled encouragement.

"You do really believe I'm a woman, not a fool. Can't you realize, my dear Arnold, that you have sufficient sense of duty for all of us?"

SUDDENLY she dropped her assumption of insolence, and sat up very direct and precise.

"Naturally, Arnold, I don't want to leave my children, even to you. But you are making a very great mistake if you think I won't. As you say, I am a wife as well as a mother. I am a woman as well as a mother. You assert the right, if you have one, to support the children of our marriage, and only to support me if I make their rice puddings. Very well, we won't quarrel about it. I'll start afresh."

"You are my wife," said Trelawney harshly, for the third time.

BETTY wrinkled her brows. "You keep on repeating that, Arnold. What on earth do you mean by it? I asked you before"

Trelawney was silent.

"Shall I tell you? You mean that you can control me, you can compel me to obey you, so long as I am dependent upon you for life, for bread and butter, and a roof. But as I'm not, it appears to mean nothing at all." She leaned back in her chair, and repeated it into the sunlit air.

"Just nothing at all."

Trelawney muttered over his shoulder, "You know it means more than that."

I saw Betty sit up, and stare at his averted figure intently. "How can it?"

He turned round sharply.

"Betty!"

She sprang up.

"You care for your children, what you think best for them, more than anything else in the world. I am free, Arnold. I will not live with a man who puts anything before me. Even if I have children, I assert my right to a lover. I will not live with a man without love, and the man I love must love me. You have chosen between your children and your wife, Arnold. Very well! I know what I must do."

She turned to me.

"Do *you* understand that, Charles?"

I did. And I took what satisfaction I could from the fact that Trelawney didn't.

"Then we'd better get tea," said Betty brightly. "We'll have it early with the children before I go."

Trelawney stood as if he meant to stop her, and continue the argument. Then he took a swift step toward me with his fists clenched. Suddenly he turned on his heel, and vanished swiftly like a shadow among the trees.

Dick and Pearl came back, hot and sticky, poor little souls, on the verge of nervous outbreaks. They must have run nearly all the way, driven by the unformulated and inescapable terrors of childhood. Betty was incredibly gay and tender. Marvelous how she could keep her anxiety from showing in her attitude toward them.

The time came to go. Trelawney had not reappeared. We went out to the car, the children openly weeping, without pretense or disguise. They knew, however careful Betty might be to disguise it from them.

Betty honked. I watched her attentively from the corner of my eye. Trelawney did not appear, and she began to look a little panic-stricken. But she kicked down the self-starter, and the engine sputtered into movement. I saw her lips tighten.

"Stand away, Dick," she said firmly, for the boy was entrenched on the footboard at her side.

Suddenly Trelawney appeared. An overcoat was thrown over his arm, and he wore a cap. He strode up to the car swiftly.

"I'm coming with you, Betty."

Betty's face twisted in a doubtful, wistful smile. I think she was a little hurt and ashamed by what she had done, tho no doubt she had to do it.

"Why should you come, Arnold?" she asked.

"You are my wife," he said roughly. She was looking directly at him now, doubtful and wistful still.

"But, Arnold, how can you leave your children?"

He was standing directly in front of the car—so that she couldn't escape, perhaps.

"If you can, I can," he muttered, staring at the bonnet.

Suddenly Betty was out of the car, and in his arms.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, I thought you'd kill me. You'll be good enough to put your pride in your pocket, and I didn't know; I was afraid——"

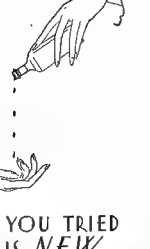
I tried not to look disgusted as I sat in the car waiting for what happened next. Betty had used me without the least hesitation to make her husband jealous—and bless her, if that made her happy! I had seen from the beginning that she loved and would love nobody but this fantastic pedant, that she would break him or be broken, but there would be no running away. She had played high, bluffing without a card in her hand; but Trelawney had learned his lesson. He knew that jealousy was real, and duty abstract, and it had eaten into his punctilious soul.

BETTY drove me down to the nearest station, with Dick squeezed between us as a guard and a pledge that she would come back.

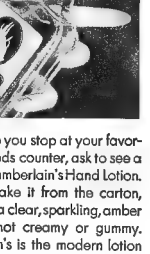
"I will tell Dick all about the new house in Kensington, as I come back," said Betty. "May I, Arnold?"

The poor chap caught little Pearl up to his shoulder. He had to grow used to the idea that he was at a woman's mercy because he loved her, even tho she was his wife, and she loved him. Moreover, Pearl gave him an excuse for not shaking hands with me.

Growing quite human, Trelawney! But why should Betty be wasted to achieve it?



HAVE YOU TRIED THIS *NEW* CLEAR LIQUID HAND LOTION



The next time you stop at your favorite toilet goods counter, ask to see a bottle of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. When you take it from the carton, note that it's a clear, sparkling, amber liquid . . . not creamy or gummy. Chamberlain's is the modern lotion for modern women. When you use it, you'll find that this new lotion penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, and is not the least bit sticky. And, you will not have to use it very long to learn that it's really marvelous for keeping the hands smooth, white and satiny-smooth. Chamberlain's protects the pores like "an invisible glove," safeguarding as well as revealing beauty. At toilet goods counters, in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or, send coupon for ten cent purse size FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 2413 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Chamberlain's
HAND LOTION
"The Invisible Glove"

Sign the coupon now and try the "invisible glove" at our expense

2430

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES
2413 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa
Please send your ten cent purse size free.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

A GOOD DOUGHNUT SHOULD BE CRISP AND BROWN OUTSIDE, TENDER AND LIGHT INSIDE

Photo by Mayer-Kock

THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT ENABLES ANY ONE TO DEEP FAT-FRY SUCCESSFULLY

DEEP FAT-FRYING

The A-B-C's of Cookery. Article IV.

By HELEN-TREYZ SMITH

NO OTHER method of cooking gives us quite the same pleasant flavor as does that of deep fat-frying. Nor in all the realm of cookery can we find more appetizing products than those of the fat-kettle. It is unfortunate that so many home-makers have the impression that deep fat-frying is so difficult. They have but to get the necessary equipment and make the venture and they will discover how quickly the difficulties vanish.

Equipment: The first requisite by way of equipment is a suitable kettle. The traditional fat-kettle is a deep, heavy iron bowl, chosen because of its ability to hold heat, and thus maintain a fairly even temperature over wood- and coal-fires. The rounding bottom permits the sediment to settle away from the food that is being fried.

Some home-makers still choose the heavy iron kettle. But an aluminum one is fast replacing it for use on electric, gas, and oil stoves, where heat can be quickly regulated and constant temperature is easily maintained. As a matter of fact, an aluminum kettle is almost a necessary choice for the user of an electric range. Get a wire basket to fit your kettle, as this will simplify the process of getting the food into and out of the hot fat.

Next purchase a fat-thermometer, as this is essential for both ease and success in frying. It is the only way to determine the temperature *accurately*. Fat that is too hot scorches; it burns the outside of the food; it does not cook the inside thoroughly. Fat that is too cool will give a fat-soaked product that is both unappetizing and indigestible. Since so much depends on correct temperature, it seems unwise to trust to guesswork on this point.

Additional equipment should include a tray to hold the wire basket as it comes from the hot fat, and absorbent paper on which to drain the products.

Fat for Frying: The fats most suitable for deep fat-frying are those which can be heated to a high temperature without smoking; those which are least prone to take up odors from the foods being fried; those which can be used over and over again. Probably the vegetable fats and oils combine these characteristics most successfully. When hot fat starts to smoke it is decomposing. Once a fat has been heated at the smoking-point, it is changed in flavor, contains indigestible substances, and does not have the keeping qualities of a fat not so mistreated. Sputtering of a fat indicates the presence of water which is being driven off. The water evaporates during the gradual heating and the sputtering ceases. It will begin again with great force when any food high in water content is added to it. Add potatoes to hot fat with great care to avoid any danger of being burned or of having the fat catch fire.

For the same reason take care to have the fat-kettle but two-thirds full. The kettle should be deep enough so that this depth of fat will completely cover any food to be fried.

Foods Adapted to Frying: We fry three types of foods or food mixtures—(1) food coated with egg and crums, (2) doughs and batters containing eggs, and (3) potatoes. Those foods which are coated with egg and crums depend on the fact that egg will harden quickly in hot fat. This hard coating prevents the rest of the mass from being fat-fry in it. If you do not own a thermometer, the best way to judge the temperature of the fat is by the bread test. To make this test, drop a 1-inch cube of bread in the fat. If it becomes golden brown in 60 seconds, the temperature is approximately 370 degrees F., and is right for frying doughnuts and fritters. If it browns in 40 seconds, the temperature is between 385 and 390 degrees F., which is correct for frying croquettes. A temperature of 400 degrees F., or a little over, will brown the bread cube in 20 seconds. The high temperature is right for frying potatoes.

Place a moderate amount of the food to be cooked in your wire basket and gradually lower into the hot fat. If a large amount of food is added at one time, the temperature of the fat is lowered so much that the fat is too cool for proper frying. Cook the food until it is the desired golden brown on all sides. Remove it by taking the basket from the fat. Hold the basket over the fat-kettle for a few seconds, then place it on the tray provided. Remove the food soaked while it cooks. The crums brown and are appetizing and flavorsome.

The egging and crumming of food is not difficult; but there is a correct way to do it. First of all have fine bread- or cracker-crums. Sift them so there will be no coarse particles to give trouble by dropping off. Prepare an egg-bath by breaking an egg into a shallow dish and beating it with 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water until well blended—in much the same way as you do in making omelets. Coat the food on all sides with the crums; dip into the egg-bath; then roll again in the crums. Let this stand for some time before frying to allow it to dry somewhat.

Eggs are also used in doughs and batters which are fried in deep fat. In some cases, fritters, for example, egg is used to form a protective coating, exactly as in the egg-crum mixture. Eggs make for good texture in doughnuts and fried cakes. Of course these foods depend on the action of heat on baking-powder or soda in the mixture to make them swell up and expand into the light products we want.

Potatoes cooked in deep fat are quite different in texture from those cooked by other methods. The thin slices and strips are crisp from loss of water, while the starch is browned. Large pieces of potato lose water from the surface while the interior is cooked, the starch uniting with the water and softening just as it does when cooked by any other method.

Procedure for Frying: Gradually heat the fat to the desired temperature, which will be between 350 and 400 degrees F., depending upon what you are going to

Continued on Page 58

Digitized by Google

Original from

Straight from Vermont

comes the sap that gives this syrup its Rich, True Maple Flavor . .

DEEP in the heart of Vermont are maple trees which produce the world's finest sap . . . from this famous spot comes the sap that gives Vermont Maid Syrup the rich true maple taste you love.

Poured over waffles or pancakes, the warm, rich color of Vermont Maid Syrup is a delight to the eye; the smoother, deeper, true maple tang is a treat for the palate. Made from pure maple sugar, blended with pure cane sugar to bring out the flavor, you can buy no finer syrup for your table.

The subtle, delicate, true maple flavor of Vermont Maid Syrup enhances the goodness of many familiar dishes. You will like it over ice cream and custard. You will also enjoy it with biscuit, corn bread and mush for the true rich tang of Vermont Maid Syrup makes these familiar foods taste like special delicacies.

Ask your grocer for Vermont Maid Syrup. It comes in attractive glass jugs, ready to put on the table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

Delicate brown cakes . . . enriched with butter . . . glowing in golden pools of rich, transparent Vermont Maid Syrup . . . what finer treat could you offer your family?

Send 10¢ for generous sample

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. B-3
Burlington, Vermont.

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

.....

.....

.....

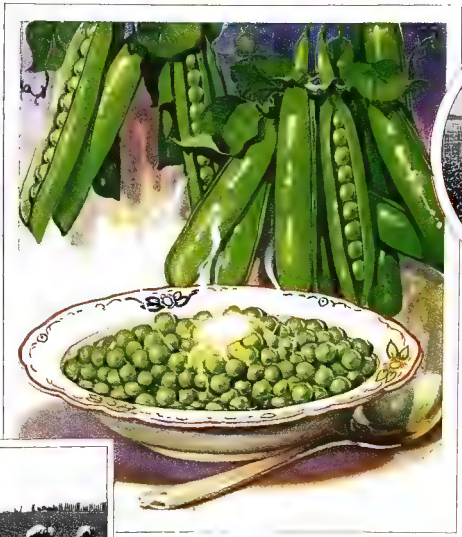
VERMONT MAID SYRUP

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

Digitized by Google

One of the most romantic stories of modern food science

How the discoveries of Mendel and Burbank ~ ~ scientifically applied by DEL MONTE *~ ~ have brought you this finer flavor in peas*



Acres of experimental fields—thousands of feet of specially constructed frames or trellis—just to "try out" and develop new cunning pea varieties for Del Monte.

What student of biology hasn't marveled at the story of Gregor Mendel and his patient experiments in an old-world garden!

Who hasn't been amazed at his years of devoted work—at the strange secrets of plant heredity he finally gave the world!

But just as wonderful is the modern sequel to this pioneering work—the way that Mendel's discoveries are being used today, to bring us better, finer-flavored foods.

"Rogues" not wanted here! Even the purest seed will sometimes produce a "rogue" or "sport". On every Del Monte seed farm, trained crews carefully check over each field, and eliminate every off-variety plant. A final precaution to keep Del Monte pea seed even and true to type.

If you could visit, for instance, one of the many DEL MONTE "trial seed gardens" this summer, you would find the same scientific vision, the same endless care—all focused on a better, more tasty can of peas.

Here, for instance, is a group of specialists in seed culture, experimenting with a score of different pea varieties — training each vine over specially designed frames — studying the growing habits, speed of ripening, tenderness and flavor of each individual variety.

Here is another group, busy "crossing" the selected strains—seeking, through Mendel's law of plant heredity, to introduce even finer flavor, even more pleasing shape and color.

Over a hundred seed farms

And finally, over a hundred seed farms—in all, over 5 square miles of land—devoted to the one job of seed *growing!* Here the selected strains are multiplied for actual use —grown true to type for the coming season's plantings. Each pound of seed is sorted by hand—packed ready for use on DEL MONTE'S own farms or by the many independent growers who help to supply the peas DEL MONTE needs.

And all this work, remember — this seemingly needless care—to give DEL MONTE a better *start* toward finer canned pea quality!

When it comes to canning, DEL MONTE is just as particular!

Speed is essential to getting *fresh* pea flavor in the can. So DEL MONTE harvests, shells and cleans its peas by machinery—far more rapidly and efficiently than human hands could do these jobs. Similarly, an ingenious automatic device measures the peas into DEL MONTE cans. Another remarkable mechanism caps and seals the cans with amazing speed—and they are taken at once to great steel retorts for cooking.

Finally—thoroughly clean and free from broken pieces—cooked to tempting perfection in scientifically regulated retort ovens —DEL MONTE Peas come to your table, a product fully up to the high quality level DEL MONTE sets for every food it cans!

Even then, DEL MONTE goes one step farther. Departing from old traditions in *grading* peas, in which just one grade or size was packed in each can—DEL MONTE now takes its cue from Nature. In each can of this new pack, DEL MONTE Early Garden Sugar Peas, you'll find all but the largest and smallest sizes, blended as you find them in the pod—a *blended* flavor that rivals Nature itself. We predict you'll call them the finest canned peas you've ever tasted.

And DEL MONTE Peas are just one example of the skill, experience and care behind every DEL MONTE Product.

Under this dependable label you will find also, the finest of asparagus, corn, spinach, tomatoes and other vegetables; besides a wide line of fruits, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, raisins, dried fruit and other foods—each packed with the extra attention to details which makes every DEL MONTE Food so uniformly good—so welcome on your table!

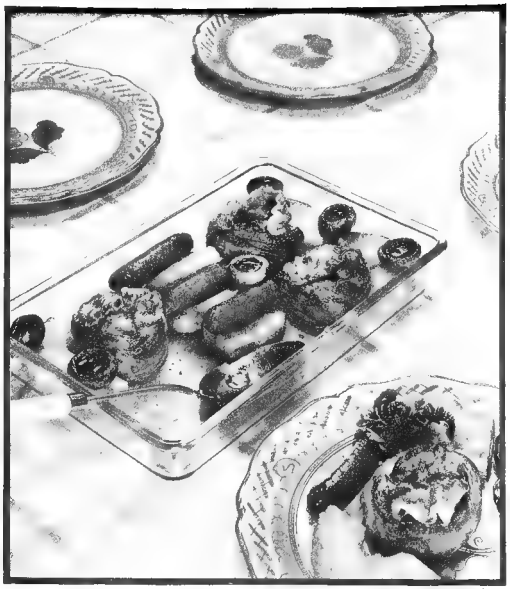
No matter what your canned food needs —how high your ideals of quality—you can find no surer guide than this well-known label—no better assurance of satisfaction than to specify DEL MONTE—every time you buy!

A New Recipe—Every Day for the Next 9 Months!

You'll find, in the DEL MONTE recipe collection, over 260 suggestions for tasty fruit salads and desserts, main course dishes and many other treats—a new dish for every day in the next nine months! All practical and economical—a real help toward better meals. May we send this handy assortment—free! Write now — while you remember. Address Dept. 535, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

IT PAYS TO INSIST
IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY



THE BUSY HOSTESS WILL WELCOME THIS CONVENIENT WAY OF PREPARING THE MAIN COURSE OF A DINNER

Photo by Seagle-Hoak

MIXED GRILLS

The one-dish meal that is easily prepared

By ADA BESSIE SWANN

PERHAPS one of the most popular dishes at clubs and hotels frequented by men is the mixed grill. Yet this much-liked meal is seldom served at home because of a notion that it is difficult to prepare.

In our kitchen, with a long, shallow pan which we have called a grill-pan, and the broiler-oven of a gas-range equipped with an oven heat-regulator, we have worked out several very delicious grill-dinner combinations, any one of which requires only 30 to 40 minutes' actual cooking-time.

Strictly speaking, all foods served for a mixed-grill dinner should be broiled, for grilling is only another name for broiling. Sometimes vegetables cooked in other ways are included, but our method embraces the grilling of the vegetables and the cooking of an acid fruit in the grill-pan with the meat or fish (for one of the grill dinners is a mixed-seafood platter). This means that the vegetables are either precooked for 10 minutes or are left-overs from the day before, and are of the variety that can be sautéed. This includes such vegetables as white and sweet potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips, Summer squash, eggplant, tomatoes, and cucumbers, in fact all vegetables with the exception of green ones.

The mixed grill is an individual service. The plates should be hot, and the food served directly from the grill-pan onto the individual plate. Serving the dinner thus, table-service is simplified, the after-dinner task of dish-washing is lessened, and the grill dinner becomes a time-saver from start to finish.

In planning the menu we must remember that the mixed grill is rich in meat fat and that the vegetables do not include the greens which we have learned the body needs. And so we plan the other foods on the menu accordingly.

Lamb-Chop Grill

AS THE lamb chop grill is the most popular, we will take a menu including it, and prepare the meal step by step, referring to other grill combinations later, for when we have the correct method for one we can easily make up numerous other combinations.

Grapefruit Supreme
Lamb-Chops Bacon Pork Sausages
Tomatoes Mushrooms Sweet Potatoes
Salad-Greens
Peach Shortcake or Coffee Sponge

Grapefruit Supreme

PEEL the grapefruit, remove the membrane from the sections, cut in small pieces, or use canned grapefruit. Put into sherbet-glasses, add sugar to taste, and chill. Garnish with maraschino cherries and a little of the maraschino-juice.

Grilled Main Course

4 Lamb-chops
4 Pork Sausages
4 Strips Bacon
2 Large Boiled Sweet Potatoes
4 Slices Canned Pineapple
¼ Pound Fresh Mushrooms
2 Large Tomatoes

TO COOK the main course all at one time, the grill-pan, a large, shallow pan about 1 inch deep by 11 inches wide by 14 or 15 inches long, is used. The chops should be brushed on both sides with French dressing and allowed to stand for at least an hour in the refrigerator or spread with prepared mustard before cooking.

Now as to the actual cooking: First the chops are placed across the pan in such a position that they will be directly under the flame of the gas-burner. Place the grill-pan with the chops, which have been rubbed with French dressing or mustard, under the broiler-burner to sear in a hot oven (425 degrees F.). This will take 5 minutes. Turn the chops to sear the other side, which will also require 5 minutes. Then remove the grill-pan with the chops from the broiler-oven and place in it the sweet potatoes, cut in slices about ¼ inch thick, the sausages, pineapple, bacon, mushrooms, and tomatoes, sliced the same thickness as the potatoes.

Mushroom-caps should be marinated in French dressing before cooking; it helps to preserve the color.

Make a paste with 4 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter to spread on the sweet potatoes. This helps them to brown and gives a sort of candied sweet potato. Over the foods in the grill-pan sprinkle pepper, salt, and paprika. Place the mushroom-caps, with the cap side up, and with a bit of butter in each cap, anywhere in the grill-pan—in the corners or around the chops.

Place the grill-pan on the tray of the broiler-pan about 2 inches from the gas-burner, turning the broiler-burner down to what would be a moderate oven (350 degrees F.), and finish cooking the foods for 20 minutes, basting once or twice with the gravy in the pan.

If your family likes a very well-done chop allow the food to cook for 5 minutes longer, watching the bacon and sausage meat, turning them occasionally to prevent burning.

When done, remove from the broiler-oven and serve hot from the grill-pan onto the individual dinner-plate, giving each person a portion of all foods cooked, garnished with parsley or watercress.

If you like gravy with this, you may cream a teaspoonful of butter with a teaspoonful of flour and stir it into the gravy in the pan, which already has a delicious flavor, due to the combination of the browned chops, bacon, sausages, pineapple, tomatoes, and mushrooms.

Salad Greens

A GREEN salad, combined at the table, should be served with this dinner. Take a salad-bowl and rub with a bit of clove of garlic or onion, then line the bowl with crisp lettuce-leaves, and arrange in this thinly sliced cucumber, pepper, and onion rings. Garnish with radishes, and over all pour French dressing. Let stand for a few minutes to marinate, then serve. A commercial dressing may be used or the French dressing, made by putting 1 teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful of sugar, ½ teaspoonful of mustard, ¼ teaspoonful of paprika, ¾ cupful of salad-oil, and ¼ cupful of vinegar or lemon-juice into a bottle or cruet and shaking well.

Peach Shortcake

2 Cupfuls Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
4 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
¾ Cupful Milk or Water
1 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Can Sliced Peaches

SIFT together all the dry ingredients. Cut in the shortening with two knives. Add the milk or water gradually, making a soft dough. Toss onto a slightly floured board, roll out to 1-inch thickness, cut with a biscuit-cutter, and bake in a quick oven (450 degrees F.) for 15 minutes. Or spread out over the bottom of the pan 1 inch deep, and bake as a large cake, split in half before using, with both halves crust down. Two thinner cakes laid one on the other in the same pan can be used. Brush or dot the lower one with butter before placing the second.

The biscuit part of the shortcake was baked while the chops were cooking, and then kept warm by placing on top of the oven and covering with a clean, folded towel.

We tried a little different method of putting the dough onto the pan, which eliminates the necessity of splitting each biscuit and buttering it before the sliced peaches are put between. When biscuit dough was rolled out and cut with the biscuit-cutter, one biscuit was placed on the pan, then spread with melted butter, and a second biscuit was placed on top; then the pan of double biscuits was placed in the oven to bake at 400 degrees F. for 15 to 25 minutes. They rose and browned nicely, and when ready to be made into peach shortcake separated easily so that sliced peaches could be placed between and on top.

Other Grill Combinations

WE HAVE given only one grill combination. You can think of others, I am sure, such as chopped Hamburger steak, veal-chop with kidney, and the pride of many restaurants, the filet mignon. Then there is also a fish-grill, including grilled oysters and clams, deviled crab-meat and bacon. Any vegetable that is usually sautéd may be included in the grill-pan.

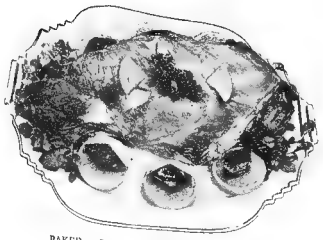
Fruits, such as apples, bananas, pineapple, and sometimes apricots and peaches, are cooked in grill combination, because the fruit acid helps greatly in the digestion of the food and adds an unusual flavor to the meal.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

CHOOSING THE GARNISH

Ways to give contrast in texture, flavor, and color to your foods

By ELLEN DUKE



BAKED ORANGE-CIRCLES WITH MINT JELLY GARNISH ROAST LAMB WITH NEW FLAVOR

THE secret of serving three good meals a day without undue worry lies in understanding the principles of menu-planning, good cookery, and attractive garnishing. So much has been written about how to plan menus and how to cook that it might be well to write a bit about how to add attractiveness to our food when it is served.

In planning our garnishes the main thing to remember is that contrast in color, texture, and flavor is necessary for good food. For example, we all like the contrast between the crisp, crunchy quality of nuts and the creamy texture of ice-cream. And tart and mint jellies add greatly to our enjoyment of savory meats.

It might be a good idea to set aside one shelf in your pantry that you will call your "Garnish Shelf." You might arrange it in sections, labeled "Garnishes for Meats," "Garnishes for Salads," "Garnishes for Desserts," and "Miscellaneous." Or use whatever plan seems most logical to you; but remember that to be really attractive and appetizing all garnishes should be edible.

Garnishes for Meats

SINCE meat is generally the main course of the meal, we might begin by considering some of its edible accompaniments. We want to select those garnishes which are complementary in flavor and which have sufficient color-contrast to be pleasing in appearance.

Lamb, which is a delicate meat, highly prized by epicures, needs an accompaniment which is both acid and piquant. This accounts for the well-deserved popularity of mint sauce with roast lamb. A new and pleasing change for a roast-lamb garnish is to serve it with watercress and circles of baked oranges topped with mint jelly. You will find the color-contrast as well as the flavor-combination of mint jelly on orange-circles very delightful. And any tart jelly may be substituted for topping the orange if you do not like the flavor of mint.

Circles of pineapple, delicately browned, a familiar accompaniment for broiled lamb-chops, become even more pleasing in both flavor and appearance when a spoonful of tart jelly, such as currant or grape, is placed in the center of the sautéd fruit. And served with watercress or parsley the dish becomes worthy of your nicest dinner-parties. A quite different color- and flavor-contrast is achieved by a garnish of capers or slices of sautéd tomato. Bacon-curls and sautéd apricots furnish other ways of varying the usual lamb-dish. And spreading with mustard before broiling gives a delicious new flavor to lamb- or mutton-chops.

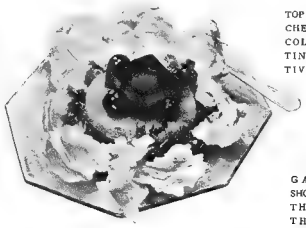
Spiced Raisins for Roast Beef

BEEF is one of the most versatile of meats, and the ways of serving it are legion. Boiled beef with horseradish sauce is an English combination which appeals to many men. Roast beef is especially flavorful when served with spiced raisins, tomato piccalilli, cole-slaw, pepper hash, or mustard pickle, besides the very good bottled sauces which the grocer offers to enhance the flavor of the beef.

Pork is chiefly a Winter meat, which should always be served with an acid accompaniment, such as cinnamon apples, cranberry sauce, or a combination apple and cranberry sauce, which is unusual and delicious enough to prepare and store in jars. A light sprinkling of cinnamon before roasting gives a new zest to a roast of pork.

Ham, which is a company dish, may be boiled in ginger ale, grape-juice, or cider, cooled, stuck with cloves, sprinkled with brown sugar, baked and served whole, garnished with parsley and baked orange-circles, and topped with spiced raisins.

Thin slices of cold ham, browned lightly and arranged on a platter, with slices of cold chicken, currant jelly, and parsley, make an excellent cold luncheon or buffet supper-dish.



TOP SALAD WITH CHEESE-BALLS IN COLORED GELATIN FOR EFFECTIVE GARNISH

GARNISHES SHOULD ENHANCE THE COLOR OF THE DESSERT

Glass, courtesy Sears Roebuck

Lighter Relishes for Chicken

CHICKEN is a delicate meat which is best suited to the lighter relishes—tart jellies, conserves, and sweet pickled peaches. An effective means of serving broiled chicken (which avoids carving) is the plate-service with a portion of broiled chicken, a cube of grape jelly or gooseberry conserve, a few asparagus-tips, and sprigs of parsley, not forgetting a dash of paprika on the golden brown of the chicken.

Garnishes for Salads

UNLIMITED opportunities for originality in combinations and color effects are possible in the making and serving of salads. The clever person who uses ingenuity in combining salad ingredients and garnishes can achieve effects which are interesting and different and yet not overelaborate.

Romaine, endive, lettuce, tender cabbage-leaves, watercress, and celery-tips may be used to vary the salad foundation. Mayonnaise and French are the dressings most used. In fact, mayonnaise will be one of the most popular jars on your "Garnish Shelf," since it is used as the basis for so many variations. By adding chilli sauce you have a good Russian dressing. Chopped olives, onions, and pimiento added to Russian dressing make thousand-island dressing; and thinning the mayonnaise with cream or fruit-juice gives a delightful dressing for fruit salad.

Grated or soft cheese makes amusing apple-balls, with a clove for a stem, and a bit of watercress for a leaf, and a blush of paprika for color. Several of these in a bed of shredded lettuce with mayonnaise make an appetizing salad when it seems that there is little in the house to make salad from.

Yellow or cream-cheese balls molded in cubes of flavored gelatin, and colored to suit your color-scheme, make a nice party salad decoration to top a fruit foundation.

Nut-meats, a dash of paprika, capers, strips of green pepper or pimiento, red or green cherries, tiny cream cheese-balls, finely chopped, or sprigs of parsley or watercress are effective salad garnishes.

Garnishes for Desserts

DESSERT is the climax of the meal, and should be planned in relation to the amount and type of food which has been served in the previous courses.

Perhaps it is easier to create good desserts than to prepare any other part of the meal. Certainly it seems that the ends of the earth have been searched to place within easy reach of the dessert-maker the choicest delicacies. To bring out a contrast in texture and color in simple basic gelatin or custard desserts or rice and bread puddings the housekeeper has unlimited resources at her command on the grocer's shelves. Toasted coconut, red or green cherries, walnuts, almonds, pecans, maple, chocolate, butter-scotch, or mint sauce, candied cherries, ginger, pineapple, mint-leaves, marshmallows, or raisins add to both appearance and flavor.

Sandwiches

PARTIES are festive occasions, and sandwiches for a party become much more interesting if cleverly garnished. Nothing is easier to do, and nothing looks more complicated. The bread, without crusts, should be cut into tiny triangles, diamonds, and squares, or if you prefer, cut in fancy shapes with the small cooky-cutters.

Cream cheese, mayonnaise, or creamed butter, seasoned with a small amount of lemon-juice or anchovy-paste, is first spread on the bread. Strips of anchovies, pimiento, green peppers, canned peaches, circles of hard-boiled egg, stuffed olives, nuts, colored chopped beets, chopped parsley, and capers, separately or in combination, are used to make flavorful and amusing garnishes.

OPEN PARTY-SANDWICHES OFFER THE PERSON WITH ORIGINALITY SCOPE FOR HER TALENTS

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Rudy VALLEE says . . .

"PUT YOURSELF ACROSS"

America has lost her heart to him—this charming youth who thrills millions with his crooning voice so full of magnetism, pathos, life. What has he that others envy? Is it merely added energy, added physical "drive"?

"For that subtle 'added ounce' of energy I follow the simple advice of great physicians"

"How you feel has a lot to do with how people feel *about* you," says Rudy Vallée.

"Lots of folks handicap themselves by getting run-down—sluggish and out of order physically. Naturally they can't 'put themselves across.' They are *half sick.*

"When I was rehearsing for the Fleischmann Radio Hour I heard so much about yeast that I decided to try it. I was under a terrific strain—playing, singing, rehearsing, planning my talking, singing picture 'The Vagabond Lover.' Well, what the famous physicians say about yeast certainly worked out in my case. It gave me just that 'added ounce' of energy I needed to keep fresh and 'on my toes.'"

A remarkable *food*, Fleischmann's Yeast brings you quick new energy by purifying and stimulating your whole digestive tract. Elimination becomes regular, *complete*. Appetite and digestion improve. Complexion troubles disappear.

Start today! You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

EAT THREE CAKES *of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, just plain or dissolved in water. Every cake now contains two vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D.*

© 1930, Standard Brands Inc.

PARTIES! PARTIES!

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

A GOOD DANCER SHOULD BE UNCONSCIOUS OF HER FEET. PLASTER PREPAREDNESS MAKES THEM SO COMFORTABLE THAT THIS PASTIME BECOMES AN UNALLOYED PLEASURE

HELEN was just putting down the receiver when I entered the room.

"Wouldn't you know," she complained, "that I would get a bid to a bridge-party when my hands are in their present pitiable condition! Trimming the Christmas tree and then failing to keep my appointment with the manicurist, and with no time to make another, means that I will have to spend what time is left in fixing my nails myself, and I never could do my right hand properly."

"Cheer up, my dear," I replied. "I'll fix them for you. But why the rush?"

"Well, you see, Mildred has gotten up an impromptu bridge-party for me to meet her brother's roommate, who is visiting them for a few days. I must be a shining addition as to finger-nails if I am to play bridge this afternoon."

This was the first opportunity I had had to use the compact little manicure set I had found at my place at the breakfast-table on Christmas morning. I applied the cuticle-remover around the nails of Helen's freshly scrubbed hands. Gently I wiped off the loosened skin, and tenderly pushed back the cuticle with a cotton-covered orange-wood stick until every moon was visible. Then, after she scrubbed her hands again with a nail-brush and soapy water, I polished her nails with paste, and followed that with powder polish to give them a more brilliant gloss.

She was quite pleased with the effect, and watched me carefully as I applied the new perfumed liquid polish only on the pink parts of the nails. She remarked that she had never had them completely polished before adding the liquid. I told her that the finished result was well worth the time, as the polish would remain several days longer. Then I brought out a jar of vanishing cream and told her to rub a wee bit of it into the backs of her hands after she had finished dressing.

She was so grateful that she gave me a hug and kiss, saying, "You know, my dear Miss Ashley, I think I shall learn to 'do' my nails myself after this, for they never have looked so well. Why, the skin looks like velvet!"

I can not refrain from telling you about the daughter of a school friend of mine. I happened to be visiting my friend the evening her daughter was preparing for a school dance. We were delighted with the effect of the new party-frock and the attractive slippers bought and dyed to match the charming frock. But I was amazed a few minutes afterward, on entering her room with a box of flowers that had just arrived, to find my young friend, with slippers and stockings lying beside her on the floor, cutting curious shapes from some white material, several of which had already been applied to her feet.

"Whatever are you doing, my dear? I thought you were all ready for the party."

"This is a stunt a friend of mine taught me, and now all the girls in my class do it. You see," she went on to explain, "when one is invited to a dance and wears new slippers for the first time, blisters and rubbed places usually result before the evening is over. Why, the first school dance left me crippled for two days. I danced every dance and felt, before the evening was half over, as tho my feet were round on the bottom instead of flat. I was literally hobbling when I went to collect my wraps.

"My chum came in as I sat on the couch in the dressing-room, moaning about my feet, and wondering how I was ever to take another step. She came over and comforted me by saying she would tell me what to do before the next dance, so that I'd be as free from foot trouble as she appeared to be. She advised me to wear the new slippers for half an hour or so before leaving home; then to remove the slippers and stockings, and note where the feet appeared to be rubbed.

"Moleskin plaster," she said, "could be purchased at most drug-stores. It comes cut in squares, covered with a thin gauze. It should be cut in pieces large enough to completely cover the reddened areas. The gauze is then removed, and the plaster gently but firmly held in place until it adheres perfectly. Each toe that feels tender should be plastered as well as the heels, especially where new and stiff counters are sure to rub blisters unless they fit perfectly, and a generous-sized piece of plaster should be placed on the ball of each foot."

Corn- and bunion-plasters may be purchased for those who have neglected to protect their feet in early youth. You will never know you have feet—you will be so utterly unconscious of them—when treated in this manner. When you return after a dance and they seem fevered and swollen, massage them with a cooling, soothing foot-lotion.

I have also found that a good hand-lotion will cool and soothe overworked feet and keep the skin soft. This same hand-lotion will keep the skin of the legs soft and prevent chapping and roughness during the Winter, even when they are clothed only in the diaphanous silken hose decreed by fashion. Curious as it may seem, hand-lotion rubbed into the skin of the legs will help to mitigate the wintry blasts.

Young folks bubble up and seem to need no other stimulant than an invitation to a party to spur them on, no matter how weary, but it is frequently otherwise with the older generation. At the end of a strenuous day those over thirty face the preparations for an evening engagement without that resilient enthusiasm that seems a part of youth. It is a question of—whether the utter relaxation of a nap will suffice, or whether a hot or a cold shower will spur the tired body onward to appear at its best in a short period of time. I have found that a few minutes' lying flat on the hard surface of the floor will cause the blood to flow freely and swiftly throughout the body and relieve congestion in any particular portion of it. Five minutes spent thus will frequently relieve a headache and tired feet. If there is still time a tub-bath or shower, either hot or cold, according to your reactions, will soon make you look like another person.

THEN comes the beauty-treatment for the face. The circulation must be stimulated. There are several rejuvenating treatments that will obliterate the leaden line that all beauty fears and dreads. A young person will find that cleansing the skin thoroughly, followed by briskly patting into it a nourishing skin-food, will suffice to bring the blood coursing through the veins. Those who are older and whose circulation is more sluggish should use one of the stimulating circulation-preparations—one that will, in a few minutes, bring the blood so quickly to the surface of the skin that rouge will seem utterly unnecessary.

This type of preparation (there are liquids as well as creams that will do the trick) should be removed with tissues in two or three minutes, followed by a generous application of a rich, nourishing cream. Allow the cream to remain on the skin while choosing clothes, donning undergarments, and setting the hair in the way it should go. Now the cream should be removed with soft tissues, and the entire surface of the face and throat patted with an astringent lotion to cut the grease and close the pores.

There is an excellent new preparation on the market that will cleanse the skin, close the pores, and leave a splendid base for powder. Powder-foundation may take the form of vanishing cream, lotion, or liquid powder. There is a well-known cream in liquid form that gives the skin a wonderful velvety appearance. In fact many women use it instead of powder, so remarkable is its effect on the face, arms, shoulders and neck. It is now made up in various tones to match even tanned skin.

The perfectly made-up person to-day should appear free of cosmetics, so closely should rouge and powder blend with nature's tones. Pat your cheeks until they glow. This warm flush should be used as a guide in selecting cream or compact rouge, and the lipstick, of course, should be of the same general tone. Eye-shadows and mascara should be used with great discretion.

To be confident that you are looking your best, make use of the suggestions found in the free leaflet "Party Aids." When writing for this leaflet enclose a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th St., New York City.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

For the new styles . . backs must be dazzlingly white!

Women have long found Jergens Lotion wonderful for their hands. Now they are using it to give arms, back, neck, shoulders the same dazzling whiteness and velvety softness.

Jergens Lotion

Sun-tan is out until summer sports return!

For the new styles—back, arms, neck, shoulders must be as smooth, as dazzlingly white, as if bathing suits had never been invented.

Because of its wonderful help in keeping their hands smooth and white—thousands of women have begun to use Jergens Lotion as a regular accessory of the bath, to give their arms, back, neck, shoulders the lovely smoothness, the gleaming whiteness, that are beautiful and necessary with evening dress.

Jergens Lotion should be used right after the bath while the skin is still moist and glowing from vigorous toweling. Apply it freely to neck, arms, back, shoulders, rubbing it well into the skin, and see how it takes away the brown marks left by summer tan, how it whitens the skin and gives it a lovely velvety texture.

Two famous skin restoratives, long used in medicine, give Jergens Lotion wonderful power to soothe and whiten the skin. Use it to keep your hands smooth and soft all winter! It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it at once. Get a bottle today, and learn how wonderful it is for overcoming the roughness and harshness caused by winter weather. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE . . A new trial bottle . . a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2301 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Rip Van Winkles

© 1929 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

REMEMBER Washington Irving's lovable, irresponsible Rip Van Winkle? How persistently he tricked himself! Time and again when temptation was too strong and nature too weak, he would lift his glass and say, "I won't count this one".

THERE are many Rip Van Winkles in the world right now—some are weak in self-control; some are sadly behind the times in a matter of vital importance to them. They are the unfortunates among the million diabetics in the United States today.

Old Rip's giant spree put him to sleep for twenty years—but "food sprees" are bringing death to present-day Rip Van Winkles because they lack self-control or lack knowledge as to what insulin can do for them.

Thanks to insulin, a diabetic is not confined nowadays to a scanty, spirit-breaking diet. He can have varied and much more appetizing food than was allowed in the old days. But even now, if he fails to find out what he should eat and drink —or if he fails to be steadfast in obeying orders — he practically commits suicide.

When diabetes attacks, it has come to stay. It rarely gives up. A diabetic has one of two choices, either to put up a cheerful, continuous fight or weakly surrender. Halfway defense spells defeat. But a courageous, unyielding fight is almost sure to win.

One great danger is that with the aid of insulin and correct diet, the diabetic feels so much better that he is lulled into a false sense of security. He takes liberties with his diet or neglects to take the insulin as directed. Then, with crushing swiftness, diabetes may claim another victim.

Thousands of diabetics are not even aware of the fact that they are in danger because they have not had a physical examination which would have revealed the presence of this old enemy of mankind and because, also, during most of its course, diabetes is painless.

Of the 20,000 deaths caused by diabetes last year in the United States, 8,000 were of the acute type ending in coma. Yet a world-famous specialist says, "Diabetic coma is always preventable and nearly always curable . . . Many of my patients have actually lived longer than would have been expected of them had they been normal, healthy people".

* * * *

The death rate from diabetes is rising. It can be forced downward. The Metropolitan's booklet, "Diabetes," together with recently published information for physicians and their patients on prevention of diabetic coma, will be mailed free on request.

Ask for Booklet 130-P.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT—ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Child's Bill of Rights

THE ideal to which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America:

That has not been born under proper conditions

That does not live in hygienic surroundings

That ever suffers from undernourishment

That does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection

That does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health

That has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body

That has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within which is the final endowment of every human being

THE MOTHER'S CHILD WELFARE CLUB

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE PRESENT-DAY BABY—HIS HEREDITY

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S Child's Bill of Rights covers practically all one would wish for the present-day baby; hence we shall make some of the statements it contains the subjects of articles for our Mother Club during the coming year.

At the first meeting of the new campaign to study the welfare of the children of the country, which was held at the White House in Washington, D.C., last July, President Hoover spoke with much feeling on this subject, which has always deeply interested him. He stated that questions dealing with education and child welfare "have the widest of social importance that reaches to the roots of democracy itself." Another statement once made by President Hoover is that "the race moves forward on the health of its children."

Here is the first statement made in The Child's Bill of Rights: "The ideal to which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions." Each child born should have healthy parents who are happily married and who look forward to giving to the world a family of healthy, happy children. Before marriage both the man and the woman should go to the family physician and undergo a thorough physical examination.

A clean bill of health should be the first requisite when contemplating marriage. That each parent has a sound mind in a sound body is one of the baby's rights. Persons having constitutional diseases which may be inherited by their children have no right to marry. Healthy persons wishing to *avoid* parenthood had far better remain single, the object of marriage being to supply the world with the best possible kind of men and women.

Prental care of the baby consists in having the expectant mother put herself in the hands of a skilful physician as soon as she knows of her condition. Not all can afford an obstetrician, but if by self-denial this can be accomplished it is well worth while. When a specialist can not be had the prospective mother should go to the best general practitioner she can find. If even this is beyond her means she should go to the nearest hospital or clinic where such care is given women free, or practically so.

Her food, clothes, fresh air, and exercise should all be carefully regulated by some experienced person. She should never listen to foolish tales told by old women about the horrors of childbirth, or how mothers "mark" babies, etc. Rely on the doctor who is caring for you, or his nurse if he has one. Babies are not "marked," as is usually understood by old-fashioned persons; they may be injured by improper care of the mother or may be undernourished.

"To be born under proper conditions" means that the *right* care was given to the mother before birth as well as at the time of actual birth. Whether the child is to be born at a hospital or at home must be decided by individual conditions.

Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, for our free booklet "Clothing and Other Essentials for the New Baby." It will help you.

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

If your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, and receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, be sure to ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

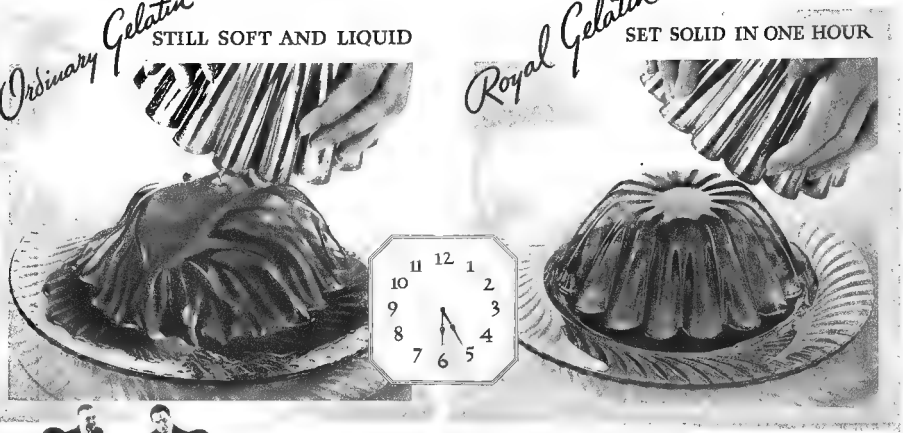
Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

READY NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S

America's *Quickest Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Ordinary Gelatin STILL SOFT AND LIQUID

Royal Gelatin SET SOLID IN ONE HOUR



HAVE you heard the latest news? About the new quick-setting Royal Gelatin Dessert?

We've discovered a new process — that makes Royal Gelatin actually jell in half the usual time. With modern electric refrigeration, or by using cracked ice, the time can be shortened to an hour . . . or less.

Just think what this means to you in the preparation of meals. No more anxious moments waiting for your gelatin to set. It's ready when you want it . . . at dessert time. Tempting and colorful . . . smooth and quivery.

Royal Gelatin flavors are true to the fruits — much more delicious than any gelatin dessert you've ever used before. You can actually taste the difference.

Always fresh on your grocer's shelf

Gelatin dessert, to retain its natural flavor, must be fresh. Royal is always fresh on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by Standard Brands, Inc. nation-wide delivery system.

You get the natural flavor of deep red raspberries . . . of scarlet strawberries . . . golden oranges. The rich juiciness of cherries . . . the sharp tang of lemon.

A muscle builder for your children

Doctors and food experts, you know, recommend gelatin because it's a valuable protein — the muscle-building nourishment needed in daily diet.

For children it's an especially important protein — because it promotes growth and is so easy to digest.

So be generous with Royal Gelatin Dessert. Let your children have all they want. They love its sparkle and color. Serve it frequently — at least once a week.

It's so easy to make. Just dissolve in a cup of boiling water . . . add one cup of finely crushed ice to cool . . . then into the ice box it goes. An hour later it's ready to serve.

But remember . . . one word of caution before you buy. All gelatins are not alike. If you want the quick-setting kind — that tastes like real fruit — ask for Royal Gelatin Dessert, made by the makers of Royal Baking Powder. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

Surprise your family with this delicious dessert tonight. Take a vote on flavor. Note the speed and ease of preparation. Five flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange. In the Red Box — *the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can*

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Go gle

Big things are expected of

Young Champ Clark

Growing up well and strong with this little care so many mothers give

Champ Clark is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark, of Clayton, Missouri. He is named for his famous grandfather and is being brought up just 90 miles from the old homestead in Pike County

IF you're six years old and you have a proud name that turns people mellow and starts them to remembering—undoubtedly you're a lucky little boy. But a lot is going to be expected of you, later on.

Champ Clark's dad was the youngest Colonel in the A.E.F. His grandfather was that fine old figure who spent twenty-five years in Congress and was speaker of the House in two administrations.

Young Champ is the merriest little boy that ever was. Cheerful gaps where first teeth have gone . . . roguish hazel eyes . . . unruly soft brown hair. Interested in everything—his dog, his little twin brothers, the excitements of First Grade. And most of all, "playing outdoors."

He may never make a political speech in his life. (Right now he favors being a "pi-rit.") But he's being brought up with very special care for whatever he may do. If a pirate, he's going to be a hearty, robust one. For his parents are determined that he shall have the very best start possible.

So, unobtrusively, they watch over him—see that his bedtime is regular, his playtime kept free. No conversation about the breakfast growing boys need. Growing boys' idea of zero in conversation! But all his life Champ has had the breakfast that authorities advise.

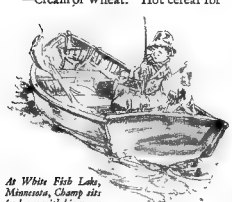
When Champ was a baby, his mother consulted a famous child specialist. She did as he said, and used the *hot, cooked* cereal long considered the children's own —Cream of Wheat. "Hot cereal for breakfast is simply a routine thing with Champ," says Mrs. Clark. "And Cream of Wheat is as staple in our house as bread and butter."

Thousands of other mothers heed this same advice. Pediatricians the country over are giving it. In a recent check up in four great cities —New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Toronto—121 leading child specialists were unanimous in approving Cream of Wheat.

They know how rich it is in energy-giving substance –how easy to digest, since all the harsh part of the grain is removed. "Quicker digestibility than any other cereal in common use," says one noted writer on nutrition.

Give your youngsters this simple little daily care that means so much to their welfare. Start them off regularly with Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.



At White Fish Lake, Minnesota, Champ sits for hours with his eye on his bobber . . . miniature —but a sportsman in the making

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just mail coupon to:

CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. E-38
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here .....

CREAM OF WHEAT

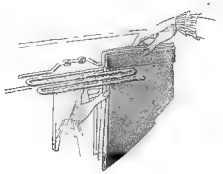
© 1930, C. of W. Corp.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

New-Year Household Resolutions

WHILE you are making your New-year resolutions, don't forget the resolve to get for yourselves those tools which will make housework easier and more interesting throughout the whole year. You don't want to buy all the tools in the market, you understand, only those which apply to your particular needs and those which eliminate unnecessary fatigue, and give you more leisure and more zest for the cultural and recreational side of family life.—N. H. E.

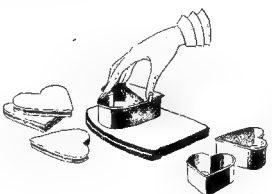
JUST how to always have perfect French dressing ready isn't a question which troubles the housekeeper who owns this good-looking crystal cruet. She pours in oil until it reaches the word "Oil" etched in the glass, then vinegar or lemon-juice and seasoning, gives it a few shakes, and leaves it in the refrigerator, ready to serve when wanted.



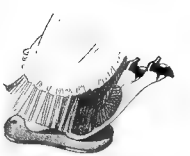
A MAN told me about this master-key opener. He supplies kitchen tools to the chefs of big hotels, who, you can be sure, won't be bothered with worrying about the key the grocer didn't send. Therefore this comfortably large master-key which may be used and reused on all key-cans.

WE ALL agree that well-kept clothes both look better and wear better. The object then is to find all the aids for keeping them as neatly as possible. The rack shown above is a convenient device to take care of trousers or skirts. It holds several and takes up but little space. It may also be used for a necktie-rack.

HOW many times have you been "put out" because either the air or insects had spoiled perfectly good food and it had to be thrown away! More than once, I am sure. The jar shown here is a valuable to the non-waste-ful housekeeper. It takes perfect care of any food you wish to keep air-tight. Particularly good for coffee, tea, and members of the cereal family.



SANDWICHES, cakes, and cookies look much more festive when they are cut with a fancy cutter, and with St. Valentine's day hurrying along, this set of three heart-shaped cutters is almost a necessity.



IF YOU do find it necessary to get down on the floor to remove dirt and grime, then by all means you need this little rubber sponge-pad to soften the job. It is also convenient for gardening.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Original from

THE HOME-MAKER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR 1930

By Grace Viall Gray

IF a new Moses appeared to-day and went into the mountains to bring forth a tablet of stone, there is a possibility that this tablet would be for womankind. For so complicated and complex have housekeeping and home-making become in these strenuous twentieth-century days that unless a woman formulates rules for herself and adheres to them she verily falls beside the roadside.

The commandments upon the tablet would undoubtedly read about as follows:

1. Thou shalt keep thy health so as to enjoy the life that has been given thee.
2. Thou shalt not nag nor complain.
3. Thou shalt not worry about matters which thou canst not change.
4. Thou shalt not clean and dust all the time.
5. Thou shalt love thy husband and children more than thy house and its furnishings.
6. Thou shalt know food values and how to prepare and serve meals.
7. Thou shalt have a hobby and ride it hard.
8. Thou shalt run thy house to please thyself and thy family, and not thy neighbors.
9. Thou shalt have labor-saving devices.
10. Thou shalt not drive the auto from the back seat.

The first commandment, pertaining to woman's health, is very important, for a woman may have a beautiful home, and an enviable position in her community, but if she has not health she is poor and to be pitied. Without health she can not do all that is required of her in these demanding times. It is her most precious possession.

The second commandment, about nagging and complaining, is one that all home-makers should take to heart. Nagging is a habit, and a dreadful one, too. It is easily formed but hard to break. As a child I can remember thinking, "I would rather mother would whip me hard and get over it as quickly as possible than to scold all day long." I think children everywhere feel about the same, and I know that men, who, after all, are just grown-up boys, hate and loathe the nagging habit among their women-folk.

Complaining becomes a habit, just as nagging is. Exchanging symptoms and complaining are disastrous pastimes. It always makes symptoms worse to talk about them. It is contagious, for it gives them to other people by suggestion.

It seldoms pays to worry, so we should obey the third commandment. A fit of anger exhausts itself in a short time, but worry grows. Did you ever notice that you can worry harder and longer on the third or fourth day than on the first day?

As regards the fourth commandment, the women who clean and dust constantly *never* have a clean house, for they are always in an upheaval of cleaning. They can not enjoy their homes, for at the first sign of dust they must get up and start cleaning again.

Never dash cold water on the children's invitations to go to the basket-ball game, the picnic, or the class play because there is dusting and cleaning to do. The children will not remember whether the furniture was spotlessly clean, but they will remember whether mother was a "good sport" or not.

According to the sixth commandment the woman of to-day who does not know food values, who is feeding her family carelessly and thoughtlessly, may be sure the handwriting on her wall reads, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"Thou shalt have a hobby and ride it hard"; so says the seventh commandment.

Every husband likes to see his wife interested in something besides the home. Of course, she must see that it never interferes materially with the neatness and order of the home.

Every woman is a better home-maker, a better wife and mother if she has some interest apart from her daily duties.

And as to the eighth commandment.

If we were all just a little braver about the way we live, the things we do, and the way we spend our money, we might have happier homes and a happier home life.

Every home-maker is justified in having any utensil or device that will help her in her home-making, is the meaning of the ninth commandment. She may say, "But so many of our labor-saving devices are so expensive. I just can not afford them." True, many of our best labor-savers are expensive. As the first cost is large, we figure that they are too expensive for us to buy. But as most of these expensive devices pay in the long run, and last for many years, we should look beyond the original cost.

Women's backs are precious and expensive too, so anything on the market that will save these valuable backs is well worth its price.

A power washing-machine, an ironer, a vacuum cleaner, an electric sewing-machine, and mops that wring themselves are all worthy of a place in the modern home.

5 ways to use "Star" Ham leftovers

and a dinner menu for each

★

STAR HAM HASH
AND POACHED EGGS
BUTTERED CUBED WHITE TURNIPS
ROMAINE AND
SLICED TOMATO SALAD
BOILED DRESSING
ORANGE TAPIOCA CUSTARD
COFFEE

★

STAR HAM OMELET
SPANISH SPAGHETTI
LETTUCE SALAD FRENCH DRESSING
GREEN APPLE PIE
COFFEE

★

CLEAR SOUP
CREAMED STAR HAM PATTIES
FRENCH-FRIED POTATOES
BUTTERED CARROTS AND PEAS
GRAPEFRUIT SALAD
CREAM PUFFS COFFEE

★

(OVEN DINNER)
STAR HAM AU GRATIN
DUCHESS POTATOES
BUTTERED ONIONS BEET SALAD
COTTAGE PUDDING WITH
LEMON SAUCE
COFFEE

★

STAR HAM
CROQUETTES AND ASPARAGUS
CREAMED POTATOES
GRATED CARROT AND
PINEAPPLE SALAD
CHOCOLATE
MARSHMALLOW ROLL
COFFEE

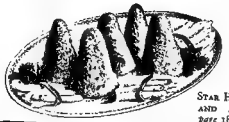
★

THE TEST of ham is the way it tastes in leftovers. And that is just the test where Star Ham always displays its famous flavor and tenderness.

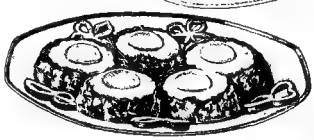
The finest ham is chosen for the Star label. And since the formula for curing this tender meat is so exact, and the method of controlling heat and savory smoke so correct, every pound of Star Ham comes to you complete in the flavor that has made it famous.

Buy a whole Star Ham today. Look for the words "Armour's Star" on the wrapper and branded on the ham itself. Mail the coupon for a free copy of "60 *Ways to Serve Ham.*" The recipes show how to use all of a Star Ham economically.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
Chicago
Armour and Company, Limited
London, England



STAR HAM CROQUETTES AND ASPARAGUS. *See page 18 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



STAR HAM HASH AND POACHED EGGS. *See page 23 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

60 Ways to Serve Ham

★ Full directions for the Star Ham dishes in the menus in this advertisement are found in "60 *Ways to Serve Ham.*" Mail coupon for a free copy.
Dept. F-1, Div. Food Economics
Armour and Company, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me a free copy of "60 *Ways to Serve Ham.*"

Name_____

Address_____

LISTEN TO *the Armour Hour every Friday night over 36 stations associated with the* N. B. C. *Eastern Standard Time* 10.30 P. M. - 11 P. M.

"STAR" BACON ★ "CLOVERBLOOM" EGGS AND BUTTER ★ "STAR" LARD

TRY THIS. Put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a cup, then pour in hot—*not boiled*—milk. Now stir, and add a little sugar. You'll want to taste this drink, yourself—but first, give it to a child!

You'll see that child's face light up at the "grown-up" appearance of this new treat. Then you'll hear a sigh of satisfaction . . . Instant Postum made with milk has a flavor all its own, and children love it!—even those who don't like "plain" milk. But there is more to this meal-time drink than good flavor. It has all the wonderful qualities of milk *plus* the wholesomeness of whole wheat and bran from which Postum is made!

Instant Postum contains none of the harmful stimulants that make many mealtime drinks unsuitable for children. It is *safe*. Doctors, dietitians, and teachers recommend Instant Postum made with milk. Let your children have it—and try Postum yourself! Make it your mealtime drink and avoid the sleeplessness and nervousness that are so often caused by caffein. Millions of people who know Postum, will tell you it means better health!

Instant Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer, today—or we will send you, as a start, one week's supply, free.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—P. R.1-30

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ (Check which you prefer)
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms, Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Trade [illegible] Products

Go.gle

FOUR SUSPECTS

Continued from Page 23

turned out to be the most unlikely person just like in detective stories. But the real person it was life and death to was poor Mrs. Arthur, who had done nothing. That's what you mean, isn't it, Sir Henry?"

"Yes, Miss Marple, you've hit off my meaning exactly. Your charwoman person was lucky in the instance you relate—her innocence was shown. But some people may go through a lifetime crushed by the weight of a suspicion that is really unjustified."

"Are you thinking of some particular instance, Sir Henry?" asked Mrs. Bantry shrewdly.

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Bantry, I am. A very curious case. A case where we believe murder to have been committed, but with no possible chance of ever proving it."

"Poison, I suppose," breathed Jane. "Something untraceable."

DR. LLOYD moved restlessly, and Sir Henry shook his head.

"No, dear lady, *not* the secret arrow-poison of the South-American Indians! I wish it *were* something of that kind. We have to deal with something much more prosaic—so prosaic, in fact, that there is no hope of bringing the deed home to its perpetrator. An old gentleman who fell down-stairs and broke his neck. One of those regrettable accidents which happen every day."

"But what happened really?"

"Who can say?" Sir Henry shrugged his shoulders. "A push from behind? A piece of cotton or string tied across the top of the stairs and carefully removed afterward? That we shall never know."

"But you do think that it—well, wasn't an accident? Now, why?" asked the doctor.

"That's rather a long story, but—well, yes, we're pretty sure. As I said, there's no chance of being able to bring the deed home to any one—the evidence would be too flimsy. But there's the other aspect of the case, the one I was speaking about. You see, there were four people who might have done the trick. One's guilty, *but the other three are innocent.* And unless the truth is found out those three are going to remain under the terrible shadow of doubt."

"I think," said Mrs. Bantry, "that you'd better tell us your 'long story.'"

"I needn't make it so very long after all," said Sir Henry. "I can at any rate condense the beginning. That deals with a German secret society, the Schwarze Hand, something after the lines of the Camorra, or what is most people's idea of the Camorra. A scheme of blackmail and intimidation. The thing started quite suddenly after the War, and spread to an amazing extent. Numberless people were victimized by it. The authorities were not successful in coping with it, for its secrets were jealously guarded, and it was almost impossible to find any one who could be induced to betray it.

"Nothing much was ever known about it in England, but in Germany it was having a most paralyzing effect. It was finally broken up and dispersed through the efforts of one man, a Dr. Rosen, who had at one time been very prominent in secret-service work. He became a member, penetrated its inmost circle, and was, as I say, instrumental in bringing about its downfall.

"But he was, in consequence, a marked man, and it was deemed wise that he should leave Germany—at any rate for a time. He came to England, and we had letters about him from the police in Berlin. He came and had a personal interview with me. His point of view was both dispassionate and resigned. He had no doubts of what the future held for him.

"'They will get me, Sir Henry,' he said. 'Not a doubt of it.' He was a big man with a fine head, and a very deep voice, with only a slight guttural intonation to tell of his nationality. 'That is a foregone conclusion. It does not matter. I am prepared. I faced the risk when I undertook this business. I have done what I set out to do.

"'The organization can never be got together again. But there are many members of it at liberty, and they will take the only revenge they can—my life. It is simply a question of time, but I am anxious that that time should be as long as possible. You see, I am collecting and editing some very interesting material the result of my life's work. I should like, if possible, to be able to complete my task.'

"He spoke very simply, with a certain grandeur which I could not but admire. I told him we would take all precautions, but he waved my words aside.

"'Some day, sooner or later, they will get me,' he repeated. 'When that day comes do not distress yourself. You will have no doubt, have done all that is possible.'

"He then proceeded to outline his plans, which were simple enough. He proposed to take a small cottage in the country where he could live quietly and go on with his work. In the end he selected a village in Somerset, King's Gnaton, which was seven miles from a railroad-station and singularly untouched by civilization.

"He bought a very charming cottage, had various improvements and alterations made, and settled down there most contentedly. His household consisted of his niece, Greta; Charles Templeton, a secretary; Gertrud, an old German servant who had served him faithfully for nearly forty years, and Dobbs, an outside handy man and gardener, who was a native of King's Gnaton."

"The four suspects," said Dr. Lloyd softly.

"Exactly. The four suspects. There is not much more to tell. Life went on peacefully at King's Gnaton for five months, and then—the blow fell. Dr. Rosen fell down the stairs one morning and was found dead about half an hour later. At the time the accident must have taken place Gertrud was in the kitchen with the door closed and heard nothing (so *she* says). Fräulein Greta was in the garden planting some bulbs (again so *she* says). The gardener, Dobbs, was in the small potting-shed having his elevenses' (so *he* says), and the secretary, Templeton, was out for a walk (not once more there is only *his* own word for it).

"No one has an alibi; no one can corroborate any one else's story. But one thing *is* certain. No one from outside could have done it, for a stranger in the little village of King's Gnaton would be noticed without fail. Both the back and the front doors were locked, each member of the household having his own key. So you see it narrows down to those four. And yet each one seems to be above suspicion. Greta, his own brother's child. Gertrud with forty years of faithful service! Dobbs, who has never been out of King's Gnaton! And Charles Templeton, the secretary——"

"Yes," said Colonel Bantry, "what about him? He seems the suspicious person to my mind. What do you know about him?"

"IT IS what I knew about him that put him completely out of court—at any rate at the time," said Sir Henry gravely. "You see, Charles Templeton was one of my own sons."

"Oh!" said Colonel Bantry, considerably taken aback.

"Yes, I wanted to have some one on the spot; and at the same time I didn't want to cause talk in the village. Rosen really needed a secretary. I put Templeton on the job. He's a gentleman; he speaks German fluently, and he's altogether a very able fellow."

"But then, which do you suspect?" asked Mrs. Bantry in a bewildered tone.

"They all seem so—well, impossible."

"Yes, so it appears. But you can look at the thing from another angle. Fräulein Greta was his niece and a very lovely girl, but the War has shown us time and time again that brother can turn against sister, or father against son, and so on. And the loveliest and gentlest of young girls did some of the most amazing things.

"The same thing applies to Gertrud, and who knows what other forces might be at work in her case? A quarrel,

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

WINTER ISN'T WHAT IT WAS

IT MAY be cold by the calendar, but today we live in warm houses and work in well-heated offices and we just don't need all the heavy, heating, fatty foods we used to eat. Why not put crispness and variety into winter menus by serving a ready-to-eat cereal each morning?

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are just the treat. So crisp they actually crackle in milk or cream. Delicious with fruits or honey. Rice Krispies will help you balance the children's school-day breakfasts. So easy to digest. So good with milk or cream. Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Whole Wheat Krumbles, Kaffee Hag —the caffeine-free coffee.

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! If payed I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $1,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. C. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills, and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME

1894 S. Mint; $30 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 186 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

FREE! How to Make Waxed Pond Lilies

What is so lovely for a table decoration as a delicate white pond lily resting on its rich green leaves? Of course you have seen and admired them. Now you can make them yourself for your home, for favors, for gifts, or to sell. Dennison has prepared simple step-by-step instructions showing just how to make pond lilies of crepe paper, then wax them so that they will hold their beautiful fragile form for months.

Send coupon for instructions

So that you may prove to your complete satisfaction how easily you can make flowers of all kinds by this new method, we will send you directions for making waxed pond lilies *free*. Just mail the coupon.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 2-N
Framingham, Mass.

Please send me free directions for making Waxed Pond Lilies.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City..... State.....

Why not let us include some of these Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose proper amount.

- Crepe Paper Flowers 10c
- Crepe Paper Costumes 10c
- Sealing Wax Craft 10c
- Making Paper Dolls 10c
- Table Decorations 10c
- Crepe Paper Cuttings (Over 100 Designs) 10c
- Children's Parties 10c
- Seasons & Occasions 10c
- Honey Making Parties 10c
- Decorative Hall & Table Arts 10c
- The Party Magazine 25c
- The Party Book $1.00
- Creative Home Crafts $1.00
- Crepe Paper Flower Making $1.00
- Crafts for Home Decoration $1.00
- Courses in Arts and Crafts for Home Decoration $5.00

Dennison-craft

perhaps, with her master, a growing resentment all the more lasting because of the long, faithful years behind her. Elderly women of that class can be amazingly bitter sometimes. And Dobbs? Was he right outside it because he had no connection with the family? Money will do much. In some way Dobbs might have been approached and bought.

"For one thing seems certain—some message or some order must have come from the outside. Otherwise why five months' immunity? No, the agents of the society must have been at work. Not yet sure of Rosen's perfidy, they delayed till the betrayal had been traced to him beyond any possible doubt. And then, all doubts set aside, they must have sent their message to the spy within the gates—the message that said 'Kill.'"

"How nasty!" said Jane Helier, and shuddered.

"But how did the message come? That was the point I tried to elucidate, the one hope of solving my problem. One of those four people must have been approached or communicated with in some way. There would be no delay—I knew that. As soon as the command came it would be carried out. That was a peculiarity of the Schwarze Hand.

"I went into the question, went into it in a way that will probably strike you as being ridiculously meticulous. Who had come to the cottage that morning? I eliminated nobody. Here is the list."

He took an envelop from his pocket, and selected a paper from its contents.

"*The butcher*, bringing some neck of mutton. Investigated and found correct.

"*The grocer's assistant*, bringing a packet of corn-flour, two pounds of sugar, a pound of butter, and a pound of coffee. Also investigated and found correct.

"*The postman*, bringing two circulars for Fräulein Rosen, a local letter for Gertrud, three letters for Dr. Rosen, one with a foreign stamp, and two letters for Mr. Templeton, one also with a foreign stamp."

SIR HENRY paused, and then took a sheaf of documents from the envelop.

"It may interest you to see these for yourself. They were handed me by the various people concerned, or collected from the waste-paper box. I need hardly say they've been tested by experts for invisible ink, et cetera. No excitements of that kind are possible."

Every one crowded round to look. The catalogue was respectably from a nurseryman and from a prominent London fur establishment. The two bills addressed to Dr. Rosen were a local one for seeds for the garden and one from a London jewellery firm. For the letter addressed to him see Letter 1, page 23.

"Mr. Templeton's mail consisted of this bill, which, as you see, is an account rendered from a tailor, and a letter from a friend in Germany," went on Sir Henry. "The latter, unfortunately, he tore up whilst out on his walk. Finally we have the letter received by Gertrud." (See Letter 2, page 23.)

Dr. Lloyd smiled a little over this, and so did Mrs. Bantry.

"I think the last letter can be put out of court," said Dr. Lloyd.

"I thought the same," said Sir Henry. "But I took the precaution of verifying that there was a Mrs. Greene and a church social. One can't be too careful, you know."

"That's what our friend Miss Marple always says," said Dr. Lloyd, smiling. "You're lost in a day-dream, Miss Marple. What are you thinking out?"

Miss Marple gave a start.

"So stupid of me," she said. "I was just wondering why the word 'Honesty' in Dr. Rosen's letter was spelled with a capital H."

Mrs. Bantry picked it up.

"So it is," she said. "Oh!"

"Yes, dear," said Miss Marple. "I thought you'd notice!"

"There's a definite warning in that letter," said Colonel Bantry. "That's the first thing caught my attention. I notice more than you'd think. Yes, a definite warning—against whom?"

"There's rather a curious point about that letter," said Sir Henry. "According to Templeton, Dr. Rosen opened the letter at breakfast and tossed it across to him, saying he didn't know who the fellow was from Adam."

"But it wasn't a fellow," said Jane Helier. "It was signed 'Georgina.'"

"It's difficult to say which it is," said Dr. Lloyd. "It might be 'Georgey,' but it certainly looks more like 'Georgina.' Only it strikes me that the writing is a man's."

"You know, that's interesting," said Colonel Bantry. "His tossing it across the table like that and pretending he knew nothing about it. Wanted to watch somebody's face. Whose face—the girl's? Or the man's?"

"Or even the cook's?" suggested Mrs. Bantry. "She might have been in the room bringing in the breakfast. But what I don't understand is—it's most peculiar——"

SHE frowned over the letter. Miss Marple drew closer to her. Miss Marple's finger went out and touched the sheet of paper. They murmured together.

"But why did the secretary tear up the other letter?" asked Jane Helier suddenly. "It seems—oh, I don't know, it seems queer! Why should he have letters from Germany? Altho, of course, if he's above suspicion, as you say——"

"But Sir Henry didn't say that," said Miss Marple, quickly looking up from her murmured conference with Mrs. Bantry. "He said four suspects—so that shows that he includes Mr. Templeton. I'm right, am I not, Sir Henry?"

"Yes, Miss Marple. I have learned one thing through bitter experience. Never say to yourself that *any one* is above suspicion. I guess you reasons just now why three of these people might after all be guilty, unlikely as it seemed. I did not at that time apply the same process to Charles Templeton. But I came to it at last through pursuing the rule I have just mentioned. And I was forced to recognize this—that every army and every navy and every police force has a certain number of traitors within its ranks, much as we hate to admit the idea. And I examined dispassionately the case against Charles Templeton.

"I asked myself very much the same questions as Miss Helier has just asked. Why should he, alone of all the house, not be able to produce the letter he had received—a letter, moreover, with a German stamp on it? Why should he have letters from Germany?

"The last question was an innocent one, and I naturally put it to him. His reply came simply enough. His mother's sister was married to a German. The letter had been from a German girl cousin. So I learned something I did not know before—that Charles Templeton had relations with people in Germany. And that put him definitely on the list of suspects—very much so. He is my own man, a lad I have always liked and trusted, but in common justice and fairness I must admit that he was on the list.

"But there it is—I do not know. I do not *know*. And in all probability I never shall know. It is not a question of punishing a murderer. It is a question that to me seems a hundred times more important—it is the blighting, perhaps, of an honorable man's whole career because of suspicion—a suspicion that I dare not disregard."

Miss Marple coughed, and said gently:

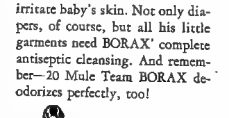
"Then, Sir Henry, if I understand you rightly, it is this young Mr. Templeton only who is so much on your mind?"

"Yes, in a sense. It should, in theory, be the same for all four, but that is not actually the case. Regarding Dobbs, for instance, suspicion may attach to him in my mind, but it will not actually affect his career. Nobody in the village has

Garments that touch a Baby's Skin need Borax

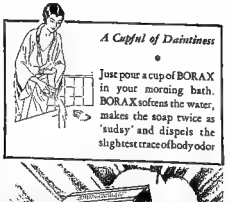
DOES it chafe? Poor baby. Tell mother to put BORAX in the water when she washes 'didies'—for BORAX is a mild but effective antiseptic which destroys the ammonia residue that clings to diapers and makes them chafe.

Just put it in the washing water with a gentle soap. And put it in the rinsing water, too—for 20 Mule Team BORAX also removes the infinitesimal bits of soap itself that so often stick in the cloth and irritate baby's skin. Not only diapers, of course, but all his little garments need BORAX' complete antiseptic cleansing. And remember—20 Mule Team BORAX deodorizes perfectly, too!



A Cupful of Daintiness

Just pour a cup of BORAX in your morning bath. BORAX softens the water, makes the soap twice as 'sudsy' and dispels the slightest trace of body odor



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 316
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send a free copy of your booklet "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name.....

Address.....

Digitized by Google

Copyright 1929 THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A lovely outcast

Pleasant company always passed her by . . . but she never guessed the reason. She didn't know that unsightly teeth are offensive to others. And faithful brushing will never correct this condition—unless you remove the cause of stain, tartar discolouration and decay. Authorities call it Bacterial-Mouth. We all have it, and *only one* dental cream will remove it . . . That's Kolynos.

This new technique quickly makes Teeth Dazzling White

THERE is only one correct way to clean and whiten teeth quickly. That is the method long advocated by dentists and perfected by Kolynos . . . called the Dry-Brush Technique.

But switch to Kolynos and judge for yourself. Use a half-inch on a dry brush twice daily.

You'll quickly discover that teeth marred by stain, tartar and decay, and denuded at their necks by receding gums, are tell-tale signs of carelessness. Teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades in 3 days! Gums will look firmer and pinker. Your mouth will tingle with a delightful, sweet taste.

Unique? Of course! There's nothing like Kolynos. When it enters the mouth it multiplies 25 times and becomes a pleasant tasting, antiseptic foam that permits the Dry-Brush Technique!

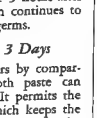
Aided by the dry bristles of the tooth brush this foam gets into and cleans every pit, fissure and crevice like no tooth paste you have ever used.

Ugly tartar is quickly dissolved. Acids are neutralized. Dangerous germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth are killed. *Teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel without injury.* And for 3 hours after each brushing this foam continues to clean teeth and combat germs.

Expect Results in 3 Days

Kolynos wins new users by comparison. No ordinary tooth paste can match its effectiveness. It permits the Dry-Brush Technique which keeps the brush bristles stiff enough to do the work they should do.

Introduce yourself to Kolynos. Start using it with the Dry-Brush Technique and within 3 days you'll understand why Kolynos is so popular. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist or fill in and mail this coupon for a large free tube!



FREE

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 1-PR-67
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name _____

Street & No. _____

State _____

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

ever had any idea that old Dr. Rosen's death was anything but an accident. Gertrud is slightly more affected. It must make, for instance, a difference in Fräulein Rosen's attitude toward her. But that, possibly, is not of great importance to her.

"As for Greta Rosen—well, here we come to the crux of the matter. Greta is a very pretty girl and Charles Templeton is a good-looking young man, and for five months they were thrown together with no outer distractions. The inevitable happened. They fell in love with each other, even if they did not come to the point of admitting the fact in words.

"And then the catastrophe happens. It is three months ago now, and a day or two after I retired Greta Rosen came to see me. She had sold the cottage and was returning to Germany, having finally settled up her uncle's affairs. She came to me personally, altho she knew I had retired, because it was really about a personal matter she wanted to see me. She beat about the bush a little, but at last it all came out. What did I think? That letter with the German stamp—she had worried about it and worried about it—the one Charles had torn up. Was it all right? Surely it *must* be all right? Of course she believed his story, but—oh, but if she only *knew!* If she knew—for certain!

"You see? The same feeling. The wish to trust, but the horrible, lurking suspicion, thrust resolutely to the back of the mind, but persisting nevertheless. I spoke to her with absolute frankness, and asked her to do the same. I asked her whether she had been on the point of caring for Charles and he for her.

"'I think so,' she said. 'Oh, yes, I know it was so. We were so happy—every day passed so contentedly. We knew—we both knew. There was no hurry—there was all the time in the world. Some day he would tell me he loved me, and I should tell him that I too—Ah, but you can guess! And now —it is all changed. A black cloud has come between us; we are constrained; when we meet we do not know what to say. It is, perhaps, the same with him as with me. We are each saying to ourselves, "If I were *sure!*" That is why, Sir Henry, I beg of you to say to me, "You may be sure! Whoever killed your uncle, it was not Charles Templeton." Say it to me—oh, say it to me, I beg—I beg!'

"And darn it all," cried Sir Henry, bringing down his fist with a bang on the table, "I couldn't say it to her. They'll drift further and further apart, those two—with suspicion like a ghost between them—a ghost that can't be laid."

He leaned back in his chair; his face looked tired and gray. He shook his head once or twice despondently.

"And there's nothing more can be done. Unless—" he sat up straight again, and a tiny whimsical smile crossed his face—"unless Miss Marple can help us. Can't you, Miss Marple? I've a feeling, that letter might be in your line, you know. The one about the church social. Doesn't it remind you of something or some one that makes everything perfectly plain? Can't you do something to help two helpless young people who want to be happy?"

Behind the whimsicality there was something earnest in his appeal. He had come to think very highly of the mental powers of this frail, old-fashioned maiden lady. He looked across at her with something very like hope in his eyes.

Miss Marple coughed and smoothed her lace.

"It does remind me a little of Annie Poultny," she admitted. "Of course the letter is perfectly plain—both to Mrs. Bantry and myself. I don't mean the church social letter, but the other one. You living so much in London and not being a gardener, Sir Henry, would not have been likely to notice."

"Eh?" asked Sir Henry. "Notice what?"

Mrs. Bantry reached out a hand and selected a catalog. She opened it, and read aloud with gusto:

"Dr. Helmuth Spath, pure lilac, a wonderfully fine flower, carried on an exceptionally long and stiff stem; splendid for cutting and garden decoration. A novelty of striking beauty. Edgar Jackson, a beautifully shaped chrysanthemum-like flower of a distinct bridal color. Amos Perry, brilliant red, highly decorative. Taingtau, brilliant orange-red, a showy garden plant and lasting cut flower. Honesty——"

"With a capital H, you remember," murmured Miss Marple.

"Honesty, rose and white shades, an enormous perfect-shaped flower."

Mrs. Bantry flung down the catalog, and said with immense, explosive force:

"*Dahlias!*"

"And their initial letters spell 'Death,'" explained Miss Marple.

"But the letter came to Dr. Rosen himself," objected Sir Henry.

"That was the clever part of it," said Miss Marple. "That and the warning in it. What would he do, getting a letter from some one he didn't know, full of names he didn't know? Why, of course, toss it over to his secretary."

"Then—after all——"

"*Oh, no,*" said Miss Marple. "*He* the secretary. Why, that's just what makes it so perfectly clear that it wasn't him. He'd never have let that letter be found if so. And equally he'd never have destroyed a letter to himself with a German stamp on it. Really his innocence is—I you'll allow me to use the word—just *shining.*"

"Then who——?"

"Well, it seems almost certain—as certain as anything can be in this world. There was another person at the breakfast-table, and she would—quite naturally under the circumstances—put out her hand for the letter and read it. And that would be that. You remember that she got a garden-catalog by the same post."

"Greta Rosen," said Sir Henry slowly. "Then her visit to me——"

"Gentlemen never see through these things," said Miss Marple. "And I'm afraid they often think we old women are—well, *cats*—to see things the way we do. But there it is. She does know a great deal about one's own sex, unfortunately. I've no doubt there was a barrier between them—the young man in a sudden inexplicable repulsion. He suspected—purely through instinct and he couldn't hide the suspicion. And I really think that the girl's visit to you was just pure *spite.* She was safe enough really, but she just went out of her way to fix your suspicions definitely on poor Mr. Templeton. You weren't nearly so sure about him until her visit."

"I'm sure it was nothing that she said—" began Sir Henry.

"Gentlemen," interrupted Miss Marple calmly, "never see through these things."

"And that girl—" he stopped. "She commits a cold-blooded murder, and gets off scot-free!"

"Oh, no, Sir Henry," said Miss Marple. "Not scot-free. Neither you nor I believe that. Remember what you said not long ago. No, Greta Rosen will not escape punishment. To begin with, she must be in with a very queer set of people—blackmailers and terrorists—associates who will do her no good, and will probably bring her to a miserable end. As you say, one mustn't waste thoughts on the guilty—it's the innocent who matter.

"Mr. Templeton, who I dare say will marry that German cousin—his tearing up her letter looks—well, it looks *suspicious,* using the word in quite a different sense to the one we've been using of the evening. A little as he'd be wise afraid of his other girl noticing or asking to see it. Yes, I think there must have been some little romance there. And often there's Dobbs—cho, as you say, I dare say it won't much matter to him. His 'elevenses' is probably all he thinks about.

"And then there's that poor old Gertrud, the one who reminded me of Annie Poultny! Poor Annie Poultny! Fifty years' faithful service and suspected of making away with Miss Lamb's will, tho nothing could be proved. Almost broke the poor creature's faithful heart, and then after she was dead it came to light in the secret drawer of the bureau-caddy where old Miss Lamb had put it herself for safety. But too late then for poor Annie.

"That's what worries me so about that

Continued on Page 58

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

DOLLY DINGLE'S LITTLE GUEST

By Grace G. Drayton

Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

THE tide of comment on the letter of happy Mrs. C. A. F. is still flowing in. It taught me that I'm not the only person who appreciates hearing from a contented, happy, optimistic wife and mother. Every one says, "Ask Mrs. C. A. F. to write to us again"; so I am saying, "*Please*, Mrs. C. A. F., we all want to hear from you again."

Here is another letter with a fine spirit back of it;

Dear Marion Lambert: I notice on your page and in other places that so many women are worried because they didn't get an education, so they think they can not keep up with their husbands or their children.

Well, most people in this world didn't have all the advantages of life. I, for one, only got as far as the fourth grade. We had a big family and a sick father. I had to help mother.

Then for eleven years I worked in a factory and a bakery. It was a hard life for a girl, but I didn't go wrong because I had been reared in a Christian home and knew right from wrong. And any one who knows how to read can keep on learning from books.

Finally I married, and I am happy. I take an active part in all social work, because my eleven years' work made me realize how much needs to be done to make conditions better for young people.

I am president of our Parent-Teachers' Association. Think of that, for a woman who only went through the fourth grade—but none of these teachers know that! Even my own children do not realize how little education I have.

Maybe my red hair is the reason for my being so nervy! Anyhow my family are proud of me, and every one says that when I take hold of a thing it goes. And I'm getting a lot more out of life than I would get if I sat down and worried because I wasn't in a position to go to college. Red Head.

Thank you, Mrs. Red Head. We needed a letter like that. Much of the world's work is being done by people who go ahead and do the best they can instead of standing back and worrying because they never had a chance.

Dear Marion Lambert: I wonder if other young mothers are troubled as I am. You see, in our third year of marriage we had a darling little girl. Her father adores her. There's nothing really wrong, and yet—I have a feeling that things aren't quite right. It takes such heaps of time to do all the things that must be done for the modern baby. It is so important that she have her orange-juice, her strained vegetables, her baths, her naps, her out-of-doors. I can not leave her at all.

I'm tired out at night. I can not do a lot of the things I used to do for and with my husband. He seems to miss it. He doesn't complain, but—I miss something. It is hard to explain. Can't you or some of the readers help me? It wouldn't be right to neglect baby for husband, would it? Or is my view-point all wrong? Charlotte.

This is a hard adjustment to make. I think most young mothers meet something of the same experience, and I am sure some of them will write to you. In the meantime I want to say this: Children come and go. They go to school, they go out in the business world, they marry and make new homes.

The husband is the one who will, we hope, stay with you to the end, giving companionship in your later years, standing close beside you when trouble comes. Inevitably and rightly your children grow out of your life as they grow older; inevitably and rightly your husband should grow deeper into it.

Baby *must* have all the things which mean health, of course. But be sure to dress her very simply, to accustom her to playing by herself. And even tho the house isn't quite immaculate, you must take some time to rest, to read, to cultivate a serene mind. Let daddy feel that he is the important one, that your life revolves around him as it always did, that both you and baby are dependent on him for love and care.

You can keep a man feeling important to you, and yet won't lose him. And frequently when baby is asleep in her bed at night, leave her with a trusty girl or woman and go out for a bit of fun. You will worry at first, but be a sport and don't show that you are worrying. Remember, if you allow yourself to grow narrow-minded, eternally tired, behind the times, you will be neither a good mother nor a successful wife.

I wish the editor would give me the whole magazine in which to print the fine, helpful letters which came in for Jerry.

You know she was the discouraged girl who felt that no girl could be popular unless she lowered her ideals. It has been hard to select this one letter, there are so many other good ones.

Dear Marion Lambert: Because a girl has good times is no indication that she "goes the limit," as Jerry so bluntly expresses it. It means rather that she has learned to radiate gaiety, good-fellowship, or whatever happens to be the outstanding charm of her personality. One need not be beautiful if one has style. The popular girl may not be witty, but she has learned to indulge in light-hearted banter, not familiarity.

The young people of my set are straight, clean, and ambitious. They comprise young business men and women, a doctor, a lawyer, a few college students, and office-workers. They are a hard-working, earnest group with their eyes on the future. And all around me I see the same kind of young people.

We often read of the sort of people Jerry talks about, but we give them scant thought. If they go in for that sort of thing we know they never will amount to anything, so why make such a fuss about them? And why do the Jerrys of this world insist on appearing in dance-halls, where only the indecent girls are asked to dance?

The average man seeks the girl who is pleasing to the eye and entertaining. If you have hate and envy in your heart it will surely show up in your eyes; and what man will play up to a thunder-cloud? Get something to do, Jerry, and you will become so interested that your good times will take care of themselves. H. C. L.

So many outstanding things catch my eye as I run through these letters. This, for instance, from a young girl: "*Behind all this confusion in regard to the decent girl on all occasions is a religious background and an understanding mother.*" And this: "*I paid the price of my folly, Jerry, and, worst of all, mother and dad had to pay it with me, and they had been such wonderful parents!*"

All these letters fall into two classes: those girls who clung to their standards and are glad; from girls who lowered their standards and are sorry. Not one writes to say, "I threw aside my mother's teachings and my own ideals and I am glad of it."

Dear Marion Lambert: If only you would write a whole page, a whole book, even, on how the middle-aged, untrained woman can be self-supporting, either in her home or abroad in the world! My sister, married to a man of small earning capacity, needs money to educate her children. I, only recently released from the blessed task of caring for aged parents, need money. Won't you suggest something? Surely there must be something ahead for me. Is there no chance in the world for women past their youth? Deborah.

The question of the middle-aged woman and her earning capacity is being discussed everywhere, Deborah. You and your sister are not facing an unusual situation. More letters come to me on this topic than on any other. I feel rather helpless before these eager questions, which mean so much to the writers. I can seem to see their discouraged faces, their wistful eyes, and I long to help. I realize that so many of these women are really capable of doing good work if only they had the work to do. I realize too that many of them have money-making gifts which they do not recognize.

What can you do best, Deborah? Plan your future on that. Cooking, sewing, gardening, caring for children, making paper flowers or lamp-shades or toys or kitchen necessities? Select your one best "stunt" and begin to look for a way to capitalize it.

To approach the problem from another angle: What does your neighborhood need that you can supply? Is it a day-nursery, a book-shop, a home bakery, a mending bureau, a place where dainty garments or linens are laundered, a flower-shop, a really good boarding-house? Now you think of something! Find a need. If you can not personally supply it, find a partner who can.

If you are living on a farm, what have you to sell? Shelled nuts? Wild-strawberry preserves? Pine-cones for the fireplace? Evergreen- and bittersweet-wreaths for Christmas?

I know a woman in New England who began to sell her delicious canned corn, and now her husband's whole farm and several neighboring ones are raising nothing but corn for canning. There's *something* to do for nearly every one.

When you read this, Christmas will be close at hand. We are about to start a new year. I want to tell all of you how much your letters have meant to me. So very many of you who have written some simple request have added to that a lovely, heartening message which has put joy into my soul and courage into my day.

People often say to me, "Of course you don't actually read all those letters yourself!" How little they know about it! Not for worlds would I miss reading the daily mail. Sorrows, bitter grievances, tangled problems, yes—but a chance to help! And always a sprinkling of happy confidences, enthusiastic plans, reports of progress, and such a bountiful measure of gratitude for the bit of help or encouragement given.

My thanks to all of you, and a very merry Christmas!

We still have copies of the letter which tells mothers how to explain life and birth. Send a stamped envelop addressed to yourself if you wish a copy.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's name and address are never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself. Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care, acting at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient."

A. Leblanc
NICE

"*The* one soap I recommend is Palmolive"

says Albert Leblanc *of Nice*

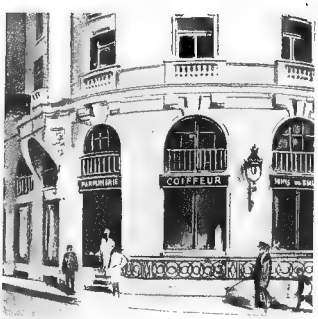
Famous Beauty Specialist of the fashionable Hotel Negresco at Nice, on the French Riviera, frequented by many of the world's smartest women.

"IT is quite wrong to suppose," says Albert Leblanc, of Nice, "that the skin can be thoroughly cleansed except by the use of soap and water. I am still occasionally asked: 'Shall I use soap on my face?' My answer is always a decided affirmative. But the one soap I recommend is Palmolive!"

Monsieur Leblanc is an authority. He has a beauty salon at the famous Hotel Negresco, in Nice, where he cares for the complexions of women whose names make society news all over the world. He had his beauty training in Paris, and, like the great Parisian experts, he considers palm and olive oils invaluable in keeping complexions lovely.

Other soaps won't do

Substitutes for Palmolive may irritate the skin, and spoil its colorful freshness. These changes may come so gradually you scarcely notice them. Then—all of a sudden—you find the pores coarsened, the complexion irritated, the texture losing its smooth loveliness. The pure olive and palm oil lather of Palmolive Soap soothes, cleanses, removes impurities gently and safely.



Facade of Leblanc's Salon at the Hotel Negresco—where Monsieur Albert attends fashionable women from all over the world. The smart women who gather at Nice demand the very finest care in matters of beauty culture.

"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care," says Leblanc . . . and there are more than 18,012 other renowned beauty specialists who agree with him.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent.

Only a specialist can advise you

Being beautiful in itself gives no one the right to advise you on beauty. For such advice you must go to a skilled, experienced beauty specialist. And just think of it! 18,012 experts—all over the world—recommend Palmolive Soap! In big cities, in small towns, smart resorts; in America, France, Germany, Spain, England—everywhere that beauty culture is practiced—its foremost exponents tell you to guard against enemies of facial beauty by twice-a-day use of Palmolive.

Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils gently penetrate the pores, releasing impurities and protecting the tender fabric of the skin from the abuses of modern life.

Millions use Palmolive for the bath, as well as for the face. Your very first cake of this bland, skilfully blended soap will show you why Palmolive is the choice of those *whose business it is to know.*

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c

6078

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Lipstick
TUSSY

FROM her soft and lace-trimmed negligee to her long and clinging evening gown, the 1930 woman is utterly feminine. The boyish sports clothes era is over, and with it goes the idea that one shade of lipstick will suffice for every time of day . . . Feminine fashions demand different shades of lipstick with different colored frocks—entirely different shades for morning, noon, and night . . . Lipstick Tussy is created in eight comprehensive shades so that every woman can find the exact colors which suit her at every time of day . . . In its gayly colored galalithe container, Lipstick Tussy comes to you, sealed and packaged in France.

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the imported creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to J. Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

Continued from Page 54

poor old German woman. When one is old one becomes embittered very easily. I felt much more sorry for her than for Mr. Templeton, who is young and good-looking and evidently a favorite with the ladies. You will write to her, won't you, Sir Henry, and just tell her that her innocence is established beyond doubt? Her dear old master dead, and she no doubt brooding and feeling herself suspected of—oh, it won't bear thinking about!"

"I will write, Miss Marple," said Sir Henry. He looked at her curiously. "You know, I shall never quite understand you. Your outlook is always a different one from what I expect."

"My outlook, I am afraid, is a very petty one," said Miss Marple humbly. "I hardly ever go out of St. Mary Mead."

"And yet you have solved what may be called an international mystery," said Sir Henry. "For you *have* solved it. I am convinced of that."

Miss Marple blushed, then bridled a little.

"I was, I think, well educated for the standard of my day. My sister and I had a German governess, a fräulein. A very sentimental creature, she taught us the language of flowers. A forgotten study nowadays, but most charming. A yellow tulip, for instance, means 'hopeless love,' whilst a China aster means 'I die of jealousy at your feet.' That letter was signed 'Georgine,' which I seem to remember is 'Dahlia' in German, and that of course made the whole thing perfectly clear. I wish that I could remember the meaning of 'Dahlia,' but, alas, that eludes me; my memory is not what it was."

"At any rate it didn't mean 'Dora,'" said Jane.

"No, indeed; horrible, is it not? There are very sad things in the world."

"There are," said Mrs. Bantry with a sigh. "It's lucky one has flowers and one's friends."

"She puts us last, you observe," said Dr. Lloyd.

"A man used to send me purple orchids every night to the theater," said Jane, dreamily.

"'I await your favors'; that's what that means," said Miss Marple brightly.

Sir Henry gave a peculiar sort of cough and turned his head away.

Miss Marple gave a sudden exclamation. "I've remembered. Dahlias mean 'treachery and misrepresentation.'"

"Wonderful!" said Sir Henry. "Absolutely wonderful!" And he sighed.

THE HOME BUREAU

Continued from Page 40

and place it on absorbent paper to drain. When the frying is completed, cool the fat and strain through double cheesecloth into the can where it is kept. Cover closely, and keep in a cold, dry place. Fat can be clarified by straining, heating with raw potato until the sputtering ceases, and then restraining.

Meat Croquettes

2 Cupfuls Cooked Meat, Chopped Fine
1 Cupful Bread-crums, Softened in
½ Cupful Hot Milk or Meat Gravy (or Both, to Make the
½ Cupful
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Salt or Celery Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Dry Mustard
¼ Teaspoonful Grated Nutmeg
2 Tablespoonfuls Shortening.
2 Eggs, Beaten

MELT the shortening in the hot milk (or gravy) and pour over the bread-crums. Add the chopped meat and seasoning, and last of all the egg. Beat thoroughly until well blended. Shape, egg and crum, and fry in deep fat (360 degrees F.) until brown. Serve with tomato sauce.

Codfish Balls

1 Cupful Codfish, Freshened and Shredded
1 Teaspoonful Shortening
Pepper
2 Cupfuls Diced Potatoes
1 Egg, Well Beaten

BOIL the codfish and potatoes together in a small quantity of water until the potatoes are tender and the water has boiled away. Mash the fish and potatoes until perfectly blended. Add the shortening and pepper and beat with a fork until light. Let cool a little. Add the egg, and beat well. Shape into small balls and fry in deep fat (385 degrees F.) until brown. Drain on absorbent paper.

Fried Cakes

1 Teaspoonful Shortening
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
1 Cupful Milk
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¼ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
1 Teaspoonful Salt
4 Cupfuls Flour

CREAM the shortening and sugar; add the egg, lightly beaten. Sift together 3 cupfuls of flour, the baking-powder, and the spices. Add this mixture to the first one alternately with the milk. Mix well, and add the remaining flour. Roll to ¼ inch in thickness. Cut and fry in deep fat (360 degrees F.) until brown. Drain on absorbent paper and roll in sugar.

French Fried Potatoes

WASH, pare, and cut the potatoes into lengthwise strips of desired size. Place in cold water and leave for at least 1 hour. Remove from cold water and drain. Dry with a towel, and fry a few at a time in fat which has been heated to at least 395 degrees F., until they are brown, crisp, and properly cooked. This will take about 5 minutes. Drain on paper and sprinkle with salt.

Doughnuts

1 Cupful Milk
¼ Cupful Shortening
½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
1 Yeast-cake (If Compressed Is Leaven Water)
5 Cupfuls Flour

SCALD the milk, and pour over the shortening, salt, sugar, and nutmeg. Cool until lukewarm, and add the egg, lightly beaten, and the yeast, dissolved in lukewarm water. Add enough flour to make a stiff dough (about 5 cupfuls), and let stand until double in bulk. Knead and roll and cut with a doughnut-cutter. Place the doughnuts about 2 inches apart on a floured board and let rise until double in bulk. Fry in deep fat (365 degrees F.) and drain on absorbent paper.

Fritter Batter for Fruits

1 Cupful Flour
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Egg
1 Tablespoonful Melted Shortening
1 Tablespoonful Powdered Sugar
½ Cupful Milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg until light, add the shortening and milk, and stir into the flour mixture. Beat until thoroughly mixed. The batter should be thick enough to coat the fruit sections. Dip the pieces of fruit in the batter, and fry in deep fat (360 to 370 degrees F.) until a golden brown.

Banana Fritters

1 Cupful Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
3 Bananas
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Egg
¼ Cupful Milk
1½ Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice

MIX and sift the dry ingredients; add the others in order. Force the bananas through a sieve before adding; beat thoroughly and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat; fry until a golden brown. Serve hot with powdered sugar. These fritters are delicious and unusual.

Summary

A half dozen pointers for deep fat frying:

1. Use suitable equipment.
2. Use a good frying fat.
3. Use correct temperatures in frying (never overheat).
4. Fry only moderate amounts of food at one time.
5. Drain food on absorbent paper before serving.
6. Take proper care of the frying fat.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

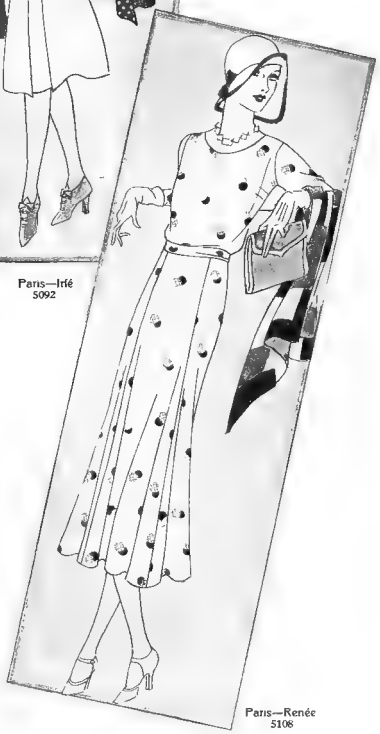
MOLDED FLARES

The mid-season Paris openings stressed the general acceptance of the lengthened silhouette. Skirts for daytime usually reach just below the calf of the leg, with the waistline placed at normal. Maggy Rouff sponsors afternoon frocks with a slight blouse effect and intriguing scarf-tie, collars and the new softened neckline. Capes are to be very important this Spring and are developed on frocks as well as in ensemble themes. Boleros and hip-length jackets are smart.

Paris—Jane Duverne
5090

5067

Paris—Irié
5092



Paris—Renée
5108

STRIPED TUCK-IN

5090—A very swagger ensemble. 5096—Blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch plain fabric—2½ yards 36-inch striped material. Width about 2⅝ yards.

CIRCULAR RUFFLES

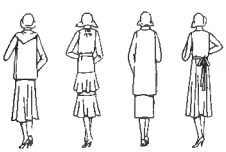
5067 Youthful model, subscribing to the princess silhouette, higher waist and chic tie-bows. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 39-in. print Width about 1¼ yard.

A SWAGGER ENSEMBLE

5092—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric for frock—2⅛ yards 54-inch contrasting for coat—2½ yards 39-inch material to trim. Width about 1⅜ yard.

ACCENTS A HIGH WAIST

5108—Slim molded hips, high waistline and flared skirt are sponsored. Designed for sizes 14 to 42 Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch novelty printed material. Width about 2¼ yards.



5090 5067 5092 5108

Patterns, including Pictorial "step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 81.

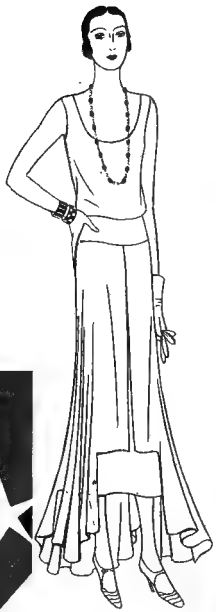
Google

FORMAL
TYPES ALLURING IN LINE AND DETAIL

5106 5094 5050 5046 5089

Paris—Ardanse
Frock 5106

Paris—Chanel
Frock 5094



Frock 5050

CHIFFON FOR AFTERNOON

5106—For formal afternoon wear the frock of chiffon in a large, delicate design is highly favored. This soft fabric is particularly adapted to the long, flowing silhouette of Spring. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 4 yards.

NET FOR EVENING

5094—Paris first created the long, all-around evening silhouette, then broke it in the middle to give this quaint, sophisticated effect smart young things are going crazy about. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch tafeta—5¾ yards 39-inch net. Width about 7 yards.

CLASSIC WHITE SATIN

5050—The classic lines of this white evening frock are outstanding for formal affairs. The rounded front décolletage extends at the back to a deep V, accented by a bow and long ties. Designed in sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch white satin. Width about 1¾ yard.

SUNDAY NIGHT FROCK

5046—For affairs that are neither formal nor informal, for times when your escort doesn't "dress," for the restaurant or theater, Paris has created the "Sunday night frock" in net. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 39-inch fish net. Width about 1¾ yard.

THE HIGH WAISTLINE

5089—Characteristically Parisienne is this bridge frock, achieving a high waistline and fitted hip effect by intricate seaming. Godets give dipping fulness. Designed in sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch flat crêpe—¼ yard contrasting. Width about 4¾ yards.

Frock 5046 Frock 5089

Digitized by Google

FEMININE TYPES
ATTUNED TO THE MODE EXPLOIT MOLDED LINES

A NEWER PRINCESS

5039—The new handling of the princess coat is much more sophisticated than earlier versions. Here, for instance, the flare is achieved by inserted side sections. Note the winding cuffs, and shawl collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material—⅞ yard 48-inch fur cloth for collar.

Paris—Germaine Lecomte
4987

Paris—Chanel
5063

THE MODERN WRAP

4987—Long evening coats must have uneven hems to wear with the new frocks. This model wraps snugly about the hips and is designed in the subtle, fluid lines of the season. Designed for sizes 16, 20 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

HIP-LENGTH WRAP

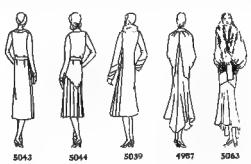
5063—Hip-length jackets are preferred over trailing evening gowns. This wrap blouses over a snug hip-band, and advocates soft shirred sections. Designed for sizes 14, 18 and 40. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material—¾ yard 54-inch fur cloth.

HIGH WAISTLINE

5043—The modern use of the diagonal is smartly illustrated in this new sports frock with the high waist and longer skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric —⅜ yard 27-inch contrasting to trim. Width about 1¼ yard.

SOFTER TAILORING

5044—The long blouse buttons down the front over a chic vestee, and joins the smart side-pleated skirt in points. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material—⅜ yard 22-inch contrasting for vestee. Width about 2¾ yards.



PARIS SUCCESSES
FLATTERING AND WEARABLE

THE most charming characteristic of the 1930 silhouette is that everybody can wear it. That is, everybody can wear clever adaptations which carefully eliminate extreme or difficult lines while keeping all the grace and chic of the originals. Such adaptations are these Pictorial Review patterns. In them you will recognize the unmistakable cachet of Paris, 1930. Yet each is skilfully modified to conform with American taste and needs. And all are flattering. For Paris styles bring a demure chic to younger girls, and a dignified grace to matrons.

Notice, too, that these adaptations, for all their modern smartness, are quite easy to make. And they include charmingly divergent ways to achieve the new silhouette. St. Clair and Yvonne Carette, for instance, place narrow belts at the normal waist, keep the hips flatly smooth, and flare the skirts with low-placed circulars. In the other three frocks, however, the high waistline is indicated with tucks or clever fitting. So, you see, you may have a belt or leave it alone, and be right both times. And as for necklines—they are as varied as the frocks!

5085

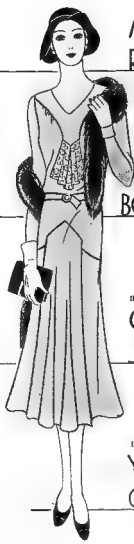
5040

5036

INSPIRED BY
ST. CLAIR

5049

INSPIRED BY
MAGGY ROUFF



5045

INSPIRED BY
LOUISE BOULANGER

INSPIRED BY
CLAIR SOEURS

INSPIRED BY
YVONNE CARETTE

THE SCARF COLLAR

5085—The belt at normal, the smooth hipline, and flaring circular skirt are flattering and youthful details. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch plain material—¾ yard 39-inch dotted. Width about 3⅞ yards.

BOWS CONTINUE

5040—Here the normal waist is indicated by a bow and the blouse above the snug hip section is simple. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch printed fabric—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 3¼ yards.

A FITTED WAIST

5036—Shirring, a narrow button tab, and clever fitting suggest a high waist. Note the collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material—⅜ yard 18-inch allover lace. Width about 3 yards.

NEW PUFF SLEEVES

5049—Slenderizing V-points a nipped-in waistline, a new collar and the puff sleeves are new details. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch printed fabric—⅝ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 2 yards.

5085 5040

WITH HIGH WAIST

5045—Another interesting jabot neckline, a high belt, a typically Parisian circular skirt is very smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch material—⅜ yard 16-inch allover lace. Width about 2¾ yards.

5036 5049 5045

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

COUTURE FASHIONS

ACCENT A NEW SILHOUETTE

YOU need more clothes in your wardrobe this Spring than you have needed for many years—if you are to be smart. No longer may a woman slip on a trick sports frock in the morning and manage nicely until the dinner hour. Paris is placing great emphasis on the variety of frocks needed to carry one through a chic day. All frocks advocate the high waistline, and all have longer skirts, but the types are carefully differentiated—though all, you will note, follow the slim silhouette that is proving so beautifully wearable. The Augustabernard street frock shown below is a far cry from the Paray type of model for late afternoon. Nor can the frock for informal afternoon occasions, inspired by Vionnet, be confused with the sports frock after Rochas. The difference between the frocks for varied occasions is often a matter of subtle detail, typically Parisian. Pictorial Review patterns have retained this clever French touch in all the models, at the same time adapting them, doing away with some of the unnecessary extremes, and rendering them suitable for the American woman, as well as simple for her to make.

INSPIRED BY VIONNET

INSPIRED BY MARCEL ROCHAS

INSPIRED BY MARCEL ROCHAS

INSPIRED BY AUGUSTA BERNARD

INSPIRED BY LUCILE PARAY

5051

5047

5061

5060

5048

COLOR CONTRAST

5051—Low-placed godets, a high-placed belt, and the demure collar are distinctive. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch printed material—¾ yard 39-inch plain material. Width about 2¼ yards.

DIAGONAL SEAMS

5047—Marcel Rochas is noted for his clever use of diagonal seaming, as is shown here in this chic tweed model. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch material — ⅜ yard 27-inch contrasting. Width about 1⅛ yard.

A HIGH WAISTLINE

5061—The side-pleated flounce is attached in a chic pointed outline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Width about 2¼ yards.

5047 5051

PRINCESS EFFECT

5048—Molded lines are softened by shirring the bodice fronts to a pointed insert. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch dark material—2¼ yards 39-inch light material. Width about 1¾ yard around.

5048 5060 5061

A TWEED TROTTEUR

5060—This smart little sports frock combines colorful tweed with white piqué trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material—⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting. Width about 1⅛ yard around the skirt.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 81.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

COSTUME BLOUSES EITHER "TUCK-IN" OR "TUCK-OUT"

4707

5096

4673 5042 5096

WAISTLINES ARE ALWAYS HIGH

5096—The newest overblouses from Paris are short and are nipped in at the natural waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch dotted material—3⅛ yards binding.

Blouse 4866
Skirt 4656

INSPIRED BY VIONNET

4707—A novel yoke and a chic girdle that is tied in smart fashion. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch material.

NEW SCARF NECKLINE

4673—Many chic blouses adopt clever scarf details for sole trimming. Designed for sizes 16 to 42. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material.

THE MANNISH TUCK-IN

5042—This is a simply tailored and youthful tuck-in. Swagger. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

NIPPED AT WAISTLINE

5096—Coarse net in a French type with raglan sleeves is chic. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch material.

A FLATTERING COLLAR

4866—Pleating is in vogue for jabot trims. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch fabric—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting.

CHIC COLOR CONTRAST

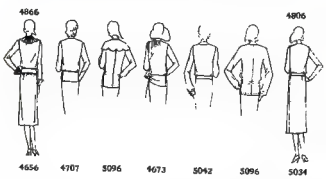
4806—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch material—⅝ yard 32-inch contrasting for a crossed vestee.

NEW WIDE BOX-PLEATS

4656—A novel yoke with box-pleated front. Designed for sizes 28 to 38. Size 30 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material. Width about 2 yards.

DESIGNED FOR TUCK-IN

5034—Tabs button on the pocket-sections. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 30 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch fabric. Width about 1⅝ yard.



Blouse 4806
Skirt 5034

BOUDOIR COSTUMES FAVOR SLIM LENGTHENED LINES

SMART ENSEMBLE

4770—Tailoring makes this nightgown ensemble practical. Designed in sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch light —¾ yard 39-inch dark.

THREE-IN-ONE

5059—Designed in sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch print—1¾ yard lace edging.

5059 4770

5114

4909 4609

GAY PAJAMAS

4909—Designed in sizes 6 to 16. Size 14 requires 2¾ yds. 39-in. print—1⅝yd. 39-in. white —3 yds. 39-in. dark.

NEW NEGLIGEE

5119—Designed in sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch dark —1 yard 39-inch contrasting to trim.

BATHROBE

4609—Designed in sizes 4 to 14 years Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch fancy check—3⅛ yards contrasting binding.

BED JACKET

5114—Designed in sizes 16 to 46. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch material—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace.

5119

PRINCESS SLIP

5053—Designed in sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch plain —1¼ yard lace banding to trim.

PAJAMAS

4356—Designed for sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch dotted—¾ yard 36-inch plain.

SMOCK

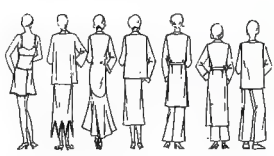
3225—Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch print —⅝ yard 36-inch plain to trim.

SMOKER

3919—Designed in sizes 32 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch dark—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

5053

5053 3225 3225



5059 4770 5119 5114 4909 4609 4356

4356 3919 3919

5055

5054

5041 5057 5037 5058

JUNIOR FASHIONS ADOPT SMART DETAILS

5053—Designed for sizes 2 to 6 yrs. Size 4 requires ⅜ yd. 54-in. plain—1 yd. 36-in. dotted—¼ yd. 36-in. for collar and cuffs—⅛ yard ribbon.

5054—Designed for sizes 2 to 6 yrs. Size 4 requires ⅜ yd. 54-in. plain—1 yd. 36-in. dotted—¾ yd. 36-in. for collar and cuffs—⅛ yd. ribbon for tie.

5057—Designed for sizes 6 to 16 yrs. Size 8 requires 1 yd. 54-in. plain for skirt and straps—1⅛ yd. 36-in. plain—3¼ yds. frilling to trim collar, cuffs and pleat.

4608 4811

5038—Designed for sizes 8 to 16 yrs. Size 14 requires 2½ yds. 36-in. plain—⅜ yd. 39-in. for collar—2⅞ yds. ribbon.

4811—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 yrs. Size 10 requires 2 yds. 54-in. check—3¼ yds. 39-in. plain—4⅝ yds. binding.

4884

5055 5054

5041 5057

4884 5002

5002

5041—Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 yrs. Size 6 requires 2¾ yds. 32-in. print—¾ yd. 32-in. plain—2⅜ yds. colored binding.

5037—Designed for sizes 8 to 18 yrs. Size 10 requires 1¾ yd. 54-in. plain—⅜ yd. 36-in. trimming.

5058—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 yrs. Size 10 requires 1¾ yd. 54-in. print—⅜ yd. 36-in. plain.

4608—Designed for sizes 1 to 5 yrs. Size 3 requires 2 yds. 54-in. plain for coat, hat, leggings.

5056—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 yrs. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yds. 54-in plain—½ yd. 36-in. light.

5008—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 yrs. Size 13 requires 2¾ yds. 54-in. plain—2 yds. 39-in. lining—¾ yd. 54-in. fur cloth—¾ yd. 27-inch interlining.

4884—Designed for sizes 11 to 17 yrs. Size 15 requires 2¾ yds. 54-in. plain—1¾ yd. 3-in. fur banding—3¼ yds. 39-in. for lining. Smart dress type.

5038

5037 5058

4608 4811

5039 5056

5056

Patterns, including Pictogram—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Parcel.

Digitized by Google

LENGTHENED LINES ARE SLENDERIZING

The new silhouette, as correctly adapted in these patterns, is flattering to the woman who is not slender. The long lines of the skirt make her taller, and the slight blousing above a raised waistline reduces the apparent size of the hips in the back.

L. H. 5064

L. H. 5062

SOFT SIDE GODETS

L. H. 5064—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch fabric—½ yard 39-inch light—¼ yard 21-inch lace for vestee.

FLATTERING PANEL

L. H. 5062—Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric—¼ yard 39-inch plain. Width 2⅜ yards around.

A BLOUSED BODICE

L. H. 5065—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material — ⅝ yard 36-inch figured. Width about 2 yards.

Jacket L. H. 4743
Frock L. H. 4778

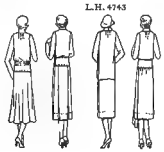
SLENDERIZING JACKET

L. H. 4743—This is an ideal jacket to complement a one-piece or two-piece frock. The tuxedo lines are smart. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch material.

CHIC V-POINT MOTIF

L. H. 4778—The vestee and the side pleats give slimming lines. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch material—⅜ yard 36-inch plain. Width about 2 yards.

L. H. 5065



L. H. 4743

L. H. 5064 L. H. 5062 L. H. 4778 L. H. 5065

erns, including Pictorial-"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing-are available at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 81.

Go gle

GROW YOUNGER

WITH THE NEW YEAR!

LOVELY woman once trembled to see the years march steadily by, plundering beauty as they passed. But you—fortunate modern woman—are fearless as you watch the century grow middle-aged. It is in your power to make Time a friend, not an enemy.

The secret is a simple one: give your skin intelligent, day-by-day care. Proper care will make your skin smoother, clearer, finer—it will prevent and correct ageing lines and wrinkles.

The individualized treatments which Dorothy Gray evolved have long proved successful in the Dorothy Gray salons. So that you may readily follow these treatments in your own home, the very same preparations used in the salons are sold in leading shops of your city. The Dorothy Gray method is explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

© D C 1930

P. R. V. 1-30

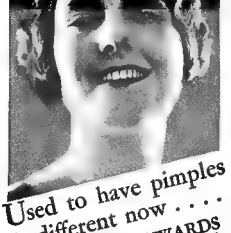
DOROTHY GRAY, *Six Eighty-Three Fifth Avenue, New York*

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in: ☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



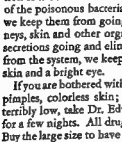
IF you want that perfect, sea-shell complexion, so irresistibly lovely, you should try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. An efficient substitute for calomel, mild in action, yet effective, these tablets have quickly and safely helped thousands to banish unsightly blemishes and pimples. The flush of health is restored to cheeks.

So mild yet so effective

Only a physician knows how the entire system depends upon the proper action and elimination of the intestinal tract. By the elimination of the poisonous bacteria from the intestines we keep them from going into the liver, kidneys, skin and other organs. By keeping the secretions going and eliminating the poisons from the system, we keep a clear mind, a clear skin and a bright eye.

If you are bothered with dread constipation, pimples, colorless skin; if you feel old and terribly low, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets for a few nights. All druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Buy the large size to have them handy, always. Know them by their olive color.

Girls~Take This FREE Art Test



IF YOU like to draw, test your natural sense of design, composition, color, perspective, etc., with our simple, scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

Many Federal School Students —girls as well as men—are making $2000, $3000, $5000, and more yearly. In commercial art $6000 yearly. In commercial art more you can earn as much as a man of equal ability. Learn at home in spare time. The Federal Course contains lessons by leading artists, gives you personal criticisms, and leads rapidly to practical work. By all means get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire. State name and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
Minneapolis, Minn.
578 Federal Schools Bldg.

For babies, especially, Non-Burn the hotter water bottle is ideal. It is safer—the comfortable, velvety bottle is lined with the sure Non-Burn porcelain the stem rubber studded surface of Non-Burn prevents the stem of much hotter water than heat lasts longer—frequent refillings are not necessary. Keep baby safe—ask your druggist for Non-Burn—there is no other hot water bottle like it.

SEIBERLING LATEX PRODUCTS CO.
DEPT. L AKRON, OHIO.

NOT A SINGLE FAILURE-YET

Continued from Page 6

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Our Betters" —the audiences and I have both had a good time with them.

But the one I enjoyed most was "The Quaker Girl" because, that's a musical piece, it was my first real play. Until then I had done imitations in vaudeville. I may do things that are much finer, but I know I'll never recapture the first thrill of that sixteen-year-old who suddenly discovered that the stories of dressing-rooms heaped with flowers and pleasant attention from all sorts of interesting people she hadn't dreamed of meeting were things that actually came true.

NOW I get a different kind of thrill—the one that comes from seeing the play take shape. And, of course, there's always one when you discover the play you are going to do next. The hunt for it has usually been so long.

Laurette Taylor asked me not long ago how I picked out my plays. I said that I tried to forget myself as an actress and to read a script through first entirely from the view-point of the audience, finding out if it was well constructed and had a story that would hold interest or arouse one, and that then afterward I read it to see what relationship my rôle had to others and whether or not it and I were fitted to each other. She said she did it the other way around, and that if she liked the part she took the play. I know a good many actresses who do that. Perhaps it is right for them, but it isn't for me.

When I first read Frederick Lonsdale's "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," I knew immediately that it was a most amusing play and bound to be successful if it was well done, but I wasn't at all sure of what rôle of *Mrs. Cheyney* could do for me or what I could do with it. I came to the conclusion that I couldn't be certain until I tried it out.

I went into rehearsal on the strength of the play itself, and the part developed astonishingly. Of course Mr. Lonsdale is one of the cleverest writers of high comedy that we have. He knows the theater, he has a genius for amusing situations and his dialog is brilliant. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was a hit. It ran for two years—literally *von*—at a speed that did not slacken.

A great many plays have one central character beautifully developed, but not much else. Sometimes the other characters are all lay figures—and that is fatal. And, again, sometimes the people are all there, but nothing happens. It just doesn't, that's all, and the spirit of the thing is as flat as Vichy two days uncorked. Even the best actress is helpless.

Sarah Bernhardt demonstrated this by an experience she had with two successive plays at the Comédie Française. In rehearsals of "La Fille de Roland" by Bornier she was particularly impressed with a scene at the window. The author liked it too, but Emile Augier, the celebrated Academician, was emphatic about taking it out, and there were heated discussions.

"Cut it out! Cut it out! Or you are done for!" he insisted.

Bornier was not of sufficient importance to risk argument with him, and Madame Bernhardt, seeing the playwright's trouble, took a sly pleasure in announcing that if the scene were cut she would refuse to play the piece, since, to her, it was the mainspring of the play. Augier, throwing the responsibility for a possible failure on her head, bellowed a bit, then shrugged his huge shoulders and stamped out. When she left the theater she found the poor author waiting for her quite transfigured with gratitude.

"The play was a big success," she said later, "but the window scene on the night of the first presentation was a veritable triumph! I had Emile Augier called. He came to my dressing-room with a surly air and called to me from the door:

"'So much the worse for the public! It only proves that the public is an idiot!' And he disappeared without having even entered my dressing-room."

The public—idiotic or not—had supported what Bernhardt had known to be true—that for them the play was there. But when it came to the second play, "Gabrielle," which happened to be by the same famous, rude, Emile Augier, Madame Bernhardt said, "I had incessant quarrels with him. I found the lines of this play execrable. As for me, I was as mediocre as the play, which is saying much." And again the French public agreed with her.

IF EVEN so great an actress as Bernhardt could not lift the play out of its own mediocrity, it certainly behooves the rest of us to be careful.

After I've made sure the play is there, I inquire whether the rôle that is supposed to be mine fits me. I don't mean whether or not it is anything like me. Heaven forbid! I can think of nothing more tiresome than to play myself. In fact, I'm sure I could do it. I may have some one thing in common with the character, but, for the most part, I want to be far enough away from her to see her with a clear perspective. She may be the sort of individual I detest, but that doesn't matter.

Sometimes it is much more interesting to play an unsympathetic character than one that is friendly. The problem is for the author to show her and for me to play her so that the audience will believe her, find her human, and be interested or amused by her. You don't have to *like* people to enjoy them, you know.

Take for instance the woman in "Our Betters" that I did a season ago. The play had been done in New York thirteen or fourteen years before, and, of course, there are always added difficulties in a revival because of the precedent. Altho it had not been a financial success, I had been hearing people say for a long time, "There hasn't been so brilliant a comedy since Somerset Maugham's 'Our Betters.'" It had become a sort of glorified test for all subsequent drawing-room comedies.

You recall, perhaps, that it was the story of a socially ambitious American woman who determinedly forced her way into London society, forced London society into her own drawing-room, and made it respond to her high-handed methods even when it made fun of her. Oh, she was not at all a sympathetic character!

In fact, I decided that accounted for her box-office troubles, and that it would be wiser to soften her hard nastiness by making her more amusing. She could say the same lines and do the same things without being quite serious about them—that is, she could do them with her tongue in her cheek. There are no more villains and villainesses—not since the time of Queen Victoria. I asked myself, "What redeeming feature can she have?" and I decided it might be a sense of humor—or rather a sense of fun. She was arrogant and unscrupulous, but she was brilliant. I then that she must shine with a metallic brightness.

And I also knew that one of the most ways to get sympathy is to let the audience laugh at you a little—not too much —just a little. Make just a bit of a fool of yourself, and it'll be saying, "Well, she's not so bad even if—" So I let her do it.

But let's get back to plays in general.

One of the qualities every play, as a whole, must have is distinction. But there's not much use talking about it. You either have it in yourself and in your work or you don't, and no one can tell any one else what it is or how to get it.

A play of the gutter and a play of the drawing-room can both have it. But taste is defined as an offense against propriety, and propriety is that which is appropriate. It is as flagrant an offense against good taste in a play to have a longshoreman talk like a London clubman as to have a London clubman talk like a longshoreman. Now and then the anomaly may actually happen in real life, but the stage is no place for it.

Distinction of thought, of view-point, and of expression makes it possible to touch upon any subject in life without the slightest hint of uncleanliness. He is said to be "matter and manner." I think there is too much of it in the theater to-day. No one will deny the longshoreman his epithet in time of stress, but he must reserve it for its logical occasions. Then it means something.

TO SPRINKLE a play with unnecessary profanity just for the purpose of being shocking not only destroys its effect in places where it might be used with reason and purpose but makes it highly objectionable. Moreover, it indicates an appalling lack of humor.

"Anna Christie," Eugene O'Neill's play of the water-front, has great distinction. When I first read it I was told to play it. I still want to, and some day I may. At the time it was produced I didn't dare. I had just finished playing the rôle of a rather rough chorus-girl in "The Gold Diggers." To play a similar type immediately, no matter how different a person she might have been, would have incurred the risk of being "typed" by the theatrical managers.

When we are picking plays, however, we can not always select them entirely according to our inner sympathy with the play and the part. There are many external to be considered. One may have to take Literally the old advice: "Follow your nose." Strange but true! After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that in reality, even the managers don't seem to be conscious of it themselves, women on the stage are cast for their effect according to their noses—straight or Roman, good sized, serious noses of high purpose for noble, emotional rôles, noses with an Irish tilt at the tip for comedy—regardless of the person behind them.

For instance, can you imagine any one with a nose that tips as mine does playing a noble, tragic character? Look at it. I might get along fairly well being noble and sad until I suddenly turned my profile. One look at my nose and all my gestures going up and you'd laugh. So would I. In fact, I often do. That's why I've always done light, swift comedies. And yet I'd like to play a serious drama. Some day I may overcome the tip of my nose and try it. There are several that interest me tremendously..

Henry Miller used to say that "every play must have its thread of gold running through it." And whatever Henry

ON THE AIR

Don't miss the Pictorial Review program on Tuesday morning at 11:30 (Eastern Standard Time), 10:30 (Central Standard Time) through the Radio Household Institute. Remember the dates, December 17 and 31. Tune in on any of these stations:

WEAF	WLIT	WSAI	WRVA	WSB
WESI	WRC	KSD	WBT	KVOO
WTIC	WGY	WOC-WHO	WTAX	WKY
WJAR	WGR	WOW	WHAS	WFAA
WTAG	WCAE	WDAF	WSM	KPRC
WCSH	WFAM	KSTP	WMC	WOAI
	WWJ	WTMJ	WEBC	

Original from Co

iller had to say was worth listening to. think by the "thread of gold" Mr. iller meant an emotional continuity d logic, and his idea was that if a play emotionally true it is pretty likely to be right otherwise.

If you go into a vaudeville-house and atch the bill, you'll find the ingredi- ts of a good play—each done up in ncentrate and perhaps exaggerated rm. And, by the way, it wouldn't hurt me of our playwrights to take a lesson om the vaudevillian in how to "get" e audience in the first minute.

WHEN I first went into vaudeville I had to work hard on that. I used stand in the wings night after night atching every one who came out on the age making a quick grab for the audi- ce's attention and nearly always doing through some emotion—laughter, sym- thy, fear, anything that is inherent in ed of us.

The average "mammy song" may be audlin, the humor slapstick, and the ve-seconds saccharin, but it is rather fun find those same appeals in a more ible and disguised form in even our ost pretentious plays. They reach the ndamentals in us human beings, and play must have human roots.

Elsie Janis asked me one day why I n't get another play like "Polly With Past." She seemed to think it was the st one I'd had. I disagreed. It was od entertainment, but it was a trick ay, and a play that depends on a trick n't often the best dramatically.

Putting "Polly With a Past" together s like working out a jig-saw puzzle— pecially when you realize that it had en taken apart by no less a master an Mr. Belasco. He's just as thorough taking plays apart as he is at knitting em up again. He and Mr. Middleton, o had shared the original writing of e play with Guy Bolton, but who came rough the maze of rehearsal changes thout Mr. Bolton's support, gave the ost perfect illustration I have ever seen the theory that "a play is not written; is rewritten."

It was one of my early plays—my first le with Mr. Belasco—and as I watched em in rehearsals unravel it scene by ene and sentence by sentence until not le little period was left whole, I began fear there wasn't going to be any play. But that was nothing to the sensation felt when they began to assemble it ain—a bit of the first act in the third, little of the second in the first, and attered pieces from the middle left lying around. Earnestly I struggled with e desperation that only a youngster n feel to keep its whys and wherefores some order in my mind.

Suddenly the piece got running, and en suddenly Mr. Belasco stopped it the middle of the third act. He ges- ured toward an actor.

"Why does he make that remark when comes through the door?" he asked Middleton.

The author tried to think. "I don't now," he said in a puzzled tone; "there ust have been a reason."

Then they both stared at each other. I had been perched at one side watch- g the scene—practically sitting on the otlights to be exact—and I was seized ith an idea. Being a fresh young thing id not realizing that I was there to act nd to keep still otherwise, I spoke up. Mr. Belasco," I said, "when that sen- nce was in the first act, wasn't it a sort

indirect answer to the other man's mark that's completely out since it's een moved to the third act?" I speci- ed the lines, which I've forgotten ow.

By some chance it happened to be cor- ct, and Mr. Belasco, being an excep- onally patient man and not minding my pertinence, said, "Come on down here; t right there; don't move till this thing is ver, and keep your mind on it. You may s of some use to this play, after all." od, of course, I felt very grand and ery much flattered.

Most plays would be better for more tting. You know the remark of Dumas s: "When I write a play I think it is ood, when I see it played I think it is upid, and when any one tells it to me think it is perfect, as the person always rgets half of it."

It is not all a matter of plot, either, as me people seem to think. Plots de- velop from character—not character from plots. Otherwise there are no human roots to keep the play from blowing into thin air, and the people become just so many puppets. Then the theater-wise sit in their seats glumly watching the playwright pull the strings. Don't let any one fool you into believing that the audiences of to-day are not theaterwise. *They are*, forever, unless their own feelings and emotions flow in response to those on the stage you might as well ring down the curtain. The audience has as definite a part in a performance as the actors, and when it comes to cutting or stressing a line *it* points out what should have been done—then, usually, it's too late.

Did you ever see a dress rehearsal with the auditorium empty? Those of comedies are worse than those of dramas because there is no one to laugh, and you are never sure of just which lines audiences will find most amusing.

But, lacking their comment in the beginning, I believe that the only way to reach the place where you've a right to ask for it is to be sure as you possibly can be that the play or the song you are to give them "goes over" thoroughly with yourself. Give it every possible test before deciding on it, and don't mind being called "difficult" and "hypercritical," as long as you get the right result in the end.

I began to be called "difficult" because of being somewhat fussy about the material I worked with when I was still in my teens. Even then I had glimmerings of the idea that my material was the supreme consideration—not myself.

The longer I am in the theater the less am I able to understand why so many managers have such thoroughly rooted objections to actors and actresses under their management having a refusal right on plays and songs. After all, you can't give a good performance of anything that doesn't seem right to you, and any upstanding person wants a hand in the vital affairs of his own business.

In the old days many of the managers either were or had been actors. The names of Booth, Barrett, Lester Wallack, and Mrs. John Drew (the first *actress-manager*) are among the most brilliant in theatrical history. They are names to conjure with. They knew the stage from the actor's view-point as well as from the producer's, and they knew life—and therefore plays. The ideal manager or producer is the man who knows the theater from all these angles.

Moreover, since bad direction can take the spirit out of even the best play, and since it is almost impossible for an audience to separate the play itself from the effect achieved by good or bad direction, the right director is of great importance.

Mistaken direction has spoiled so many good plays that now I refuse to take any more risks. One of the first clauses in my contract is to the effect that I am not only to select my own play, but am to play the role as I myself see it, and that I am to have a voice in the general direction. If there are to be any mistakes I'd rather they'd be my own.

DON'T think I refuse direction—not at all. I am always in search of a good director—one who is sympathetic with the play and one who knows more than I do so that I may learn from him. I have had the pleasure of working with some excellent ones, but they are very rare.

So, rather than risk bad management or bad direction it is easier to read the bales of scripts myself. It is easier to spend hours and hours and days and nights trying to figure out what can be done to some particular one to make it playable when it is almost right, but not quite. And when the one script I want doesn't turn up, or the one I like can't be produced as I think it should be, it is even easier to lose a part of a season waiting for it than to go into something that I am sure will not be good entertainment, much less a good play. And it's a little terrifying, too, to have to live up to a reputation of "not a single flop."

But some day I feel I shall be rewarded. Some day I shall find the play that is written only once in a century—the magnificent, breath-taking, truly great play!

And then I shall, no doubt, enjoy a fine, resounding failure

Digitized by Google

Brown Cottage Pudding

Cream ½ cup butter. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift 3 cups flour, 1 heaping teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, and 1 teaspoon each ginger and cloves. Add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup sour milk. Last stir in 1 cup raisins, slightly floured. Pour into buttered tube pan and bake in moderate oven 350° F. 45 to 60 min. Serve hot with light pudding sauce. Grandmother Jordan's Pudding Sauce, lemon flavored, (p. 36, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies") is especially good.

Pineapple Gingerbread Shortcake

Use a good gingerbread recipe (See page 20 and 21 in "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"). Bake in individual cakes 20 to 30 min in moderate oven, 350° F. Cool. Put together with ½ pint whipped cream to which has been folded ¼ cup confectioners sugar and 1 cup shredded pineapple. (Be sure to drain pineapple).

TWO NEW DESSERTS

EASY TO MAKE SO GOOD YOU WANT MORE

DESSERTS that are really *easy* to make . . . desserts so good every member of the family will come back for more!

Tempting with the mellow old-time flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses—that real old-plantation flavor everybody loves—these desserts are not just something good to eat—they're actually good for you, too! For Brer Rabbit Molasses is a wholesome, natural sweet . . . rich in those two essentials that form a part of every well-balanced diet—iron and lime.

You'll find a touch of the old plantation flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses doubles the goodness of many foods . . . for instance two tablespoonfuls added to a can of baked beans give them wonderful flavor that makes everyone want more! And just try spreading it over a ham before you bake it! Gold Label Brer Rabbit is the highest quality light molasses—Green Label Brer Rabbit a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

●

Save your Brer Rabbit Labels . . . get Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set: Here's a toy your children will adore! A doll-size cooky set—wee aluminum cooky pan—6 delightful animal cooky cutters! It makes *real* cookies, too! To get it just send in 3 labels from 3 cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses. Start saving Brer Rabbit labels *today*. Send them in with or without the coupon. And be sure to ask for a *free* copy of Brer Rabbit's recipe book!

SEND FOR THIS MINIATURE COOKY SET!

3 Labels from Brer Rabbit Cane bring it to you . . . and get your free *copy of the recipe book, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies".*

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc.
Dept. R-6, New Orleans, La.
(Check what you want—either or both)
☐ Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set. I enclose 3 Brer Rabbit Molasses Labels.
☐ Free copy of recipe book "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"

Name_____

Address_____

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

They Used to Say "HELLO FATTY"

Look at Me NOW

The story of a woman who found the way out

"I WEIGHED 167 pounds less than four months ago. Today I weigh only 138 pounds. Yet I always ate plenty of good, satisfying foods. I didn't roll on the floor, or wear hot, sticky rubber garments, or take drugs or pills, or give myself exhausting sweat baths.

"My figure is just what I want it to be. I can wear the latest styles now. And I'm stronger and healthier. I keep house, play, or dance without getting tired. My heart and lungs are fine. My complexion is clear. I feel just like a new woman.

"And it was all easy. I just followed Annette Kellermann's simple, sensible methods. You know that Miss Kellermann has not changed her weight by an ounce in over 16 years. If *her* methods of reducing are approved by physicians. I know what Miss Kellermann has done for me—my weight has gone down nearly 30 pounds. If you want to reduce safely —and to grow stronger and healthier while you reduce, simply write for Miss Kellermann's free book, "The Body Beautiful." She will give you advice on reducing that is worth more than you now realize."

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book, "The Body Beautiful." She will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. There is no obligation. Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, New York, Suite 181.

Annette Kellermann, Suite 181,
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

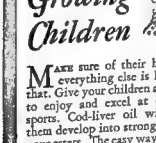
Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State .....

Build Health in Growing Children

MAKE sure of their health—everything else is built on that. Give your children a chance to enjoy and excel at outdoor sports. Cod-liver oil will help them develop into strong, sturdy youngsters. The easy way to take it is Scott's Emulsion. Pleasantly flavored—easy to swallow. They'll smack their lips! Start today—every day counts when children are growing. Instructions on every bottle.



SCOTT'S EMULSION
FOR BETTER TEETH AND BONES

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 29-5

DR. SABIN, SCIENTIST

Continued from Page 2

precedence which only a rare woman would have the courage to venture, that make her an outstanding figure in the world of astounding women.

To persuade Dr. Sabin to talk about herself, to get her to tell me what she has done, was like hunting for the proverbial needle in a haystack when there was no needle there. In answer to my questions she invariably began, "Well, we—." It was from those friends and colleagues who had been associated with her through many years that I gleaned a glimpse of Dr. Florence Sabin the woman, who is also Dr. Florence Sabin the scientist. From them I learned, as I had expected to learn, that she had come to greatness only by fortitude, sacrifice, and consecration.

BORN in Central City, Colo., in 1871, on both sides of her family Dr. Sabin is of old American stock, her ancestors having come from Normandy and England to Massachusetts in 1643. Her father wanted to be a doctor, but, moving to Colorado when the excitement over the discovery of rich deposits of gold and silver was at its height, he became a mining superintendent instead.

In her first school-days Florence Sabin gave evidences of an original turn of mind. Not that she was a prodigy, but she was always a good student and wanted to find out things for herself. Graduating from an academy in Vermont, she went to Smith College, where she worked her way in part by tutoring in mathematics. In 1893 she received her degree as a bachelor of science. It was her interest in zoology while a student at Smith which prompted her ambition to become a doctor.

In 1893 the Johns Hopkins Medical School was opened. Heretofore neither the university nor the hospital had admitted women as students. But when funds enabled the medical school one of the largest contributors, Miss Mary Garret, made the stipulation that the medical school must be open alike to men and women. So Sabin was one of its first women graduates.

The following year she was an intern at the hospital. But during this time she was restive. Her heart always was in her ambition for original work—something unattainable, because at that time the doors of laboratories were closed against women. But help was not far away. In 1902 the women of the Baltimore Association for the Higher University Education for Women provided her with an endowed fellowship in Johns Hopkins Medical School, and the next year she was appointed an assistant in anatomy. Her career had well begun.

The late Dr. Franklin P. Mall, professor of anatomy at Johns Hopkins, had noticed from her first year in the medical school her gift for original observations. He saw the subtlety with which this quiet, unassuming girl went about her work, never resting until a problem had been mastered, and going ever farther and farther into that world that can be seen only through a lens, returning often with new observations. It was at his suggestion that she began her study of the lymphatic system, discovering that the lymphatics, instead of growing from small openings in the tissue, in most instances sprouted from the walls of the veins.

It was for this work that she was awarded the first prize offered for research by a woman by the Naples Table Association. This association, supported by the women's colleges and a few private subscribers, was formed in recognition of the signal service of the late Professor Anton Dohrn, director of the Biological Station at Naples, who was the first to admit women to a laboratory for independent research. This association, now called the Association for Scientific Research by Women, still maintains a research table in the Naples Laboratory; and Dr. Sabin is one of its most ardent members.

In 1913 Dr. Sabin was given leave of absence from the Johns Hopkins University to study at the University of Leipzig. Later by working with living chick embryos she was able actually to see the birth of the first blood-vessels, to watch the first beats of the heart, and to show that the red corpuscles develop from the walls of the veins. It was for this work that in 1924 Dr. Sabin was made a member of the National Academy of Science.

In 1925 Dr. Sabin was called to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, again being a first, inasmuch as she was the first woman ever to be appointed a full member of its staff. Her department at the institute is engaged in the study of tuberculosis and the diseases of the blood.

Only by a complete devotion to her work has Dr. Sabin come to her large place in the world of science. Altho she puts aside with a smile any hint that her way was not always easy, those who have followed her career closely, as associates and as friends, declare that being a woman set many obstacles in her path. Wherever she triumphed it was by harder work and under greater difficulties than men would have encountered in the same circumstances. But she, herself, was never concerned with gaining credit.

Her one desire was to make the best contribution that she could toward easing humanity's pain. And this she did at real personal sacrifice. In her earlier days she was poorly paid—for science even today does not offer large emolument in comparison with the rewards accorded other fields of work. With her undoubted talent she could easily have gone into private practise, where she could have accumulated a more than comfortable competence.

"I am sure," said an old friend, "that such a thing never entered her mind. Her whole life was in her work and what it might mean to the cause of women. She is never too tired to help other women doctors who come to New York to make their way. She gives of herself and of her time and of her money, so that the way shall be made easier for all women who wish to do worth-while work in a world which is as yet not quite ready to receive them on an equal footing with men."

At present Dr. Sabin's chief hobby is the movement to bring the best of medical care within the reach of those millions who, neither rich nor poor, can not afford to pay the mounting costs of illness. "The rich," Miss Sabin explained to me, "can pay when they have to pay. The poor receive free treatment from skilled specialists and can go, when necessary, to hospitals free of charge. But between seventy-five and ninety per cent. of our population, that which constitutes our very backbone, find it difficult to be relieved from the intolerable burden of illness. As it is now, the rich are overcharged and the poor, poor. This is not fair, either. And so a group of women physicians in New York City have formed what is known as the Gotham Hospital Plan, the idea of which is to endow the patient instead of the hospital.

"We all know that when a hospital receives an endowment, it does not go to reduce the cost to the patient. It goes to build new wings, to increase staffs, to buy further equipment. The Gotham Hospital, for which enough money has been raised to purchase its site, will decrease the cost to the patient. To illustrate: It is now almost impossible for a patient in a hospital to escape at less than $100 a week, and this is a minimum cost. The cheapest room is $60 a week, and those who go in wards, where there are two or three or four patients, must pay at least $40. If a special nurse is needed it adds $50 a week, plus the cost of her board; if a day and night nurse, the price is doubled.

"IN THE Gotham Hospital, if a patient can pay only $3.50 a day, she will pay that much, and the patient's endowment fund will meet the deficit. As we increase our scope we will be able to keep intact the fund for the endowing of the patient. New buildings and equipment and larger staffs will have to be secured from other funds."

One might think that a woman who had given herself over so entirely to the difficult and absorbing deepnesses of science must in time come to lose touch with the life around her, and particularly

First to Feature the Latest Paris Modes

Pictorial Review Fashion Quarterly was the first to feature the new silhouette, longer skirts and higher waistlines. You'll find this publication always keeping pace with the foremost Paris designers. That is why smartly dressed women read

PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHION QUARTERLY

25 cents a copy

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
214-228 West 39th Street, New York

I enclose 25 cents for a copy, postpaid, of Pictorial Review Fashion Book for the current issue.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

In England send above coupon to 3-5 Holden St., Regents Sq., London, W. 1. with remittance of 1/6

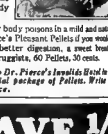
An Attractive Woman

THE woman you meet at dinner has a skin radiant with health. She knows that sluggishness of the bowels clouds the fairest complexion, dulls the eyes, makes the skin sallow and muddy, and the mind and body languid.

Carry away body poisons in a mild and natural way with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets if you would have clearer skin, better digestion, a sweet breath, and health. All druggists, 60 Pellets, 30 cents.

Send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of Pellets. Write for free medical advice.

SAVE 1/3
ELECTRIC FIRELESS COOKER RANGE



Get My Factory Price

Electric cooking and baking as fast as gas. Campbell's patented "Kitchen Comfort" Heat Pan gives perfect results. Guaranteed for 5 years. Can be cooked by motherless day. Cook with one hand.

90 Days Trial
Write for free booklet and factory price.

Asbestos Lined Fireless Cooker
Send for free booklet and factory price.

CAMPBELL'S ELECTRIC RANGE

The Wm. Campbell Co.
Dept. 201, Detroit, Mich.

$8 often made in one day by many of our sales Agents

Sell new line knitted Hosiery for men, women, children. All styles, colors Guaranteed to wear and satisfy or replaced. Finer than $3 kit tailored hose. Write today for agents' line. We deliver or you deliver—with yourself. No experience needed. Spare time satisfactory. Don't miss Extra bonus. Premiums to customers.

New Auto Given Every week, besides many other cash prizes. Write today for agents' line and learn how you can get a Ford Sedan or other auto without cost. Don't delay. Write today.

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 1226 Greenfield, Ohio

HOTEL ST. JAMES
109 West Forty-fifth Street
New York City
Just off Broadway. An hotel of quiet distinction, favored by women traveling without escort.
W. Johnson Quinn, Manager

Oh Now Lovely!

Sell Us Your Odd Hours

Write today for our Special Offer. Learn how you can make $3 to $5 an hour in your spare time. No experience needed. Work at home or anywhere. Men and women.

with all those things which go to make up a woman's world. With Dr. Sabin this is not so. She has a real flair for domesticity. In her simple apartment she does her own cooking, and her talents for it are chef-like in quality. When she is entertaining those who have been taken into her life in close friendship, she dispenses with her maid, and both cooks and serves the delightful meal which she sets before them.

As busy as she may be, she finds time for keeping up with all the best that is being written in fiction and biography. She is interested in art, and has acquired rare examples of Oriental art in porcelain and print. Musically minded, only some compelling duty keeps her away from the Philharmonic concerts.

That women can and will, in numbers, receive adequate opportunity and recognition in scientific work as they have in other fields of endeavor, Dr. Sabin is sure. "But," she added, "they must be prepared to work hard for the work's sake, without thought of what it may bring to them in the way of personal acclaim and emolument. While scientific research is exciting it has its dull and plodding moments. One may delve and delve and analyze and analyze for months, and even years, without seeing anything. Then suddenly, through accumulative observation, the idea comes!"

Dr. Sabin was persuaded to acknowledge that often she worked long hours, day in and day out, week after week. "I did it because I wanted to, not because I had to. I loved it and still do love it. That is what women must have in addition to diligence—a real and absorbing devotion to their work. They need now to have a bigger body of work to show.

"I think, considering what they have had to fight against, that women have been wonderful. I see no end to their development in science, as in the arts and professions and in business, if they have the will to work."

THE WOMAN NOBODY LOVED

Continued from Page 20

there was something worse coming to them that he himself dropped at his work, was carried to his home, struggling to keep some sort of hold upon his consciousness; impress upon his native hospital orderlies not to be such darned fools as to frighten his wife out of her wits.

During the week that followed, the thought of his hospital obsessed him. It seemed to him that he was back there battling with operation after operation, dressing after dressing, with a sense of mad haste; with the electric light continually going out and leaving him in total darkness—a darkness in which he seemed to swim—at the most crucial moments.

But as to his own body—something without identity, beyond a tortured restlessness, a head which occasionally, becoming quite detached, floated like a balloon up to the ceiling and bobbed there—certain things were being done for it. He had fought with Anne Fernaldo over that newfangled idea of bathing a malarial patient with ice water, exposing him to the fresh air in place of sweating. But this was what was now being done to him, and in his saner moments he realized the comfort of it; the skill with which it was accomplished.

There was his wife and there were native servants. But at the worst there was some one else who came and went: a man's white-clad figure, blue eyes which he was unable to place, tho they seemed to remind him of something he was totally unable to get clear in his mind.

IT WAS almost three weeks later when the medical department's schooner dropped anchor in the lagoon, and Anne Fernaldo, stiff with fatigue, clambered down the rope ladder and dropped into a small boat, already a quarter full of water.

Not that a little more water mattered, for she was already wet to the skin; had been wet for days. Her long boots and breeches were soaked; her shirt clung flat to her. For what with heat and wet her mackintosh had scaled like a snake, let the rain through in every direction.

She was blinded with rain as they touched shore, and the boys ran up the boat, while some one put out a hand.

"Steady there—there's a plank—that's right. I'm glad to see you back, Doctor Fernaldo."

She muttered something confusedly, and the same voice replied with crisp decision, "All you've got to do now is to get into some dry things. There's some hot soup ready for you."

Whoever it was who spoke—with such authority too—was swinging a lantern to guide her steps. As they mounted the steep bank of sand which led from the shore the light struck upward, and she realized a bareheaded, clean-shaven man, his hair sleeked with wet, a pair of brilliant blue eyes.

Baldwin — Baldwin — oh, surely not Baldwin, her "find."

"Here, look out! There's a lot of fallen coconut-leaves." He caught her arm to swing her aside, held it, and turned her. "There, now—"

"I've got to go and report to Doctor Devas first thing," she began with a curious sense of weak obstinacy. But the man who held her arm took absolutely no notice of her words, and she found herself moving in the direction of her own bungalow.

"They've got everything ready. The one thing you've got to do is to look after yourself," he said; then added, "We can't afford to have you ill, too."

"How do you mean, 'too'?" She was ridiculously aware of the slop-slop of her boots filled with water, the sense of helplessness that the driving rain gave her.

"Well, you've got to have it. Mind, here are the steps—" The light of her own house showed through the rain before her, and he helped her up with an arm still under hers—helped *her*, Anne Fernaldo: then in the warm light of the screened veranda stood facing her. "We're having a bad time here. Doctor Devas has been pretty desperately ill for the last fortnight—and—well, to tell the truth, I only wish to Heaven you'd have stayed away for a bit longer—safe out of it."

"Out of what?" she asked irritably. Tho when he told her she took it steadily, her eyes on his, a sudden sense of amazing balance and oneness between them.

"Cholera? But what on earth are you doing, with Doctor Devas ill? Thank God I am back."

"I'd have got through it, I'm getting through it, beating it," he answered doggedly.

"You, but how——"

"I didn't tell you I was a doctor? Well, why should I? Naturally—well, one doesn't feel proud of disgracing one's own profession. But—oh, well, there's only one thing that matters now. There's work enough for both of us; I can tell you that. In the common sense get your wet things off; have a hot bath and something to eat."

"Yes, all right, I will."

"Promise?" He held her for a moment by either elbow, and once again their eyes met.

"Yes, I promise."

"I'll be back in a little over an hour; give you a full report. Then we'll see what more can be done."

HE TURNED to the steps with a swing of his shoulders which she could never have believed possible, then for a moment glanced back.

"I wonder if I'll ever be able to tell you one-half of what you've done for me," he said, and was gone.

When he came back it was all business, sheer hard, ugly facts. "Seventy-five deaths already in a little place like this!" she groaned as they sat with their heads together over charts and reports. "In Heaven's name, what's become of all the white people?"

WINTER
never *chaps* these hands

THEY'VE discovered the magic of soothing Hinds Cream. Just a little, rubbed quickly over your hands before going out, and after you wash them, prevents chapping and keeps them soft and smooth all winter long. And another thing: a bit of Hinds Cream on the end of an orange stick, rubbed around your cuticle and beneath your nails at night makes them less apt to break and does away with hangnails. Because of its softening effect, ever so many women use Hinds Cream when they manicure. It's on sale at the nearest drugstore, or, we'll gladly send you a generous sample.

HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

Copyright 1930, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept 460 Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name .....

Address .....

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8. This coupon not good after January, 1931

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Don't let A COLD tie you down

get rid of it!

YOU *feel* tied down—and you *are* tied down. You can't enjoy life with a cold! Check your cold at the start. Use Mentholatum for direct action.

Feel the *warm glow* that comes when you briskly rub Mentholatum on your chest. Notice how stuffiness disappears when you inhale the vapor. Enjoy the soothing relief of Mentholatum inside your sore nose. Get Mentholatum from your druggist today.

For over 35 years Mentholatum has been a reliable cold remedy. Send for *free* copy of book entitled "How to Get Rid of Colds," written by a physician. Write to Dept. C-22, Mentholatum Company, Wichita, Kansas.

MENTHOLATUM

RUB ON CHEST

INHALE VAPOR

APPLY IN NOSE

"For the most part 'done a bunk'—oh, of course, it's the best thing they could do. They'd only have made things more difficult, particularly the women. But the head of the police, Rogers, and that young patrol officer, Pierce, and the sandy-haired little storekeeper, a chap—those three have stood by, done everything possible to help."

"But with Doctor Devas it's not—oh, impossible! if he's been ill so long!—not *that*." Anne Fernaldo felt the skin of her face stiffen at the thought.

"No, no, not *that*, thank Heaven! For the rest, see here now. Here's the list of the people in hospital—and there's another group I'm watching; they need it, too. It starts in a moment. You see them laughing and talking, then in a breath they begin to squeal, curl up, green in the face. It strikes me that we'd better divide up our time as best we can. I've got isolation camps going, burned any number of villages. Supposing you tackle all the outside work, look after Devas, an' leave the hospital to me."

No one else would have dared to do that: settle her work for her, keep her out of the hospital, not even Devas himself. But she was suddenly docile, with an actual sense of pride in her docility, too. "All right, you've been in the thick of it. You know. Now, see here——"

FOR an hour they worked over the reports, discussed as man to man further possible measures to be taken. Then Baldwin went off to put in the best part of the night at the hospital; while Anne Fernaldo pulled on a pair of long boots, borrowed one of the boys' water-proof capes, and went across to the doctor's house.

Mrs. Devas met her in the veranda; clung to her, weeping—her soft, fair face drawn with want of sleep and sodden with tears—utterly incoherent.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I don't know, I simply don't know what I would have done without *him*. It has been too terrible—terrible! You have simply no idea. What with Frank being so dreadfully ill, nearly all the time delirious—you never heard anything like the things he said, and the people going mad with panic. Thank Heaven you're back; thank Heaven for that. But when I think—when I think what we all said about him—about that dear Doctor Baldwin—and what he's been to us, Anne——"

Anne Fernaldo gave the other woman one curious sidelong glance. The doctor's wife had never called her by her Christian name before, never kissed her before, and she wondered why she did it now. But all the same her "Oh, well, that's all right," was very gentle as she put the weeping woman in a chair and patted her shoulders. "Come now, supposing that you tell me all about it—the doctor and everything," settling herself down to do what she knew was the kindest thing possible—just to listen.

All the same, she got back to bed early; took a sleeping-draft and slept with a curiously triumphant feeling of taking care of herself, doing as she was told. She had finished breakfast and was ready, waiting for Baldwin when he came up at six-thirty next morning to show her round the isolation camps: short water-proof khaki shirt, khaki skirt and mackintosh; her eyes steady and clear beneath the slouch of her hat; cool and competent as ever. And yet with something added: a softness and beauty that no one could have imagined her capable of.

With a certain grimness about his mouth Baldwin told himself that he had to wait. But whatever happened there was no sort of need to apologize for anything, to mention the past. He made up his mind to that. *That* was wiped off. He had cleaned his slate and, by Heaven, he meant to make the best of it. But not yet—not until all this infernal cholera business was over and done with.

Of the two Anne Fernaldo was by far the weaker. Working together shoulder to shoulder as they were—for with the growing number of cases it was impossible to keep to any sort of program, tho he did all he could to drive her to rest—her hand was the one to tremble as it touched his; it was she who, with a woman's passion for putting things into words, would have given her whole world to hear him actually say that he loved her, needed her; put her head down upon his shoulder, give herself up to him, the more so in that she was haunted with doubt. For she had never in all her life known anything like this warm stream of understanding and feeling which ran between them; was terrified to count upon it.

Men and women died like flies, and were taken out to sea, dumped there. There was no time to lament them; they were happily out of it. There were the living to think of, particularly the children. And it was young Pierce, the patrol officer, who dropped into the handling of these, solemnly intent upon what he called his "nursery": milking the goats himself; bottle-feeding babies; while the two other volunteers marshaled the sanitary squad.

For another fortnight the toll mounted; then began to drop, dropped and dropped. Still burning and fumigating went on, till at last with a little group of ordinary patients—not a single cholera case left—parked off in tents, the hospital itself was solemnly and joyfully soaked with paraffin, burned to the ground.

Anne Fernaldo, thin as a grilled bone, standing among the coconut-palms on the shore, watched the blaze. The rain had at last ceased, and it was a clear lapis-lazuli blue night, with a wind like velvet, the leaves of the palms scrolled black against the flames; the edge of the silver-gray trunks traced by a fine thread of gold.

"Praise the Lord that old pest-house has gone! Praise the Lord that's over!" piously ejaculated young Pierce, standing by Anne's side, one baby on his arm, and another, just toddling, clinging round his knees. For tho there was no reason for it now, he had, as he said, sort of got used to the brats hanging about him; developed the soul of a nurse-maid.

"All the same, do it has been pretty strenuous we've all got to know each other so much better, pulled together so splendidly," he went on clumsily, trying to put into words something of what he thought of the woman who had toiled harder than any one of them, apart from Baldwin; been so jolly decent to work with, too—the woman he had not altogether inadvertently hurt with that idiotic question in regard to a man's head on her shoulder—when somebody called him from the direction of the fire.

"Pierce, Pierce, where on earth are you, Pierce?" and, bundling one baby into Anne's arms, disentangling the other as best he could, transferring its clasp from his knees to hers, the boy dashed off among the trees, with a muttered apology, leaving her there ridiculously stranded.

She was not used to babies; was afraid of dropping the one in her arms if she tried to hold it with only one hand. And the tears were running down her cheeks, she could not have said why except that she was deadly tired and that somehow or other young Pierce's "Praise the Lord that's over!" had overwhelmed her with a miserable sense of finality, of something lost; the new place that she had gained in her little world, above all in the life of one man—the man she had bought and paid for.

Of course from the very beginning that had spoiled everything—what was it the Pierce boy was so fond of saying?—"That spills it"—that mad, unhappy exchange of hard cash and humanity. And to think that she had once felt almost proud of the transaction. Oh, well, at that moment she felt that there were things that no man could ever forgive.

NOT for a moment did it occur to Anne Fernaldo to think of all that Baldwin owed to her, of what she had saved him from, the way in which she had fought for his body and soul. For after all one reaches a point in love where the only possible failure lies upon one's own shoulders.

Her burning tears scalded her face—scarlet with shame—as they ran down it. And with this ridiculous child of Pierce's in her arms she had not a hand to wipe them away.

Ridiculous! Well, for an outsider the whole thing would have seemed little short of grotesque—as a courtship, that is to say, the only courtship there ever was to it.

That Baldwin should come to her as the flames from the burning hospital sank, and, putting his arms round her in

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

the dimness, find a black baby, totally naked, between himself and his love; that he should bark out, "Anne, for Heaven's sake give me that darned brat!" and, taking it from her arms, place it squealing beneath a tree, then come back and fold her in his arms without so much as a by your leave or thank you, with the other brat still about her knees. And, then, that she, with her hot wet cheek, against his—she, Anne Fernaldo, M. D., and a good deal more besides; so apart, so proud—should be the one to begin with that silly, weak, "I don't know how on earth you can ever forgive me——"

And then, again, that she—she, Anne Fernaldo, should — could — be shaken, called—of all things on earth—"You precious idiot you!"

As for the past, he was firm about that.

"I've been down among the swine and you saved me. It's frightful to think what you put up with in saving me. But I simply can't afford to devitalize myself and you by going back over that. After all, shame can be more shameful than shamelessness—a sort of orgy. If you will take me, Anne—please God if you will take me—all I can do is to determine that my life shall show you what you've made of me; made of the man——"

BUT it was she who stopped him then, with her lips to his.

For the words "the man you bought" —"the woman nobody loved" were the sort of thing never to be spoken, or even remembered, between them.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM IS PEACE

Continued from Page 25

"the guilty nation would be the one who refused to take his case to court."

You can see immediately how this simplifies the whole issue. The nation who chooses violence instead of pacific means is the offender against the peace.

Now, the Kellogg Pact implies some procedure of this kind in the second of its three brief paragraphs, in which it pledges the nations signing it to seek only peaceful means of settlement.

Its profound weakness is that it does not provide such peaceful means, and that we, the people of the United States, who sponsored it, have so far refused to accept for ourselves many of such means as exist in the world, or to propose effective substitutes for them. We stand therefore before the world as the nation which has made the most grandiose gesture for world peace and at the same time has done least to evolve a working program for averting war.

Now, you may ask, what is my responsibility in this matter? I am a woman at home, who looks after her children, sends them to school, makes sacrifices for their education, mental and physical. I am not interested in politics, and particularly not in international politics.

The answer is this: Such steps toward collaboration with the rest of the world for peace as this country has taken have been very largely due to the influence of organized women. The intellectual leadership, the formulation of programs, has not always come from women. No outstanding woman's name is closely associated with the Kellogg Pact. But the Kellogg Pact would not even have passed in its present emasculated state had it not been for the petitions of women—women in little political clubs, in the State federations, in the Leagues of Women Voters—petitions which poured into Washington by the thousands to the astonishment of our lawmakers. And it is upon women that the legislators who are planning broader peace programs depend.

So far the support of women has been largely sentimental—most women are vaguely "for peace"—but from now on it must be conscious and intelligent. It is harder to make a program than a gesture. And the task which lies before you and me, as voters in a representative government, is to make a program. Specifically it might be to make paragraph two of the Kellogg Pact —the paragraph which pledges us to take recourse only to peaceful means—mean something. Our activities might create the pacific procedure which we are pledged to use, but which we have not got.

And it is just as well for us to remind ourselves that in the matter of a procedure for averting war we are far behind the rest of the western world.

It is curious that here in America we go on debating whether war is to be prevented by legal means—by adherence to the World Court and The Hague Tribunal, or through the establishment of a different system of international justice, or through the delegalizing of war by outlawry (the idea of the "Christian Century" and Mr. S. O. Levinson, that dynamic and effective fighter against war), or by disarmament, or by the revision of the individual constitutions of all the signatory countries (a propaganda of the more radical wing of the women's peace movement).

The experience of the last twelve years, especially the experience of the League of Nations, which we are free to use, whether we join the League or not, teaches us that no purely legal means of procedure will prevent war and that disarmament alone will not bring permanent peace. Indeed, disarmament is rather the measure by which one can judge the good intentions of nations than an actual war preventive. We need above everything political methods of conciliation and confere ce; on the legal side we need compulsory arbitration, and we need means for guaranteeing peace. Because peace is only possible in a world which feels secure.

Now, if you want to see where we stand in the matter of settling purely legal disputes, compare our present arbitration treaty with France, which represents our maximum toward arbitration, with the arbitration procedure laid down in the Treaty of Locarno.

And then let us remind ourselves, in addition, that before we ever joined the World Court, England and the other leading European powers have agreed to adopt the so-called optional clause making the arbitration of juristic disputes compulsory.

Here in the United States we specifically exempt from arbitration all matters within its domestic jurisdiction, all matters involving a third party, and anything involving the Monroe Doctrine.

And we alone are to decide whether any question is subject to exemption on these grounds. So that we have no absolute guaranty that any question, even a purely legal one, will of necessity be submitted to arbitration. Yet there is plenty of machinery for arbitration already in existence in the world; and Senator Borah has said, "At the present time we have a network of treaties, Hague Tribunal, World Court, League, Locarno . . . the Kellogg proposal is a solemn pledge to let the peace machinery work."

If this be so, our arbitration treaties need strengthening by genuine legal pledges to "let the peace machinery work."

How they might be strengthened is suggested by that most amazing peace

Working on the morning hours only, Mrs. Burr, of California, has earned over $2,000 in our business.

"When my husband's health failed and I longed to help him the Lansdowne Representative was an answer to my prayer to God and I wrote for the offer. For 5 years this work has supported us both. My earnings often exceed $200 a month." Mrs. Chisholm, of Virginia.

A Buick car . . . a radio . . . her daughter's education and a fruit grove in Florida. These are some of the many ways Mrs. Synder, of New York, spends her Lansdowne income. She earned $15,000 in 6 years!

Made from $340 *to* $400 *apiece*

in 4 to 8 weeks, working only part time!

You, too, without experience, and working only part time, can average $25 to $50 a week, just as these women did! We tell you exactly how to do it. A substantial income from interior decorating and dress materials. Write today for free booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income." Do not delay or your territory may be taken.

WOMEN of high social standing, women with homes and children to care for, are now our representatives and have been for years.

Just working part time, many of our new, inexperienced representatives have earned from $100 to $300 profit their first month! Mrs. Kenny of Wisconsin made $25 in a single day! For the past eight years, Miss Bates of Texas, has earned more than $5,000 a year.

If you want to become financially independent, Write for our booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income."

There is a position open in your own neighborhood who do not care to engage the costly services of an interior decorator. Show them our new decorating materials, and they will never again be satisfied with ordinary fabrics.

These beautiful interior decorating materials and dress fabrics are priced from 49¢ to $2.50 a yard. They include gay cretonnes and chintzes, hand-blocked linens and *English Warp Print* Tapestries, and sheer curtain fabrics, all chosen for you by Miss Lansdowne herself, who is an interior decorator of great taste.

The Lansdowne Company, formerly known as Schweizer-Importers, was founded two generations ago . . . in Switzerland. Royalty were frequent customers. And American travelers came in such numbers that soon an office was opened in New York. Today the New York office is the center of this great company . . . but many of our lovely things still come from Europe.

Easy to get started. More than 3,500 women, many of whom never did any of this kind of work, are now earning good money for themselves. Mrs. Cable, of Michigan, says, "In my first 5 months, working a few hours a day, I sold over $1,000 worth."

No need to be experienced. Miss Hecker, of Ohio, was a stenographer, earning $40 a week. She writes:

"Two years ago I joined the Lansdowne Company . . . Since then I have sold $15,000 worth of goods."

Give as much time as you wish. Most of our representatives work only 3 or 4 hours a day. And of course, the more days you work, the more money you will make.

Experienced representatives find our line the best proposition they have ever handled. Mrs. Snyder, of New York, writes . . . "After trying out fifteen different firms, I found that Lansdowne is the best there is. In one year with this firm I've earned $15,000."

Friendly work. "The kind words I have received from Lansdowne work is far beyond financial gain. It is the courtesies real friends I have found among the really worth while people of our town," writes Mrs. Lake, of Michigan.

We Offer You a Partnership in this Great Business

Large Commissions—Women are eager to secure the right to represent us because orders for our goods run into money quickly. We pay big commissions on your very first order!

Good Service—Twenty-four hours after we receive your order your goods are on their way to you. No delay . . . no mistakes. Your every question is answered by Miss Lansdowne herself. Customer's satisfaction is guaranteed.

Start early—Applications for territory considered in order received. Delay may cost you your opportunity. The sooner you start, the more money you make. Send the coupon today, for free book, explaining our proposition, and free samples of actual merchandise.

We Exchange References—To you, about to join our company, we offer our own references. For twenty years the fifth largest bank in America has handled Lansdowne finances. For twenty years we have conducted one of the foremost import businesses in the country. These are our credentials. As a symbol of mutual confidence we shall ask you for yours, when you become a Lansdowne representative.

Here, in actual size, are our 65¢ cretonne, and the exact words illustrated at extreme right.

Rich as old tapestry, $2.98 a yard. The actual width, 29" wide. $2.98 a yard.

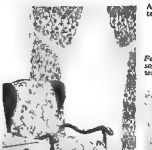
Dots-stained chintz 36" wide. $1.50 a yard.

Imported Lace tweed $2.25

Imported cotton print. Guaranteed fast color. 36" wide. 69¢ a yd.

Every representative has large samples of our materials to show customers.

THE LANSDOWNE CO., INC.
39-20 Thompson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.



Pastel-color chintz voile in soft pastel tones. 39" wide. 60¢ a yard.

Toile printed in red, on cotton of soft material color 36" wide $1.25 a yard. .

MAIL COUPON NOW

THE LANSDOWNE COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. C
39-20 Thompson Avenue,
Long Island City, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can earn a substantial income, working in my spare time only, and send me, FREE, your book, "How You Can Make A Big Income," together with free samples of dress goods and draperies.

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
. . . . . .

How you can make A Big Income

FREE!

Write today for your free copy and free samples of Lansdowne fabrics.

What this booklet tells you: the amount of money you can earn and how Miss Lansdowne herself to women who have never before worked helpful hints from experienced saleswomen.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

MONEY Immediately for Every Woman!

Given To You To Decorate

Right at Home

No Soliciting—No Canvassing

Here is a new, easy, fascinating way to use your spare moments in real pleasure—in a money-making occupation so simple that no previous training whatever is needed. You will astound your friends and win new ones. You will make your family and friends proud of you. And you will receive

An Income of Your Own

Think what that means! The joy, the independence of having more all the time—your own money—to spend for the things you have always wanted, but never before felt you could afford. That Paris model hat—those soft, dainty underlinings—new clothes and furnishings for your home. Travel! Theatres! Music! Other women just like you are getting them the Fireside way. Begin now to be independent yourself!

We Show You How

to make money in a delightful, dignified way—without leaving your home. By decorating charming girlwares! Our method is so simple! No tedious study—you learn by doing! You begin making money *right* from the start! Members are making hundreds to thousands of dollars—in spare moments. Ora Scott cleared $1,000.00 the first month. You can devote as much time as you wish.

No Special Ability Needed

You don't have to have any special talent whatever to decorate these lovely popular girlwares. It is the Secret of Monsieur Petit's Three Simple Steps that enables you to begin right away. We send you this secret *immediately*. We supply everything you need—Big, Generous, Complete Kit WITHOUT EXTRA COST. We absolutely guarantee your satisfaction.

Now, we want women in every community! Be the first! Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 19-A Adrian, Michigan

FREE!

Wonderful! Fireside Book showing home decorations in full and charming colors. Fill out and mail coupon and we will send you the fine book FREE—immediately—without any obligation. Send for it now!

Mail Coupon To-day!

Fireside Industries, Dept. 19-A, Adrian, Mich.
Send me absolutely FREE and without obligation, the FIRESIDE Book and plan for making money—immediately

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Itching torture ended!

Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get *cooling*, soothing, antiseptic *Zemo*. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores, have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To reduce wrinkles and age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and one-half pint witch hazel. At Drug & Dept. Stores.

Be a Hotel Hostess!

Many Openings in Fashionable Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Everywhere

Lewis Students Who "Made Good"

Mrs. Gertrude W. Bach
I have accepted a position as Hostess. I am very glad I had the training from your school.

Mrs. Sue B. Keller
I have accepted the position as Manager of the Apartment Hotel where I boarded when first I came to this country. I am much delighted and quite happy.

Miss Rebecca M. Cornell
I was accepted as Hostess at the first city where I applied, and I want to thank you for the splendid training you gave me. I am delighted with my position.

Mrs. Ella M. Hoffman
I am now Manager of the Apartment Hotel where I was a guest for a long time. I owe my success entirely to your splendid course.

YOU can be a hotel hostess. Opportunities everywhere in fashionable hotels, clubs, apartment houses for women of all ages. Splendid salaries. Fine living, luxurious surroundings in this fascinating profession.

Previous Experience Unnecessary

Our Simplified Study Plan will equip you for a splendid position. Lewis graduates everywhere are winning love and good salary. Our students are in demand. Hotels in the new profession for women. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment hotel in a fashionable section—salary $3,600 a year, with beautiful apartment for my little son and self."

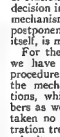
We Put You in Touch With Positions

Without cost let us tell you how you can quickly qualify for a fascinating, well-paid position. Age is no obstacle—young and old alike have equal opportunity. Common school education is all you need. Nationwide Employment Service FREE of extra cost.

Get Our Book Gives Details

Write today for FREE Booklet "Your Big Opportunity" and complete details, mailed without obligation.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. CA-2314, Washington, D. C.



Mary Catherine Lewis
Vice-President, Lewis Hotel Training Schools

Hotels Need Trained Women

Member National Home Study Council

Your Big Opportunity

Manage an Apartment Hotel

Managers needed for $200,000,000 worth of Apartment Hotels now being built. YOU can qualify at home.

Lewis Hotel Training Schools
Washington, D. C.
Sta. CA-2314,
Send me free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

document forged in modern times, the Treaty of Locarno.

This treaty also renounces war as an instrument of national policy in almost precisely the words of the Kellogg Pact. But instead of implying merely the right of any nation to self-defense, it defines what self-defense is. Defense, according to the Treaty of Locarno, is action taken to repel an enemy who has actually invaded one's own borders, or is military action in case of a flagrant breach of a specific treaty—if Germany commences building fortresses or maneuvering her army within fifty kilometers of the Rhine boundary.

BUT even in case of defense the Locarno Treaty does not give either country the right to go to war, beyond actually defending itself, *while submitting the whole issue to the Council of the League, whose unanimous decision both parties are pledged to accept.* And the power which refuses to accept this decision is guilty, and invokes the hostilities not only of the specific enemy but of the treaty's guarantors.

May I say parenthetically that to make oneself guilty in the eyes of the civilized world is a great deterrent to war than it seems, on the surface, to be? I became convinced of this while living in Germany during the postwar period. Nothing so deeply injured the national pride, so wounded the national feelings of Germany, as the accusation that she was alone responsible for the War. The average individual whom I met in Germany accepted the reparations terms either with resignation, being convinced that Germany could not pay the original amounts, or with resignation.

There was, too, an element of indignation. But indignation over reparations was as nothing compared to the outrage which every individual felt when confronted with the accusation that his nation bore the sole guilt of the war. Nations are no longer moved to be aggressive. The power of the organized world to say "You are the guilty party" is an immeasurable moral force.

According to the Treaty of Locarno such issues as may arise between two countries of a purely juristic or legal nature go automatically to the World Court and The Hague Tribunal, and there are no exceptions to this rule whatsoever, a notable difference between this and our own arbitration treaties.

But the Locarno Treaty also arranges for the submission of all other disputes, including those which are not juristic, not adjustable within international law, but such disputes as involve "vital interests," "national honor," those very questions which are most mischievous in international affairs, to a conciliation commission, and in case the findings of this commission are inacceptable, to the League Council, whose final unanimous judgment must be accepted.

I would not pretend that as the League of Nations at present is, any unanimous decision in such a case is likely. But the mechanism provides for a considerable postponement of hostilities and this, in itself, is most valuable.

For the settlement of such questions we have no compulsory international procedure. We can, if we choose, use the mechanism of the League of Nations, which is accessible to non-members as well as members. But we have taken no pledge to do so. The arbitration treaty with France pledges us to submit political differences to a conciliation commission, but exempts the same important questions which are exempted from that part of the treaty covering legal questions, and if the conciliation commission fails, there are no further provisions.

One form of international procedure which promises to become an important part of the technique of war prevention is the conference. The United States, operating in theory at least, "unofficially" has co-operated constantly in this new method of settling international differences, and the probabilities are that we shall do so, increasingly, in the future. But here again we have been fearful of committing ourselves, preferring to send "observers" or unofficial delegates. The conference, as a method, grew out of the League of Nations, but is developing a technique of its own.

It is amazing to what an extent it has taken the place of the old diplomacy, which expressed itself in the exchange of formal notes and seemed especially designed to prevent nations from ever getting one another's point of view. The older method of diplomacy tended, of necessity, to magnify rather than diminish trifling differences. It commanded nations to their own high-sounding phrases, expressed in writing. It outlawed common sense and the human element from international dealing.

Can any one in his senses believe that the present pacific situation between France and Germany could have been brought about if Herr Stresseman and M. Briand had met each other? That the reparations adjustment could have been reached by the exchange of notes, instead of around a conference table, where the whole world would judge all the participants as failures if they did not reach an agreement?

I remember, when I was a foreign correspondent in Vienna, two Macedonian governments that used to conduct their diplomacy, according to the old formulas, in a Vienna café. Neither government, you see, was in power, and neither was even in Macedonia. Both were supposed to be the regime of a foreign power at home, but one was a nationalist government, duly elected by Macedonian *électeurs* according to one set of principles, and the other represented a set of republicans with a different code of nationalist principles. In a sense both governments had the same cause—that of ousting the foreign "usurper" in favor of a purely Macedonian *régime*. Every day both governments visited the same café, but they always sat at separate tables and communicated with each other by "diplomatic" notes, often, to judge from the appearance of the recipients, of a highly vituperative character, the notes being carried from one "government" to the other by the head waiter. Not once did they sit down together and talk it out. That sort of thing would have been too informal for Macedonians.

We may be thankful that this sort of thing is ceasing to be too informal in such governments as those of France and Germany, Great Britain and the United States, and that international affairs can be discussed by Ambassador Dawes and Prime Minister MacDonald, and that, indeed, as British Prime Minister will no fear so to depart from tradition as to make a visit, during his term of office, to another country for the purpose of discussing face to face with the President of that country the issues between the two powers.

Practically all the steps which have been made in the last years toward the actual liquidation of the late War and the prevention of new ones have been made, not by formal diplomatic exchanges, but in conferences in London, in Paris, in The Hague, in Thoiry, in Locarno. And these conferences usually attended by representatives of the world press, are open to all of us who will read the newspapers.

They are not as spontaneous, to be sure, as they appear to be. If they were they would accomplish less. Expert work for months, before most conferences, preparing the material for discussion. Nations, through their experts, sound each other out in advance. Because the object of the conference is *agreement*, and its object is therefore, at its very nature, pacific.

BUT the conference is not yet an accepted procedure. We are not pledged to resort to it in case of dispute. It is there as a method—we can use it or not as we please.

I am personally convinced that if war is ever to be averted we must not have merely a mechanism which we can use or not, as we please. The moment war is imminent, when public feeling is outraged, public vanity wounded and when fear governs public actions is not the moment in which to decide whether to use pacific means or not. There must be an automatic procedure—and if the procedure does no more than delay hostilities, it accomplishes a superb purpose. Many wars would never have happened if they had been delayed a few months in getting started.

And I, furthermore, believe that we must be prepared, in one way or another, to guarantee the peace. It is not enough

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

merely to refrain from war; this is the pacifist argument in complete simplicity. There must be an international obligation, universally accepted, to protect the peace.

Yet how can the world organize to protect the peace against wilful aggression if the United States might, out of self-interest, furnish arms and ammunition to the guilty breaker of the peace? No one will insult us by suggesting that we might do this, but our interpretation of neutrality gives us this right. We have, thus far, been unwilling to modify it. Our statesmen have insisted, in many public speeches, that if the Kellogg Pact were broken we would be morally bound not to aid the breaker—but as I have tried to make clear we have dodged every plan for determining who the offender might be.

The selfish neutral is as great a danger in the world to-day as the belligerent offender. He is the man on whom the belligerent depends. Surely if the renunciation of war means anything at all it means that we must take steps to insure that no disturber of the world's peace shall have his granaries in our wheatfields or his arsenals in Gary or Bethlehem. The world is demanding such assurance from us.

It is not necessary that we pledge ourselves to fight against the offender—which the members of the League, under certain circumstances, do. The United States has been unwilling, from the beginning, to accept those obligations of the League which may make its members take up arms in defense of peace. We have stood on the platform that peace can not be insured by war.

But there are other alternatives open to us. *The Christian Science Monitor* has proposed one: that in case of a foreign war we refrain from trading with *either* of the belligerents. This is the hands-off policy in its full logic.

Or we can define our position more clearly toward any violator of the Kellogg Pact.

In its preamble the pact says that any signatory who shall seek to promote national interests by resort to war shall be denied the benefits furnished by the pact itself. This clearly means that we can not, under our pledge, aid an offending nation. It remains for us, therefore, to find a means for deciding when a nation has violated the pact.

The United States Senate and the House of Representatives have already had before them resolutions which would make it possible for us to decide this question—resolutions which would bring us into harmony with the procedures of the rest of the world. One, introduced by Senator Capper, was, in a sense, an earlier formulation of what later became the Kellogg Pact. But the Kellogg Pact, in its present form, was as far as we were willing to go in June, 1928. Yet some such proposal as that embodied in Senator Capper's resolution is certain to come up again.

He proposed that war be renounced, and that "by formal declaration" we "accept the definition of aggressor nation as one which, having agreed to submit international differences to conciliation, arbitration, or judicial settlement, *begins hostilities without having done so.*"

Senator Capper's resolution would further have pledged us not to give aid or comfort to such an aggressor. By this resolution we would have made it compulsory to use definite means of averting war; and we would thus have removed ourselves as possible allies of an offender.

ALONG practical roads we must approach world peace. In the Kellogg Pact we have made only a beginning. It is enormously important that here, for the first time in the history of the world, the very legality of war has been questioned. For the world to agree to relinquish one of the chief instruments of national sovereignty is surely a step toward the organization of that world community which alone can really outlaw war.

This is the second of a series of three remarkable articles by Dorothy Thompson dealing with World Peace. The third will appear in Pictorial Review for March.

FASCINATION

Continued from Page 29

"It's a great town; you'd like it," said the other man.

"Where do you come from—New York?" asked the woman.

"I live on Long Island now. I was brought up in New York," answered Linda.

"How can any one live in New York?" exclaimed one of the men. "New York and a home—the ideas don't go together. What a place! What a place! Good for a little holiday, eh, Nat?"

"Less said the better about the last time you had a little holiday in New York."

They were off again. Linda allowed herself to look about. There was Barty Lee, just getting up, looking very lean and elegant, to dance with a blond girl. And at Mrs. Crothers's left Watts, talking, surely, to Marion. Marion was on his other side. Linda could see that Marion's eyes had that vague, almost drugged look that Linda associated with conquest—Marion and Watts. She had always instinctively dreaded their meeting, and now they were deep in some interest or emotion.

"Look, Mrs. Fenwick. Do you play bridge? Well, that man next to you bid a little slam in spades last night and went down five tricks."

"I expected to go down——"

"You certainly got your wish."

IT WAS an insult, Linda thought, to have been put at this table. Should one take any notice of insults? What would Watts do in her place?

He had promised to go at any moment she gave him a sign. Suppose she put her hands to her throat now, would he leap up and take her away? What fun it would be! Watching him closely, she raised one hand to her throat, and then the other. He was talking to Marion, and did not even glance in her direction. She dropped her hands, and, glancing over her shoulder, caught the eye of Barty Lee just returning from his dance. She ran her eyebrows together in an appeal for help, and he was beside her.

"More lovely than ever, Linda," he remarked as they began to dance.

"Barty, who are these people? Where do they come from?"

"How should I know? Ours is a large country. You seem to have had bad luck. I'm much better off. I'm next to a lovely moron, who says 'How' to every thing I say, and simply melts when I dance with her."

"Oh, that's what you really like, is it?"

"You know very well what I like, only you won't give it to me."

"Now, don't be troublesome, Barty, and send me back to those three trained seals at my table."

He held off and looked down at her. "Are you enjoying yourself on the famous island of the Chorus Girls?"

"Well, it's doing Eugene a lot of good," she said.

"Then why not leave him there, and come North with us next week? Chandler would be enchanted to have you—that is, if you can put up with an old-fashioned schooner."

"It sounds very delightful."

"Will you come?"

She thought it would be unwise to refuse too quickly. "I don't know just what I should do when I got home. My house is shut up for another month."

"I could tell you lots of things to do Linda."

"Barty, if you make love to me I shall have to go back and talk about Mooresport. Have you ever heard of Mooresport?"

"But you don't object to being made love to any more,"

The TONIC Prescribed in 58 Countries

THE chief physician of a military hospital in Paris, the professor of surgery at a royal university in Milan, the head of a state clinic in Vienna . . . from all over the world, leading physicians write in praise of FELLOWS' Syrup. Based on their clinical experience with this fine old tonic, they scientifically report the gains scored by patients.

They tell of its efficiency in cases of nervous depression, and of recovery from wasting illness. They cite improvement in appetite, in restful sleep, in vitality and vigor both physical and mental. These are the reasons why physicians in 58 countries prescribe it.

If you are under par, on the border line between health and illness, or in need of a general builder, remember that FELLOWS' Syrup is unlike artificial stimulants, that it acts solely by replenishing the body's vital mineral elements in addition to supplying two dynamic ingredients. Your own family physician is probably among those who prescribe it.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

GROCERIES—WHOLESALE and a Chance to make $6 to $9 a Day

If you want a wonderful opportunity to make $6, $7, $8, $9 a day and over, write quick. Be ambitious. Make big money. Be independent. No experience or capital required. Easy work—all or part time. Earnings start at once.

$83 in First 5 Days

That's what Beuneau made. Mrs. Hackett cleared $83 first 7 hours. I also offer a new Ford Tudor Sedan FREE to producers as an extra remunerative addition to the big cash profits. Write today for my remarkable offer.

Albert Mills, Pres., 5447 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Roses of New Castle

is the title of a beautiful book on the culture of roses and other plants; gives expert experience of a lifetime. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors; offers and tells how to grow our famous plants. Write for free copy. HELLER BROS. CO., Box 133, New Castle, Ind.

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME

Many women earn fine incomes in business of their OWN operating Specialty Candy Factories and Stores. Booklet free. Write Dept. 1-A. CHILDS CANDY CO., 23 West Park Pl., New Orleans, La.

Send for free booklet. Tells how to make and sell large size PURE DELICIOUS candies. Starting plan. How to finance. Territory.

HELLER BROS. CO., Box 133, New Castle, Ind.

Drawer 56 East Orange, N. J.

Be a Nurse

Make $30 - $35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 29 years. Our graduates have charge of a 100-bed hospital. Another earned $400 while learning. Equipment furnished. Open to all over 18 and under 55. Money-back agreement.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 41 425 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free fascinating booklet "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name .....

City ..... State .....

FREE SEND FOR YOUR SAMPLE NOW

TEST the goodness of KONDON'S for cold in head, sinus trouble, nasal catarrh, headache, dry nose, hacking cough, catarrhal deafness, hay fever, rose cold, throat trouble, sore, tired feet, chilblains, sore face from shaving, chapped hands and lips, burns, dusty automobiling and work places. Drug Stores 30c and 60c

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

THE MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
845 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

your CANARY

Send Geiser's famous bird book free. Colony Book.

It's like human—he'll sing his best when MAX GEISER'S SOCKER SEED AND PURE EGG BISCUITS contain all the little delicacies a canary loves—and they're so easy to feed. Mrs. Thyng writes: "I never saw anything like it. Restored lost song to my canary" and Mrs. Thyng, Kansas City, Pa., also writes: Roller Bird Seed sample received. Birds are delighted." Largest Bird Seed Factory and Largest Bird Store in the World

Max GEISER BIRD COMPANY

190 Jenkins Bldg., Omaha, Neb. or 20 Cooper Square, New York.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

NAME THIS

This Offer Open to Everyone

It makes no difference who you are or where you live, we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win $1,000.00 —nothing else to do. Just write or print the name on any kind of paper. Neatness does not count.

WIN $1000.00 Cash

$100 EXTRA for PROMPTNESS

Any Name May Win

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is, you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win. The names of people, flowers, trees, birds, etc., may be submitted for a name or you can send a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sun-gleam," "Youth-glow," etc., or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest, sanitary tube, from which the shampoo is simply squeezed out. No bottle to break, leak or spill, no cake of soap to be around and collect germs. Nothing safer or more sanitary and convenient for travel. There is nothing more to do, simply the person sending the most suitable suggestion for a name will receive $1,000.00 in cash or, if prompt, $1,100.00 in all.

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

Win this $1,000.00 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1,000.00 and the extra $100.00 if prompt, there is nothing to buy or sell. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. We are offering one hundred other big cash prizes ranging from $8,000.00 down as a part of our novel advertising plan to make the products of the Paris American Pharmacal Company better known. Everyone sending us a name for our shampoo, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given an opportunity to win the $8,000.00 first prize or one of the other one hundred cash prizes. The winner of the $1,000.00 cash prize ($1,100.00 in all if prompt) offered for a name for our shampoo may by participating in our other prize offers win an additional $8,000.00 or a total of $9,100.00. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose as it costs you nothing to send a name. Do it today. The very name you think least of may be the winner.

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra $100.00 for promptness, or $1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.
S-100 McCune Bldg., DesMoines, Iowa

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....

Date my suggestion is mailed.....

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

The

PRESIDENT

Atlantic City's Newest Boardwalk Hotel

Offers for the Fall and Winter Season

Single Rooms with Bath—
From $28.00 weekly, European Plan
Or $49.00 weekly, American Plan

Double Rooms with Bath—
From $42.00 weekly, European Plan
Or $84.00 weekly, American Plan

Sea Water Swimming Pool
Marine Sun Deck—Concert Orchestra

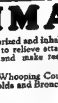
Under the management of Charles D. Boughton

ASTHMA

Vapo-Cresolene, when vaporized and inhaled, night or day, acts quickly to relieve attacks, restore normal breathing and make restful sleep possible.

World-wide reputation in Whooping Cough, Croup, Head and Chest Colds and Bronchial Asthma.

Vapo-Cresolene

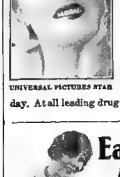


Sold at all drug stores. Descriptive booklet No. 771 mailed free.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. C.

Want lovely BLONDE HAIR?

Use Mary Nolan's Secret



SHAMPOO with Blondex...that's how exquisite Mary Nolan and other screen stars keep their blonde hair so charmingly bright and golden. A special shampoo *for blondes only*, Blondex prevents darkening—brings back youthful brightness to dull, faded hair. Not a dye. No harsh chemicals. Used by a million blondes. Get Blondex today. At all leading drug and department stores.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES STAR

Earn Money *Establish a* Circulating Library

Earn $75 to $200 per week by furnishing Circulating Library Service. Big profits through exclusive, fascinating, furnished literary service of National Circulating Libraries. Experience Not Necessary.

We furnish complete instruction, novel sales getting plan, advertising, etc., and everything necessary to open and operate a profitable library. Big Profits Assured. Write today for Free Book and Special Offer.

Address National Association of Circulating Libraries, Inc., Dept. 41 1133 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

"All right, Barty, you've failed me." She disengaged herself. "I must go back."

"No, no, don't go." He caught her hand. She snatched it away. She saw Watts looking at her from his distant table. He would have seen her signal now, but she did not give it.

As soon as dinner was over, Marion seized her arm. "Linda, I must talk to you. Come out on the beach. What a night! I think your young man is divine —is fascinating—so terrifying. When he looks down his nose at you, you don't know whether he is thinking you're an ass or simply shaking with passion, and I don't believe one would know if one lived with him twenty years. He might turn on his heel and never speak to you again, or he might wrap you in a large embrace or wring your neck. I had such an exciting dinner. I congratulate you, you sly creature, to hand yourself a month on an island with the most attractive man in the world."

LINDA laughed feebly. "Marion, how you run on! There's nothing between Nicholas Watts and me."

"Except a very sincere friendship. Oh, my dear, we all say that, but we don't expect to be taken literally."

"I do."

"Linda, will you answer one question?"

"Any number."

"Has he ever kissed *you*?"

"Never."

"What a fool!"

"Him or me?"

"You, my dear, you, of course. This air, these perfumes, these divine blue nights, this island of his. By the way, he's invited me to visit it."

"He asked you to stay on the island?"

"Yes, my love. Now, what I ask myself is does he want some one to keep Eugene busy? in which case I shall decline. Or does he want some one to amuse him? in which case I think I shall accept. After all, what do I owe Barty Lee, except a couple of good cracks? At least if you've a mind, Linda; if you leave me free to try my hand."

"A lot it would matter to you if I said no."

"Yes, it would. I have my better side. I really love you. I wouldn't want to interfere with you in any way."

"How could you interfere with me, Marion?"

"Am I to understand you are so sure of your Nicholas that nothing——"

"You are to understand that if he were in love with me you couldn't do anything about it, and as he is not, it doesn't matter to me what you and he do."

Marion answered pleasantly, "Well, at last you persuade me you're not interested, for if you love a man, and you're as sure of him as you can ever be of any man, let one of the witches in 'Macbeth' make a pass at him, and you suffer the tortures of the damned."

"If you're of a jealous disposition."

"If you're in love."

"Well, I'm not in love with Nicholas Watts."

"Speak now, or else hereafter——"

"I don't speak."

"Thank goodness. What fun I shall have! There are the men returning to us. Heaven bless them. I'm leaving you. I have work to do."

And Marion flitted back to the house alone.

Linda felt deeply annoyed—first at Watts for having asked Marion to stay after all they had said about it. How idiotic of him to show himself to be maneuvered by a self-indulgent, insensitive woman! Really, men— But, no, he wasn't a man to allow himself to be driven. What he had done he had done because he wanted to. That was it, of course.

She would tell him what she thought about it on that long, quiet trip home when this tiresome party was over. Why had she ever come at all? How disgusting, how destructive of all the admiration and affection she had for Watts! He should know that a love-affair with Marion would, so far as she was concerned, wipe him out of existence, render him ridiculous in her eyes. She would tell him that too on the voyage home.

And she had had her chance to prevent it. Why hadn't she spoken? She might have said, "I don't love the man, but I respect him too much to want you to make a fool of him with your cheap tricks and smirks." The reason she hadn't was quite clear—any man with whom Marion's tricks could be successful could be of no interest to her.

Let Marion have him. Then she, Linda, could step aside and despise them both in peace. But could she? Could she stand by and watch the process? No. She would go away herself. She would accept Barty's suggestion and go North immediately on the Chandler yacht. Marion could not stay alone on Argenta with Watts.

Linda went back into the dancing-room. Marion was waltzing with Barty Lee, and Watts was smoking in the doorway, talking to Crothers. Then suddenly Marion stopped dancing and went up to Watts, obviously asking him to dance with her. He shook his head, but evidently made a counter-suggestion. They laughed and went out of the room together, toward the beach.

Linda felt faint, actually sick, with an excitement that was like poison sweeping through every fiber of her physical being.

So this was jealousy, the fat-famed emotion that she had never experienced. Was she jealous of a man she did not love, or could she think she loved a man whose companionship she had had for two weeks without even thinking of a caress between them? Or had she suddenly gone mad, possessed by an evil spirit that had driven out the old tranquil soul of Linda Fenwick, and filled her body with hatred? Yes, that was it—hatred—she hated them both equally and alike.

One of the brown-faced men came and asked her for a dance, and she danced quite unaware of her own actions. Three times round the room, and Barty cut in on them. He failed to gain her attention until he said, "I suppose it is useless to suggest that this room is hot and ugly, and the night outside cool and handsome?"

"I think it's an excellent idea," she answered to his surprise. Her plan was to track down the other couple. Marion was dressed in a deep pink, very conspicuous in lamp-light; but how would it appear in moonlight? Linda's slim neck was stretched upward, head inclined to catch Barty's words, but under her long lashes her eyes were searching every corner of the veranda. They were not there.

"It's a walk down toward the water," said Lee.

"Why not?" she agreed. She had seen a couple sauntering with bent heads, outlined against the pale mirror of the sea. But it turned out not to be the couple she was seeking.

For almost an hour she led the astonished Barty slowly from point to point, listening apparently in a sort of sweet silence to what he said, but actually searching the faces of every couple they met, utterly despising herself for what she was doing, utterly unable to stop it. Inexperienced in the emotional crisis of jealousy, she had learned no technique for dealing with it. She had no immunity, she was without defense.

Suddenly Linda seemed to come to herself. "I'm going back to the club-house," she said.

"No, no, don't do that. I won't talk like this if you'll stay a little longer," Lee pleaded.

"I am going in," she repeated.

"Oh, Linda, what fun you would be if only you would let yourself go!"

"Fun perhaps for you, Barty," she answered, and stepped through a window to the dancing-room.

THE first person she saw was Marion. Watts was still undiscoverable. She danced with Barty, and then he brought Chandler to her to confirm his invitation. Chandler was a sad, hatchet-faced man of sixty-five, content apparently to spend his fortune so that other people might enjoy themselves.

"Barty tells me there's a chance you might make the trip back with us. I wish you would. He says you're getting a little fed up with life on an island."

"Oh, I can't say that. It's very delightful, but I'll speak to my husband and let you know."

And while she was talking Watts came sauntering into the room. He looked pale and tense. Oh, yes, something had happened. Before she knew what she was

Original from

doing her hands flew up to her throat. He gave one quick nod, and presently was standing at her side, while Chandler was still saying, "Of course not a floating palace like Watts's boat, but we'd do our best in our humble way."

She nodded and smiled, and walked away with Watts to say good night to the Crotherses. "Such a delightful party! So kind of you to ask me! Oh, just a little party! Delighted you enjoyed it!"

Through all the nightmare of the evening a certain peace had brooded above the turmoil, telling Linda that when she was once more alone with Watts his concern and interest in her would return. She would fight against it, but it would return, and perhaps make this wild conviction of being slighted appear quite foolish and trivial.

Nothing of this kind happened. He handed her into the launch with a touch of his fingers. Did not look at her. Started the launch and drove it in silence through the night.

She guessed that he was in the grip of some emotion that took no count of her. Could it be Marion? What else? She saw in one of those rapid flashes of imagination, so habitual to her, that Marion would throw Richard over in a moment for such a man as Watts. She saw them married, coming to dinner. "My husband says," in Marion's softest tones. Marion and Nicholas—she could not bear that. Yet it was useless to deceive herself. It was bound to be.

The lights of the club-house had faded into the distance so that they were now only an orange blur behind them. She must find out; she must be sure.

"Did you think it was a nice party?" she shouted.

"I'm not much given to parties."

"Did you like Marion?"

"Very much."

"I understand you asked her to stay with us—with you, I mean."

"Yes, I believe I did."

"Don't you know whether you did or not?" He didn't answer at all.

She could not let it pass. "Really," she said, and a high, shrill note came into her voice, "really I do think after all we said you need not have done that, at least without consulting me."

"I did not find it very easy to consult you this evening."

"You did not make very much effort."

Again he would not answer.

"You may say that it is not my business who ask to your own island, but—"

"I certainly do say so."

SHE could hardly believe her ears. She was babbling with anger, and yet conscious that the whole dispute was childish, comic.

"Well, nothing can be clearer than that," she said.

"Nothing, since I understand you are leaving Argenta next week with Mr. Lee's party."

"I believe they did ask me."

"If your memory fails you, I can tell you that you were asked—and accepted."

"I did not accept. At least——"

"Don't apologize. You are a free agent."

"I am quite aware of that."

"Don't be too sure."

How could it be that this woman was she, Linda, sitting there shaking with anger? She wanted to shout insults at him above the roar of the engine. Well, at least she would leave the next day, not waiting for the Chandler boat.

Suddenly he shut off the engine and spun the wheel so that the careening launch swung about until the moon shone full in her face. "Well," he said, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"I," she answered furiously.

"Yes, you—you," he returned. "What kind of woman are you? You know very well what you are to me. I treat you like a combination of nun and goddess. I don't even tell you what you know—that I love you—for fear it might disturb or shock your fine sense of honor, and then you let this dissipated boy paw you in public. You spent an hour, a full hour, out on the sands with him. What were you doing?"

Language, that late invention of the human race, always turns out to be of very little use in important crises. Linda did not answer. His words gave her the most exquisite pleasure she had ever experienced. She threw her head back, and, looking up to where she could see only the outline of his head against the sky, she laughed. No words could have been as clear. He bent over and caught her up, and she clung to him with all her might.

So this was love, not young romance, not brief passion, but the final risking of your whole existence, the thing for which people died, the complete union of two beings, the explanation of the universe, the one desirable reason for life. Heaven be praised, this was love.

THE cook had a favorite song that he sang in the quiet hours when the breakfasts had been served and luncheon had not yet become a problem. Linda, passing the veranda of the main house, heard his voice from the kitchen:

Ride away, ride away on the wings of morning;
Ride away, ride away to the morning star;
Ride away, ride on the wings of morning;
Ride away, ride away fa-ar——.

His face beamed out at her as she passed.

"Good morning, Edward," she said. Her joy instantly communicated itself to a member of a race so capable of impressions.

"Good morning, Mistress. Feel the wind? When it blow like this it last three days."

"Oh, I don't mind wind, Edward." She did, she hated it, but she could not dislike anything this morning. "Do you know where Mr. Watts is?"

"Just went down to the pool, Mistress—looking for you, I'd say."

She ran on lightly, humming his tune as she went. "Ride away, ride away on the wings of morning—" It exactly suited her mood. Every time she had fallen asleep she had been waked by her own happiness—happiness without a shade of regret. As far as she was concerned one problem was settled—she was his whenever he wanted her. But, his consideration, which she knew was strange to his nature, touched her. He was in control of himself. She need have no care except to be happy.

He was leaning against the wall of the pool, evidently waiting for her. His arms were folded, and he was staring out at the sea.

"Hullo," she called from above.

She saw at once that he was ravaged by some deep, inner anxiety—a mood very different from her own. Love had not completely made her over, for her first thought was a doubt. "He wishes he hadn't—" she said to herself.

He did not answer her greeting, but when she came near him he caught her hand. "Well, do you hate me?" he asked hoarsely.

She laughed. "Hate you?" she said. "Poor me, poor Linda, I love you terribly. I was under the impression you got that idea thoroughly last night."

He looked surprized at her gaiety. "I have spent the whole night what was left of it, steeling myself against the moment when you met me this morning and told me you never wanted to see me again."

"Poor fellow, not a fool about many things," she returned, beaming upon him; and then seeing that to please him she must control the prancing quality of her spirits, she said gravely, "I love you beyond any meaning I ever knew the word possessed."

"And you regret nothing?"

"Regret? About as much as a shipwrecked crew regrets morning, or a blind person being able to see. No, I regret nothing, and I adore you, and you dazzle me, and I think you greater than Napoleon and wiser than Confucius and more attractive than Alexander the Great." She was off again on the gale of her happiness. The only way he could have stopped her was to take her in his arms, and this was impossible, for only a little way off a figure in lovely blue and mauve cotton garments was watering the roots of a camellia-tree.

Watts smiled tragically at her.

"You always contrive to surprize me," he said. "When I expect you to be brave you are timid, and when I think that the situation is one which any woman is justified in shrinking from, I find you toss it off with a wave of your hand."

"I don't toss it off, but I'm still intoxi-

FREE
Beautiful new money-saving book on Rugs and Home Decorating mailed FREE on request. All rugs shown in full color in model rooms. Just mail handy coupon

Soft, Luxurious Olson Rugs

Made from your OLD RUGS and clothing

Compare with an Axminster at twice our price

New! Different! Finer!

Any Size or Color You Want, Regardless of the Colors in Your Used Materials

WRITE today for our big FREE book in colors. Learn how we scientifically separate the valuable, seasoned wool in your old material—sterilize, bleach, picker, card and spin into the finest kind of rug yarn—then dye in the newest colors and weave on power looms into lovely, modern Duo-Velvety rugs with the same luxurious, velvet-like nap on both sides for double wear.

Save, this Easy, Fascinating Way

Why pay $8 or $10 for a new bed room rug when a few pounds of material mailed to our factory will give you a new rose, blue, taupe, green, tan or mulberry rug for as little as $1.80? Why pay $50 for a new living or dining room rug when you can send your old materials and get beautiful rugs in Oriental or Two-Tone colors for as low as $16.50?

We guarantee to satisfy you or pay for your materials. We have no agents. Send direct. We pay transportation from all states.

Olson Rug Co.

Branches: New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and San Francisco

Mail Coupon to Chicago

TEAR OUT NOW AND MAIL

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. P-27, Laflin Street, CHICAGO, ILL.
Mail this coupon or an ordinary postcard with your name and address and we will send you the FREE book on Rugs and Home Decorating in colors, New Low Prices and full information.

NAME_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____

The rug above has rich Taupe field, darker border, colorful Japanese design woven in corners. Made in 26 sizes.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Why should

GRAY HAIR

make you older than you are?

Famous Single Lock Test Package FREE MAIL COUPON

I could save countless women many a heartache if they would send for my FREE SINGLE LOCK TEST PACKAGE.

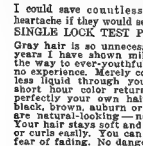
Gray hair is so unnecessary. In over 30 years I have shown millions of women the way to ever-youthful hair. You need no experience. Merely comb clear, colorless liquid through your hair. In one short hour color returns that matches perfectly your own hair whether it be black, brown, auburn or blonde. Results are natural-looking—nothing artificial. Your hair stays soft and lustrous—waves or curls easily. You can wash it without fear of fading. No danger of rubbing off on hat-linings or linen.

3,000,000 women gained youthful hair by making this sensible test.

I want to show you, too. You can make the test at home without risk or expense on a single lock snipped from your hair. I only ask you to see for yourself. Your druggist can supply the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. But why not send for Free Complete Test Package now?

MARY T. GOLDMAN
4551 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
CHECK COLOR OF HAIR
☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE



"Oh! I wish my skin were clear" It can be!

Do you long for a clear, smooth skin, free of pimples, blotches and rashes? Would you drive away that wretched eczema? Then, try D. D. D., the pure, cooling wash. It has done wonders for thousands. Stops itching, instantly! Then soothes and heals. Dries at once, greaseless and does not stain. Ask your druggist for the 35c trial bottle; money back if it fails to help you. Or write D. D. D. Corporation, Batavia, Ill.

D. D. D. THE HEALING SKIN LOTION

Maternity Style Book Free

MATERNITY apparel, with no tell-tale drawstring, cording, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion at the essential condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Jane Bryant Address Dept 31 New York

Candy Making Powder

The Candy confines it self to the kitchen and shows the way to fortune in a candy business. Turn your KITCHEN into a candy shop and start making big profits almost from the very first day. Nearly everybody likes candy. With our recipes almost anyone can make delicious candy. Free booklet explains everything. Write today. National Candy School, Dept. AF-4910, Washington, D.C.

cated with the joy of finding that you love me, and we love each other. Let me be happy for a little while, Nick. There is probably plenty of suffering ahead of us."

"Plenty, I should say."

She looked at him and could not suppress a smile. "I really believe," she said, "that you would be better pleased with me if I were dreary."

ALTHO he could make shrewd fun of himself he never encouraged others to do so. "I should at least feel," he answered, "that you had a rational idea of what was ahead of us."

"Love is ahead of us."

He nodded.

"But all love seems tragic to me, even the most fortunate."

"And to me it seems divine, even the most unfortunate."

"I'm afraid that view will change before we're through this."

She sighed, just a little wounded at his pessimism in such a moment.

"I find it difficult to guess when I can ever make you happy," she said, "if in the first hours of knowing that I love you—"

"I can not have an instant of peace," he returned, "until Eugene has been told. Or perhaps you have told him already?"

She moved her shoulders.

"I haven't seen him."

"He must be told to-day."

"Told what?"

"That you belong to me, and not to him."

Ah, yes, a mind constantly in touch with reality, as Manning had said. She would not say she wished him to be less so. She could not wish him different in any way, but she began to have the sense of being driven.

He sat in hesitation, and asked fiercely, "Isn't it true?"

"Yes, but give me a little time, Nick."

He relented slightly. "I'll give you time if you really need it. But I can't see how time can change anything. The situation is clear now."

"Yes," she said, but her assent did not satisfy him.

"You say 'yes' as if you only half meant it. Here I am building everything on what is to me the great emotion of my life, and you say 'yes' as if it were an invitation you could slip out of at the last moment. I wonder if you have ever really faced the fact that you must immediately divorce Eugene?"

"Of course I have faced it," she said, and yet she could hear in her own tone the faint, sulky resentment with which reason being forced to announce a decision. As a matter of fact, for people like Linda there are two distinct steps in any decision: the intellectual solving of a problem, a recognition of what must be done, and the second step, the knowledge of what the pattern of the deed will be. This she often put off until she was already in action, and that was often too late. A hundred times since last night she had said to herself that Eugene must be told, but all her vivid thinking had been about her love for Watts and their more remote future.

"You terrify me," he said.

"Terrify you, Nick?"

"I don't feel sure of you."

"Isn't that usually supposed to be a charm?"

"No," he answered fiercely. "I don't think you really take in what you are to me. It isn't only that I am passionately in love with you. I have felt wilder emotions in my time. But it has always seemed to be incredible that I could ever find a woman who would satisfy all my desires—everything I dreamed of as a boy, everything I dream as a man—as you do, Linda, except for one thing. You don't seem my own. I feel you slipping through my fingers like water, like beautiful, cool clear, unstable water." His voice shook.

"I think," she said, "it has been too easy for you. I am too completely yours for you to be aware of it."

He shook his head slowly, and in the silence she heard Eugene's voice not far away, calling her.

"Linda."

It was almost the first time since they had been on the island that he had spoken her name. It sounded friendly, almost gay. She was so much surprized that it did not occur to her to reply. It was Watts who called back, and presently Eugene's tall figure appeared on the path above them.

"Well," he said, "and how was the party?"

Before he spoke Linda knew that he had been drinking. She glanced quickly at Watts. She wasn't sure whether he knew or not.

"Rather dull," she answered.

"Ah—ha!" said Eugene, "have I an instinct? Ask you, have I or have I not an—an instinct?"

She did not like the cold interest with which Watts was observing Eugene, and in order to say something she said, "Marion was there and Barty Lee."

Eugene's face suddenly grew grave. "Barty Lee?—that little whelp—was he there?" He turned to Watts. "Disgusting little fellar, and after Linda. I don't know whether you ever noticed, Nick, that good women fancy the worst men. My wife, Linda, is a good woman." He swayed a little. He was much drunker than she thought. "Yet she likes Lee. He makes a great hit with all the women. Of course I have perfect confidence in Linda, except at times she's just a fool, and that's not exactly against a woman. You agree with me, don't you?"

Watts didn't answer. He turned and looked at Linda deliberately, as much as to say, "Well, what do you think of him?" Then he took him by the arm and led him away. As they went Linda could hear Eugene's voice still explaining his views on the sexes.

Well, certainly between them they had contrived to destroy the earlier elation of her spirits. She had seen triumph in Watts's manner as he led Eugene away, but as a matter of fact the scene had had the opposite effect on her from what Watts supposed. It had not freed her; it had renewed the old feeling of bondage. All her past experience of worry and care rushed back upon her.

The real, essential Linda was the woman who for fifteen years had agonized over Eugene. There was no other left. Where had he got the liquor? How much harm would it do him? How long before the police would be on the old treadmill—the old horror— This was not love. She saw as clear as day that she did not love him, but it was more binding than love. There was no escape from it. She was doomed.

She sat down on her ledge of rock, and, leaning her head against the wall, closed her eyes. She yearned for Nicholas's return, and yet knew that he would at once begin to condemn Eugene, and she would wish to defend him. A habit? A very strong one.

IT WAS a long time before she heard his returning steps. Opening her eyes, she said dully, "Can you guess where he got anything to drink?"

"I don't have to guess; I know. He bought it at a most iniquitous price from Philips, the wireless man."

"That nice, respectable young man?"

"That nice, respectable young man is now on his way across a very rough piece of water to catch the boat to New York without his salary."

"You owe him money?"

"Let him try to get it."

"He probably does not understand, poor young man, why you don't want your friends to have whisky."

"He knows now that I like my orders literally obeyed. We are entirely cut off from the world." He smiled his rather grim smile. "They have changed places. As her spirits sank, his rose. But he was now in action, his native element.

"Linda," he said, "do you still need time to choose between us?"

"I never needed time. How many times must I tell you I am entirely yours? Only, is he not a pitiful figure?"

"I could pity him if he were not your husband."

"If I abandon him it will utterly destroy him."

"He is utterly destroyed already. He is nothing but a, shaking, maundering sot."

Dreadful words! All the more dreadful because they powerfully affected her.

"You know," she said, "it was you yourself who told me to stick to him—to love him better. Things have changed since then."

"Haven't you ever guessed why I told you that? It was in anticipation of this very moment. I wanted you to have a clean slate—nothing to reproach yourself with when this time came."

"This time? You mean that you expected—"

"From the very first instant you came into my office. Didn't you know? What a curious creature you are—so clever and so unwilling to reap the benefits of your wisdom. For of course you did know. That first time when you got up to go, I had made up my mind I would spare nothing to make you my own. Of course I knew that the first step was for you to convince yourself that you had done everything possible to save Eugene. Tell me frankly, have you any doubt that you have done all that is in your power?"

SHE was enormously moved, confounded by the idea that he had loved her at first sight, had been steadily moving toward this goal, which seemed so unexpected to her.

"It never occurred to me," she began, but he interrupted.

"Oh, yes, it did," he answered. "I saw you say to yourself, 'I wonder if this man is interested in me?' and then you put it out of your head."

She smiled at him. "You know practically everything," she said. "And so that was why you gave me that advice—to love him better."

"It was the only way to make you feel free when our moment came, and it has come, Linda."

Yes, it had come. What was there to do but yield to any one so much wiser and stronger than she? She made a little gesture with her open palms.

"Now, listen," he said, "I have just given Eugene a sedative. He ought to sleep for eight or ten hours. We have that much time to decide definitely what we mean to do. For instance, I believe the wind is not too strong to send the launch across and get the yacht there, so that you could sail North to-day and begin your arrangements with your brother for your divorce."

Richard! Great Heavens, what would he think of her?

"Can you trust me without my seeing Eugene again?"

"You can trust me to make the position clear."

She shook her head.

"I must tell him myself."

"I imagined that you would feel that. I think so myself. Then we must decide what and how you are to tell him."

"It will come to me when—"

"No, Linda, you must decide beforehand. You of all people. What are you going to say?"

She wished that he would let her alone to do things her own way, and her voice betrayed the irritation she answered:

"I shall tell him I no longer love him."

"Nothing but that?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"Most certainly not. You might as well tell a bandit who is holding you up that you don't want to lend him money. Eugene needs you. He won't let you go if he can help it. Your loving him or not is nothing to him. You must tell him that you love me and are leaving him. The yacht must be here, and you can then go aboard."

For an instant she felt terror. Could she do this dreadful thing herself, or should she run away and leave it all to him? No, that was too cowardly.

"You are so rapid in your decisions, Nick. Give me a little time."

"I can't give you what I haven't got. This whole situation is loaded with danger. Besides I am not blessed with a temperament that can stand it. To see you together, to know that he's your husband, to hear him speak of you as if you were entirely his—I can't guarantee that I'll keep quiet."

"Not when you know that I love you?"

"I shall only know that when you've done something to demonstrate it."

"You hurt me when you speak like that. It seems to me that we are already so completely bound together that nothing could separate us."

"Indeed? Well, let me tell you something that could separate us, and that is my rapidity of decision, as you call it. I don't find your indecisions very tolerable, Linda. If I became persuaded that you were considering him rather than me in this whole situation, I can imagine my

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

doing some silly, impulsive thing that might separate us forever."

She knew it was true, and another sort of fear swept over her.

"I'll tell him," she said hastily. "I will do exactly as you tell me. I will use your words, tho I dare say they won't be nearly as good as mine." She smiled at him. "But don't let's spend the whole day on that. Let us enjoy it. Because, of course, you know I have the illusion that all people in love have—that I never have a moment to talk to you alone. Is it not intoxicating to have a long day to ourselves?"

She knew that he had softened at last that she had regained him. She felt her power. She could always regain him.

Almost immediately the footsteps of one of the negroes were heard approaching the pool. He brought word that a launch was coming up to the pier. Visitors. Marion, probably.

"Better get back to your own house," Watts said. "No use in our being found alone by that chattering sister-in-law of yours. I'll go and meet them."

A few minutes later Linda was discovered by Marion reading on her own veranda. She had looked in at Eugene sleeping like a child, with one arm flung out of bed. She heard Marion's gay, quick enunciation—two deeper voices, Barty, of course, and evidently Chandler was with them.

"My dear," said Marion, looking about her with a bright eye in search of information. "So this is where you and Gene are quartered—quite a love-nest. If you'd explained that to me—"

"Eugene is asleep, Marion."

"I'm not saying anything, my dear, but what any husband ought to be glad to hear. Well, we've arrived after a very rough and dangerous trip, and have asked ourselves to lunch; but we hope to take all of you back to dine on Chandler's boat."

"I don't think I could leave Eugene."

"Would you permit your Nicholas to go without you?"

Linda laughed. "I have already explained to you that my Nicholas does what he likes." She was protected from jealousy now. "I should think he might need a little distraction."

"I'm the girl to give it to him," said Marion. She walked to a mirror and examined the coral surface of her lips. She was looking unusually pretty in a peach-colored dress and brown-straw hat.

PRESENTLY they went over to the main house for luncheon.

To deceive an outsider is not so difficult when the egotism of that outsider desires to be deceived. Both Marion and Barty, tho suspicious by nature, wanted to believe that there was nothing between Linda and Watts. They had not been an hour on the island before they came to the conclusion that the relation between their host and his chief guest was dull, without a spark.

They bathed, not from Linda's pool, but under the eastern lee of the island, for the wind blew steadily, without violence, but with a relentless power that bent the palms in great ragged hoops.

After lunch Linda went to see Eugene and when she was gone Marion instantly suggested to Watts that she ought to be taken on a tour of inspection of the main. Watts invited the two men to accompany them, but both declined—Chandler because in the tropics he always wanted to sleep after luncheon, Lee because he hoped for Linda's return.

As she moved away beside Watts, Marion looked up and said, "What a natural czar you are!"

He smiled, too fatuously. She attracted him a little, and knew it, but did not understand that such an attraction was no more important to him than the impulse to stoop and pick up a shining object in the street—something you might do or not, according to whether you were or were not in a hurry. It had not very much to do with his love for Linda, except as he might give her pain. He loved her with his whole nature. He had fallen in love with her the first day he saw her in his office, on account of her beauty and her calm intelligence, a certain delicate elegance, and a slightly malicious gaiety that relieved his gloomy outlook on life. He said to himself that he was in love for the first time—at forty-two.

Marion's charm for him had nothing to do with this emotion. He found her slightly intoxicating — her swimming brown eyes and her slavish femininity that seemed to make it necessary either to love her or to stamp upon her. Her methods were the simplest. When they were actually alone, she leaned toward him, allowed her arm to touch his, gazed at him with those deep, liquid eyes, and flattered him extravagantly. Then when they were once more outside, where all the world might see them, she thought it a good time to verify Linda's attitude.

"Isn't Linda's devotion to that drunken creature surprizing?" she asked. "Admirable, some people think, but to me it's repulsive."

"She has a very strong sense of obligation," said Watts.

"My dear man, it's not duty, it's love. It's hypnotism, if you prefer. She can't get away from him. You should have seen her when she was first engaged, and she's still as entranced. Isn't it absurd? A good many men have tried to free her. Even Barty, and I must say Barty has a technique."

"I accept your judgment in the matter."

SHE was quite unabashed.

"Yes, he has technique, but he couldn't do anything with Linda. Nobody can. I thought at one time you were going to turn out to be the great emancipator, but perhaps you had too much sense to try."

"I have a great deal of sense," he said.

She had no notion of the rage that she was raising in him.

Aloud he said, "We must be liberal and not blame a woman too much even for sticking to her husband."

Marion thought, "Does he mean me? Does he think me barbaric? Am I really on the brink of a love-affair with this important man?"

She felt elated and self-confident, rather surprized, when almost at once she found herself back in the main house.

Chandler was still sleeping. Barty and Linda talking. They had been driven into the house by the wind. Presently the men left Lee in charge of their launch sent word that it was unsafe to hold the boat longer at the pier.

Watts had already refused their invitation, but Marion repeated it.

"Oh, do come," she said. "I shall be so disappointed. See how we've braved the elements for your sake. Linda doesn't mind being alone. She always says she likes it—requires solitude, don't you, Linda? And after all she has her husband. Tell him you'll let him go, Linda."

Thus appealed to, Linda said, "I certainly don't mind being alone," and then feeling that her tone had been cool, she added, "Why don't you go, Nicholas?"

She spoke partly from pride, partly from prudence.

"Very well, I will," he answered.

It was easier said than done. It took half an hour's maneuvering to get the launch safely away. Linda came down to see them off, standing with the wind wrapping her dress and blowing about her. In Watts's eyes she seemed the most desirable of women. He passionately regretted leaving her.

He called from the boat, "I'll be back about ten."

She nodded and smiled as if it meant nothing to her; but she watched them almost out of sight.

Marion was right in saying that Linda always desired a certain amount of solitude. She was like many sensitive people in not being able to think sincerely in the presence of another strong individuality. But she was unlike most people in being able when alone to think with clarity and ease. With Watts off the island she was able to consider what she was really going to say to Eugene.

She went back to the sitting-room of the main house. The wind had begun to get on her nerves. She felt as if they were vibrating the way telegraph-wires do.

"Eugene, I no longer love you—not as your wife. I wish you well—"

How little she had ever thought it possible that she, Linda Fenwick, would be saying these words! How well she remembered the first time she ever saw him—a cold September afternoon! He had been playing tennis and came in in a heavy white sweater high about his ears. She had known all about him, of course—his picture in the Sunday papers as captain of the team, and her friends had told her about him.

She had been pouring tea for the girl at whose house it was, and she had said to him, when no one bothered to introduce them, "Will you take a cup of tea from a total stranger?"

And he had answered promptly, "Yes, if it will keep us from ever being that."

Her heart ached as she thought how often they had quoted that first speech of his, and now that was what she was making them. No, not she, but his own conduct had turned her from him.

Her heart softened as she thought of those early days. But she must not think of him as he was then. Let her think of him as he was now—a sodden, befuddled man, no longer young; to that man she could tell the truth, harsh as it was.

She had her dinner alone in the sitting-room, reading under a tall lamp. The wind had dropped a little. She glanced out every now and then. She began to long for Watts's return. She was not afraid, but she had never forgotten the doctor's warning as to the violent jealousy of alcoholics. Before noon the next day she must speak the decisive words. Oh, if she could only skip the intervening time!

Before going to bed she sat a little while on the rocks under the flooding blue moonlight—the same moon that had shone upon her and Watts in the launch. All her thoughts were of him now—of what life with him could be, would be, for, as he had said, people who felt as they did could not be kept apart. How different this real, fierce emotion was to the romantic sentiment which had made her youthful love of Eugene!

She stole quietly into her own room, and as she let one slipper drop on the bare floor, she heard her name called. Her heart stood still. Eugene was awake. Before she had answered he was in the room, enormously tall, in a dark dressing-gown, tied tightly about him, his hair unbrushed and his face red-tinged.

"Oh, Linda," he said. "Thank God, I thought you had gone." He knelt down beside her and, burying his face in her lap, sobbed.

Above his bent head her face looked like a tragic mask. "You thought I had gone?" she repeated.

"I don't know what I thought. I have behaved like such a beast—such a fool, but you know that you are the only thing in the world I love—you know that, Linda?"

"Yes, I know."

"I've been through hell," he went on. "I never knew what it was to be so frightened. I woke up, and I was sure you had left me. I don't know why, but it seemed positive, like a nightmare, and I called to you and you didn't answer, and I went over to the other house, and there was no one there. I thought I would kill myself, Linda. I wrote you a letter to say that I could not live without you."

SHE sat quite still. If he had been terrified before she was terrified now. She felt like a swimmer just emerging from the flood who feels the strong undertow dragging him relentlessly back.

"You're hysterical, Gene," she managed to enunciate.

"I know now that you wouldn't—you couldn't do that to me, ever; could you, Linda?"

"Yes," she said, "I could."

She expected this answer to throw him back into his frenzy of fear, but it seemed that imagination was more terrifying than fact, for the rose to his feet and stood looking at her, he was quite calm now.

"Oh, no, you couldn't. You could not destroy me, Linda; it's unthinkable."

"I don't love you, Eugene. I pity you. I wish you well. I don't love you."

"Yes, you do," he returned fiercely. "You are disgusted with me, and Heaven knows you have reason to be, but we are knit together too closely to part, Linda. I will pull up, darling, and then everything will be all right. You'll see. I would let you go if you wanted to really—or, no, I couldn't—and you wouldn't be happy knowing that I was in the gutter. Fifteen years—you have made yourself my life, my whole life."

It went on for an hour, more than an

Continued on Page 81

Colds
Dont Neglect them

Take the recognized standard remedy—Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE. Taken by more people than any other remedy for colds—It is reliable and safe.

Grove's *Laxative* **BROMO QUININE** *Tablets*

At All Druggists 30c

Successful Since 1889

CAMPBELL'S INFRA-RED RAY LAMP

Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or some friend have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone.

Relieves bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flu and many other ailments.

Tell Us Your Trouble

Get Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

Quotes leading authorities as well as users

Infra-Red Rays have brought wonderful results for others. Let us send you their letters. Write today for our book giving details.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
1053 Union Avenue · Alliance, Ohio

LADIES SPARE TIME **MONEY!** You can make $15.00 to $25.00 weekly. We furnish complete outfit of 1000 samples. Silks, rayons, percales, dainty prints. Exclusive territory. Write today for FREE Plan.
MITCHELL & CHURCH CO. Dept. 1-A Binghamton, N. Y. **PIECE GOODS**

Manage a Tea Room

OPPORTUNITIES everywhere in Tea Rooms and Motor Inns. Open a tea room in your own home with little capital or manage one already going. Excellent salaries paid to trained managers. Shortage acute. We teach you entire business in your spare time. Be independent. Write today for 44-page Book, "Pouring Tea for Profit."
LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE
Dept. CA-2371 Washington, D. C.

Courage wins happiness

Here's a Nurse's Recipe for more smiles!

NO one else sees the ups and downs of life, like a trained nurse. Did you ever notice how they keep smiling? Smiles make smiles, they will tell you. It's the secret of their success.

You would think a very old lady with a broken thigh in a plaster cast would be a hard person to keep happy. Not so, according to Nurse Helen U. Griffin, 64 Prospect Avenue, Hackensack, New Jersey.

"I remember one case very well," says Miss Griffin. "My patient, being unable to move about by herself became very constipated. Many medicines in pill form were used with little or no results. Finally when we came home from the hospital I began the use of Nujol.

"Soon my patient became regular and comfortable, without any pain or discomfort. Now she is happy and cheerful, since regularity has begun and continued with such little trouble."

You do not have to have a broken leg to profit by Miss Griffin's recipe for more smiles. We all would feel better if we followed this easy and simple way to good health. Miss Griffin knew how harmless Nujol is, containing no drugs or medicine, but acting only as a natural lubricant. She knew how it keeps excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) and helps carry them away.

Women need a natural aid like Nujol just as much, if not more than men. There are so many physical conditions they have to go through that upset their normal schedule.

Just remember that all your body needs to be regular as clock-work is a simple natural lubricant. Be sure, however, that you get the right one—the one tested and approved by millions of people.

See what Nujol will do for you. You can get it at any drug store for the price of a ticket to a good movie. You will find that Nujol works easily, normally. Try it today!

You'll wonder how you ever lived without this natural, pleasant, easy way to health and happiness!

Mothers— don't neglect your child's COUGH or COLD

GOOD old Musterole now made milder for babies and small children.

So pleasant to use and so reliable—apply Children's Musterole freely to the infected area *once every hour for five hours.*

That's the safe, sure treatment that millions of mothers and leading doctors and nurses recognize and endorse.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults and Children's Musterole for the little tots. All druggists.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
MILD

FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE

EVERY self-respecting recipe-file is ever on the alert for new dishes which, when pasted on its fresh white cards, will tease and tempt the keeper of the box to use them often. These recipes have been prepared especially for such a box.

Spiced Raisins

WASH 3 pounds of raisins and put into a preserving-kettle. Add 2 pounds of sirup, 1 pint of vinegar, and 1 tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves (tied in a piece of muslin). Heat to the boiling-point and cook slowly for 1½ hour. Store in a jar, and keep in a cool place. Serve with cold meat.

Dried Peas with Rice and Tomatoes

1½ Cupful Rice
1 Cupful Peas
2 Onions
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Cupfuls Tomato, Fresh or Canned

SOAK the peas overnight in 2 quarts of water. Cook until tender in the water in which they soaked. Add the rice, onions (chopped), tomato, and seasonings, and cook for 20 minutes.

Stuffed Cabbage-Leaves

Chop in Food-chopper { 1 Pound Round Steak

Add to Chopped Meat {
1 Egg
1 Cupful Bread-crumbs
1 Small Onion, Finely Chopped
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
½ Teaspoonful Salt

Cabbage-leaves

FILL the cabbage-leaves with the meat, tie with strings, cook in boiling water for 1½ hour, reducing the temperature after the first 10 minutes; drain the leaves, remove the strings, place in a glass baking-dish, dot with butter, and place under the broiler-flame to brown.

Peanut and Lima-Bean Loaf

½ Cupful Chopped Peanuts, Roasted
1 Cupful Cooked Lima-beans
1 Cupful Bread-crumbs
1 Small Onion, Chopped
¼ Cupful Milk
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper

PUT the cooked beans through a sieve or meat-grinder. Add the other ingredients; mix, place in a greased loaf-pan, and bake. Serve with a sauce made by heating a can of tomato soup, and seasoning to taste.

Cole-Slaw

2 Cupfuls Chopped Cabbage
1 Cupful Chopped Celery
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Parsley
2 Chopped Pimientoes
2 Hard-boiled Eggs, Sliced
1 Cupful Cole – slaw Dressing

TOSS the ingredients together with the cole-slaw dressing, and garnish with slices of the hard-boiled eggs and the celery or parsley.

Cole-Slaw Salad Dressing

¼ Cupful Butter
1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Mustard
1 Cupful Mild Vinegar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Paprika

CREAM butter and sugar, add the seasonings and the beaten yolk of egg. To this add gradually the hot vinegar, beating constantly. Cook over hot water until the mixture thickens. Let cool, and stir in the beaten white of egg.

Corn Soufflé

1 Can Corn
1 Tablespoonful Shortening
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Green Pepper
1 Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Eggs

MELT shortening; add the flour and seasonings. Gradually add the milk, scalded. Cook until thickened, stirring. Add the corn, green pepper, cut fine, and yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Fold in the whites, beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into a buttered baking-dish. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

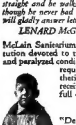
BORN WITH Club Foot

How Harry McGuire's deformity was corrected at McLain Sanitarium is shown by photos and father's letter:

Our boy was born with a Club Foot. Physician Feels was used and the foot operated on without satisfactory results. Finally we took him to your Institution. His foot is now straight and he walks, runs and plays as though he never had a crippled foot. We will gladly answer letters.

LENARD McGUIRE, R. R. No. 8, Mt. Vernon, Illinois

McLain Sanitarium (established 1898) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of *crippled, deformed* and *paralyzed* conditions generally. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patient received without delay. Parents retain full charge of children if desired.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKS

"Deformities and Paralysis," and "Reference," which show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Also Illustrated magazine, "Sanitarium News," mailed free every 60 days.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
933 Aubert Av., St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

HOTEL EMBASSY
Broadway at 70th Street
New York
400 Large, Light Rooms
All with Bath
$2.50 a day for one person.
$4.00 a day, and up, for two
Special Rates for Permanent Guests
Fine Restaurant
Reasonable Prices
EDMUND P. MOLONY, Mgr.
Wire at our expense for reservations

Cuticura Soap
is more than a fine soap
It is sensative, antiseptic and not only cleanses, but heals irritations and restores the normal action of the pores.
For fifty years the standard of excellence

EUROPE
Conducted Tours ALL EXPENSES $450
New England, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, $450 (including Passion Play at Oberammergau). Other tours $350 to $750. Canadian Pacific Steamships via St. Lawrence Sea-Way. Motoring, hotels, meals, sightseeing all included.
THE TRAVEL GUILD, Dept. 150, 104 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 216 Metropolitan Bldg., New York
Write today for FREE BOOKLET

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!
Painting photos and miniatures. No drawing lessons required. Fascinating work. You can make $50 to $100 a week. Earn while learning. We teach you by mail. Artistic ability unnecessary. Write today for free booklet.
NATIONAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. J-1, 1508 N. Clybourn Ave., Chicago

WEDDING ETIQUETTE BOOK
Brides, Bridesmaids, Guests—the etiquette of all Correct wedding procedure covered completely in special book mailed free without obligation. Write Anne Kiernan, 410 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.
FREE

Ugly Pimples

NATURE'S remedy—Ivy Nature clear your complexion. Don't squeeze and scratch your pale, sallow skin. Try this wonderful results being the rough color creamers. Call it—NATURE'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. They start the transformation. Try it. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists—only 25c. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 22-S, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE Write for sample of NR and A beautiful 1930 calendar.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

A
WATER LILY POOL
for every garden

No garden is modern without the colorful beauty, exquisite fragrance and fascinating interest of a Water Lily Pool. Even small gardens have room for at least a simple tub-garden.

Complete Water Garden—Only $5
Choice of pink, blue, yellow, or white Water Lily; 6 Aquatic Plants; 6 Border Plants; Cedar Water Lily Tub and pair of Snails. All for $5.

Send for FREE illustrated booklet; tells how to build pool or plant tub garden; describes Water Lilies, Aquatic Plants, Ornamental Fishes.

WM. TRICKER—INC.
111 Brookside Ave. Saddle River, N. J.

Dahlias
10 RARE VARIETIES $1.50
Postpaid to your door. All different colors. Guaranteed. Vigorous tubers that will grow big, brilliant blooms on strong, straight stalks.
GLADIOLUS—50 for $1.00, 100 for $1.75. 20 varieties—all different colors; rich tints; darks and lights.
Order now Shipped at planting time
FREE—new 1930 Catalog of Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Shrubs. All prices reduced.
FREE with EVERY ORDER of $100 or OVER A JERSEY BEAUTY DAHLIA, 11" to 13"
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS SEED CO. Inc. 1895
15 Childs Ave., Floral Park, N.Y.

FERRIS TREES-SHRUBS-PLANTS
To introduce Ferris Hardy High Quality Evergreens, Shrubs, Shade Ornamentals, etc. To prove that our Direct-Nursery-to-Planter Prices are now 50% To 60% lower than ever before, we will send Ferris Specimen Packages, suitable for 50 ft. Hedge, FREE to everyone sending 25c to cover postage, etc.
Big Colored Catalog Free
Describes and illustrates 100 varieties of choicest Evergreens, Shrubs, Vines, also Landscaping Plans and suggestions, as low as $2.50 per 100. Describes planting and big Special Offers. Write today.
World Renowned Evergreens. Address
Earl Ferris Nursery
525 Bridge St. Hancock Michigan
20 EVERGREENS FREE
25¢
50c buys 12 Plants Delivered in your city or 20 Plants Delivered to your Post Office. Value $2.50. Big 50c value for $1.00. Your choice of class for $1.00

10¢ SALZER'S SEED SPECIALS
Try some of Salzer's Seeds and Vegetable Seeds obtainable in no other parts of the world, also many new varieties introduced by us. Send for this Special Collection to grow 1 Yard of Pie Melon, 1 Row of Free, 10-row Salad Plant, enough for 10 Persons, 1 Row Sterling Asparagus, 10 Stems Rex Horseradish. Value $1.00. Only 3 SPECIALS FOR 10c.
10¢ PACKET
Send for Salzer's Big 164 Page Seed Book. It's Free. The best seed book and garden guide published. Write today.
SEED GROWERS
Box 10, LaCrosse, Wis.

MAULE'S SEED BOOK *free*
Maules
Pedigreed by a 53 year record of Super-Quality, tested for abundant life, guaranteed by a money back bond, Maule Seeds are outstandingly dependable. Send for Maule's FREE Seed Book today, and learn how to have a gorgeous garden at *low cost.*
WM. HENRY MAULE
439 Maule Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

BUIST'S SEEDS
DEPENDABLE OVER 100 YEARS
Garden Guide and Catalog
Mailed FREE on Request
FREE FLOWER SEEDS WITH EVERY ORDER
ROBERT BUIST COMPANY
DEPARTMENT Y PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ROSE GUIDE FREE
"New Guide to Rose Culture," our beautiful manual, shows many roses in natural colors. New and old varieties. Write for your copy—it's free. Lists 500 roses and other plants. Gives hints for care and planting we have learned in 80 years. Invaluable to beginners. Special offerings will interest you. Send today! *Address*—
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 188, West Grove, Pa.
DINGEE ROSES

Continued from Page 79

hour. She could do nothing but repeat, like a mechanical doll, "No, I do not love you. I pity you. I wish you well—" But it did no good. She only said it because she felt loyally obliged to do so. He hardly heard her. There was no use in saying anything to a person so completely discomposed. She saw that he had been through some unimaginable abyss of terror and loneliness. She thought he might really take his own life if she told him the truth now. To-morrow with the yacht at hand and Watts near by——

At last he grew so exhausted by his emotion that she managed to get him back into his own room and put him to bed, as if he had been a child.

Back again in her own room she faced the fact that she had not spoken the decisive words because she could not—she never would be able to. It was not that she was weak about putting a decision into effect. She had never taken the decision—not really. She was like the prisoners she had heard of who after a long sentence become unfit for liberty and plead to be taken back to their imprisonment. She covered her face with her hands. "I'm lost," she whispered, "lost."

By and by her eye fell on an envelop on her dressing-table—the note he had spoken of. She opened it. "Linda, I can not face life any more—you will be better off without me. Forgive me for leaving you. You have been everything a woman could be to a worthless man—"

She burst out crying—not for him, but for herself. What hope had she? She could not abandon him—poor, pitiful creature.

Then brought by the wind, she heard the familiar sound of the *Argenia's* engine-bell, and then the rattle of an anchor-chain. Nicholas was back. Nicholas would save her. She must have the comfort of his presence and then herself running up the path to the main house.

She came upon him waiting where the two paths divided, as if he had been looking for some sign from her.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're back!"

"I was a fool to go," he answered, "a fool ever to leave you. But I have the yacht here now—there's that gained."

"Yes, I heard it." She was clinging to his hand in the darkness. "Nicholas, he woke up——"

"You've told him?"

"Let us go where we can talk."

They went to his own workroom in the main house, a little room below the level of the rest of the house, with only two small windows set very high in the walls —a room that gave a sense of being a sanctuary. Even she had never been in it except when he was first showing her over the island.

He turned on a lamp and looked at her. "What has happened?" he asked. "You are trembling—you've been frightened?"

"No, no. Oh, Nicholas, he is so broken, so pathetic!"

She felt him harden.

"You told him that you loved me?"

"He clung to me; he cried like a child."

"When you told him that you loved me?"

"When I told him that I did not love him. Oh, isn't it tragic—the way people throw away the thing they need most? He needs me so terribly, and now he sees—"

"Linda, answer me. Did you tell him that you loved me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Nicholas, you would not have done it yourself; it would have been like striking a dying person."

"You told him that you were leaving him?"

"I told him I no longer loved him."

"Nothing but that?" His tone was the concentration of contempt.

"It wasn't the moment—the right moment."

"If you really loved me, the first moment would have been the right moment. Linda, I believe your sister-in-law is right—you're putty in his hands. He's the man you really love."

"You know I don't," she said. Tears were running down her cheeks.

"How do I know?" he returned fiercely. "I judge by conduct. What guarantee have I? Your whole past shows that——"

"Pasts? If we begin to talk about pasts——"

"I'm not ashamed of mine. I don't deny I've taken what I wanted. I haven't let myself be towed along like a rope at the stern of a boat without power or plan."

"You speak as if you despised me utterly."

"I do," he answered. "I have no use for abject people. No, and your tears don't move me."

She was aware of the justice of the accusation that she was crying in order to soften the severity of his mood. So she had sunk to this—she who had been so often accused of pride and aloofness. She sobbed on. "I love you so," and put her hand out blindly to him. But he got

Prices of Patterns

These patterns may be obtained at stores throughout the world, or they will be mailed at the price mentioned, postage free, if you write to The Pictorial Review Company at any of the following addresses: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 360 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 417-423 Camp St., New Orleans, La.; 82-84 N. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford St., Boston, Ll. Mass.; 200-206 S. Market St., Chicago, Ill.; 263-267 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, 2, Ontario, Canada; 3-5-7-9 Heddon St., Regent St., London W. 1, England; 24 Rue Drouot (IX), Paris, France.

No.	Prices in United States Cts.	Prices in United Kingdom s. d.	No.	Prices in United States Cts.	Prices in United Kingdom s. d.	No.	Prices in United States Cts.	Prices in United Kingdom s. d.	No.	Prices in United States Cts.	Prices in United Kingdom s. d.
3225	35	1/-	4999	40	1/-	5047	50	1/6	5064	50	1/6LH
3919	45	1/6	4987	65	2/-	5048	65	2/-	5065	50	1/6LH
4356	30	1/-	5002	35	1/-	5049	50	1/6	5067	50	1/6
4608	45	1/10	5005	35	1/-	5050	65	2/-	5085	50	1/6
4609	35	1/6	5034	35	1/-	5051	50	1/6	5089	50	1/6
4636	35	1/6	5036	50	1/6	5053	35	1/-	5090	50	1/6
4673	35	1/6	5037	40	1/-	5054	35	1/-	5092	65	2/-
4707	35	1/6	5038	35	1/-	5056	35	1/-	5094	65	2/-
4743	45	1/6LH	5039	50	1/6	5057	35	1/-	5096	40	1/-
4770	30	1/-	5040	45	1/6	5058	35	1/-	5097	45	1/6
4778	45	1/6LH	5041	35	1/-	5059	35	1/-	5099	35	1/-
4806	35	1/-	5042	35	1/-	5060	50	1/6	5106	65	2/-
4811	40	1/-	5043	50	1/6	5061	50	1/6	5108	45	1/6
4865	30	1/-	5044	50	1/6	5062	50	1/6LH	5114	35	1/-
4884	40	1/-	5045	50	1/6	5063	65	2/-	5119	45	1/6

Burpee's Seeds Grow

The Vegetables and Flowers you would like to see growing in your garden or on your farm—read all about them in Burpee's **Annual Garden Book.**

This is the catalog that tells the plain truth about the *Best Seeds That Grow.* It describes the Burpee Quality Seeds, Bulbs, and Plants.

Write for a free copy of Burpee's Annual.

CUT HERE
W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.
301 Burpee Building, Philadelphia

Send me a free copy of Burpee's Annual.

Name.....
R. D. or St.....
P. O.....State.....

Kunderd Gladiolus Book FREE
GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR
Send for the 56th Anniversary Book Issue of the foremost collection of Gladioli in the world. A. E. Kunderd, recognized as leading Gladiolus hybridist, the originator of the popular Ruffled and the Lacebloom Gladioli, introduces 130 varieties this year. Over 500 Kunderd varieties are listed, 84 shown in color, and anniversary collections are offered at special prices. Send for your—FREE—catalog today.
A. E. KUNDERD, 107 Lincoln Way West Goshen, Indiana, U. S. A.
Please send me your Golden Anniversary Gladiolus Book FREE.
Name.....
Street or R.F.D.....
City.....State.....

TREES - SHRUBS - VINES
GUARANTEED HEALTHY, TRUE TO NAME
20% of Order Added Free
Maloney's 1930 Catalog tells how you get free, worth of plants free with $3.00 order, $5.00 with $5.00 order, etc. Also describes Unit Plantings—assortments of different kinds of plants ready to transplant, even into complete garden. Other offers. Lists 1000 plants. All pictures in natural colors.
Maloney Bros. Nursery Co., Inc.
Growers for 46 years
104 Main St. Dansville, N. Y.
MALONEY'S
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

"I Always Feel Well-Dressed Now"

"All my friends admire my clothes, and my husband is proud to take me everywhere because he says I am always so well-dressed."

"Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make any dress I want for just the cost of material. And what is more, it will be as smart and stylish as an expensive ready-made."

Fashion Magazine FREE

Find out how the Woman's Institute can teach you to make smart, stylish clothes at half or a third store prices or earn $20 to $40 a week at home. Mail the coupon for interesting booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and a *free copy* of *Fashion Service*, the beautifully illustrated style magazine. Contains the smartest of the *new* designs with suggestions for making.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 2-A, Scranton, Pa.
Please send me—*Free*—the new issue of FASHION SERVICE MAGAZINE and your Booklet, *Making Beautiful Clothes*. Also full details of your home-study course in the subject checked below:
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking
Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

to his feet, and began striding about the small space of the room.

"Can't you help me?" she said. "You who are so strung."

"Help you?"

"To do something for him if I must leave him."

"You speak as if you made a sacrifice. You don't have to leave him if you don't want to."

"Oh, try to understand," she said. "He seems like a sick person who has been in my care. I can't just fling him into the gutter. If you would help me——"

"Do you imagine I intend to share you?"

"Don't be insulting, Nicholas. I don't love him. He is repugnant to me. I love you. I worship you. I worship you as if everything good in the world were concentrated in you."

He took a sharp turn about the room. "I don't want to be worshiped, thank you," he said. "I want to be loved—loved by a woman with enough will to break down the only barrier that exists between us—not by a child who obeys any one who comes whimpering to her."

"If you had a wife——"

"I would break with her or stick to her."

"He was in agony, Nicholas; he had been on the point of killing himself."

He stopped short.

"Killing himself?"

"I found the note he had left for me."

"Where is it?"

SHE felt a change in his mood, and gave him the note gladly. She pressed her advantage.

"I know I'm weak, but I can't plunge him into that horror again. I can't. I'm trapped unless you can save me."

"I'm not sure you're worth saving. I'm not sure if I were sensible I wouldn't leave you to-night and never see you again."

"You couldn't."

"Don't you know I could? Don't you know that I can take a decision and stick to it even if it hurts me? If I came to the conclusion that there was more pain in staying with you than in leaving you, I'd leave you, Linda."

"And never think of me again?"

"You would never know whether I thought of you or not."

"Yes, I should always know you loved me better than any other woman."

"A lot of good that would do you."

"I'd follow you round the world."

"Not you—not every action—never."

"I'd be so sure. I'd sit on your doorstep."

"I'd insult you. I'd throw you off it."

He almost smiled. She wiped her eyes and stood up, and, going to him, clasped her arms about his neck.

"You couldn't leave me."

He turned his head away and said contemptuously, "Do you really think you could set your will against mine?"

"Yes, because it would only be a part of your will and it would be all of mine. I'm not very self-confident about most things, and I don't think so highly of my own charms usually, but I know, Nicholas, whatever you did, I could take you back."

He was softening, for he looked at her.

"It would be almost worth trying—to see what you would do."

"What would you do? Go to another woman?"

"Like a flash."

"Who?"

"No matter."

"What sort of woman? Marion?"

"No."

"Who would you go to?"

"Well, there's a Russian girl in Paris——"

"And you'd go to her?"

"I think so, probably."

"Well, then I'd come and take you away again."

She looked magnificent. He caught her closely to him.

"Oh," he cried, "if you could always make me feel as you do now—that you would risk something for me."

"I will—everything." She pressed her lips eagerly to his, clung to him.

It was dawn when they emerged from the cell-like room. A faint streak of pink where the dark sea met a clear green sky. Watts looked about.

"There's no one up yet," he said. "No one will see you."

"And I don't mind if they do," said Linda. "I have no instinct for concealment. I should like every one to know that I am irrevocably yours."

He put his hand on her head. "And as far as it lies in my power," he said, "you shall never regret it."

It was not until she was back in her own room that she remembered that she had not taken back Eugene's note. Well, she would ask for it in the morning.

She went to bed, but not to sleep, the it was happiness, not remorse, that kept her awake. Yet she was puzzled by her own psychology. It seemed strange one minute to have been so deeply concerned for Eugene's misfortunes, and the next to have forgotten them entirely. But she had no sense of regret, nothing but an exultant feeling that she was now free. She would at any cost and over any barriers unite her life to Watts's.

She must have fallen asleep meditating, for she was waked by a knocking on the door between her room and Eugene's, and his voice calling—it had been calling for some time, she knew. She unclosed her heavy eyes and saw that the sun was already reflecting the moving waters on the ceiling of her room.

"What is it?" she answered. She resented, not so much being waked after a few hours of sleep as the tone of assurance in his voice.

"I WANT you—I want to speak to you." The voice now sounded terrified. She looked at her clock. It was after seven. She got up and put on her dressing-gown and opened the door.

"I've had a horrible dream, Linda," he began at once. "A nightmare. I thought there was something monstrous in my room, trying to kill me." He looked at her like a child.

A strong physical repulsion to him swept over Linda—his wild eyes, his unhealthy color, the smell of stale liquor. She drew her shoulders together, hardly troubling to conceal her feeling, but he didn't notice.

"There's something in that glass," he said, pointing with a shaking finger to a tumbler on the table beside the bed.

"I see there is," answered Linda in her iciest tone. It was half full of whisky. "So you have begun that again."

"It's poisoned," he whispered.

"That's rather a late discovery," she retorted, and turned back to her room, but he put out his hand.

"Don't leave me. You don't think it's really poisoned?"

"No more than it has always been. Half a glass of neat whisky before breakfast is never——"

"Don't speak in that tone. You're cruel."

"I'm sleepy," she answered, "and going back to bed."

"Do you think it was a dream?" he asked. "I saw the outside door open, and a hand came in, so quietly, and then a figure, and dropped something into the glass."

Linda came fully into the room, and walked firmly to the table. "Well," she said, "I detest the taste of whisky at any time, but if you really want proof that it is not poisoned——" She lifted the glass, but he sprang forward.

"Don't touch it!" he screamed.

He seemed to her like a mad man. She looked him over from head to foot.

"I should advise you," she said, "to order your coffee, and then go and get a swim, and leave whisky, poisoned or not, alone until at least lunch-time."

He was staring at the glass in his hand. "Suppose I drink it and it's poisoned?"

"In that case I suppose you would die," she answered, and went into her own room and shut the door.

She drew a long breath. Well, she was free—utterly free of this whimpering madman. Cruelty was no longer difficult; nothing was difficult. Her life was clear ahead of her.

She got back into bed and almost at once was sleeping soundly.

The fourth instalment of "Fascination" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published January 15th. If you prefer to read this serial-novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY

	Page
ART	
Cover Design *McClelland Barclay*	
The Promise of Spring *Müller-Landeck*	21
FICTION	
Paternity *Mayell Banister*	13
Alias Gally *Palma Wayne*	16
The Woman Nobody Loved *Elinor Mordaunt*	18
Four Suspects *Agatha Christie*	23
Fascination (Third Instalment) *Alice Duer Miller*	26
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
Dr. Sabin, Scientist *Genevieve Parkhurst*	2
Will the Machine Age Enslave Women? *Henry James Forman*	4
Not a Single Failure—Yet *Ina Claire*	6
Keeping Up with the Times *Corinne Lowe*	8
The New Patriotism Is Peace (Article Two) *Dorothy Thompson*	24–25
Purely Domestic *Frances Parkinson Keyes*	30
SPECIAL ARTICLES— *Continued*	
Parties! Parties! Parties! *Doris Lee Ashley*	46
Just Among Ourselves *Marion Lambert*	56
HOME-MAKING	
Color in the Bedroom *Ethel Lewis*	33
A Two-Apartment House *Collier Stevenson*	34
Deep Fat-Frying *Helen Treyz Smith*	40
Mixed Grills *Ada Bessie Swann*	43
Choosing the Garnish *Ellen Duke*	44
The Mother's Child Welfare Club *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	48
Household Hints	50
The Home-Maker's Ten Commandments for 1930 *Grace Viall Gray*	51
For Your Recipe File	80
FOR THE CHILDREN	
Dolly Dingle's Little Guest *Grace G. Drayton*	55
FASHIONS OF THE MONTH	
Pages 59 to 67	

VOL. XXXI — No. 4

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the United States of America. Executive and Editorial Offices of The Pictorial Review Company, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y.; 5, 6, 7, 8 Bedford Street, Regent Street, London, W. 1, England, and 24 Rue Drouot (IX), Paris, France.

William Paul Ahnell, President and Treasurer; Charles W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; Alexander Graham, Circulation Director; Max Hersberg, Art Director.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

PICTORIAL REVIEW is 10 cents a copy; $1.00 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

RENEW PROMPTLY When you receive notification that your subscription has expired we would appreciate it very much if you would kindly send your renewal subscription promptly. It not only will prevent us from removing your name from our books, but will also insure that you do not break the continuity of your subscription by missing a single copy.

• BRANCH OFFICES

Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 200-206 South Market Street
New Orleans, La., 417-423 Camp Street
London, W. 1, England, 5, 6, 7, 8 Bedford Street, Regent Street
Paris, France . . . . . 24 Rue Drouot (IX).
San Francisco, Cal., 560 Mission Street
Atlanta, Ga., 82-84 North Broad Street
Toronto 2, Ont., Can., 263-267 Adelaide St., W.

IMPORTANT

When you send us a change of address we act on it at once, but it is impossible for us to make the desired change until the second month following the date when we get your letter. This is because the tremendous circulation of Pictorial Review makes it necessary to have all addresses ready six weeks before the time for mailing comes around.

Digitized by Google — Original from